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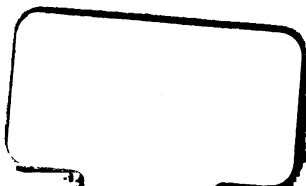
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V O L. I.

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V E R S E S

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CAR-  
LISLE, ON HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS AT ETON.

IN youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,  
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man;  
This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,  
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine!  
If not to careless indolence a prey,  
How will whole nations listen to his lay!

Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart  
Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart?  
Will not another's woe his bosom share,  
The orphan's prayer, and the orphan's prayer?

Vo

B

Who

Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,  
 Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?  
 Who feeds the hungry? who assists the lame?  
 All, all re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.  
 Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee  
 No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,  
 Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh;  
 Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,  
 Disdainful anger, or corroding care;  
 Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,  
 Disturb that heart, so free from every guile:  
 Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,  
 And — or — pious Christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,  
 Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts  
 Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand  
 Both peers and commons listening your command;  
 While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,  
 His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:  
 What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,  
 In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,  
 Legge shines serene 'midst your youthful train;

He



He whom the search of Fame with rapture moves,  
Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves ;  
By nature form'd with modesty to please,  
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,  
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust ?  
What, tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear  
The echoing horn, the sportman's hearty cheer,  
Than god-like Homer's elevated song ;  
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong ;  
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find  
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers,  
Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers ;  
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow,  
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,  
Well-natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine  
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine :  
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,  
Studious the depths of Plato to explore ?  
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,  
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say ?  
The god of mirth shall lift thee in his train,  
A cheerful vot'ry, and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,  
 When every look bespeaks the inward boy ;  
 Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,  
 And all the man appears in him confest ;  
 In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,  
 Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

## TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

ON THE PRECEDING POEM.

MY Lord, your verses, penn'd with so much ease,  
 The fair, the young, and ev'n the critics please ;  
 Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,  
 We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.  
 That some are peers by stars and strings we find ;  
 You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind ;  
 Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn ;  
 We truly may pronounce you, poet born :  
 And if in youth your genius we may scan,  
 How will it glow, and brighten in the man !  
 True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed,  
 Does all desert in sciences exceed :  
 And if, my Lord, from what you write, we guess,  
 Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess :  
 The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your due,  
 The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh ;  
 Ophaly's honour, Stavordale's desert,  
 Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart.

RSES

## V E R S E S

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH THE NEW EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

POET of Nature, thou whose boundless art  
 Describ'd each power that rules the throbbing heart,  
 Feign'd all that love, that glory e'er inspir'd,  
 That warm'd a *Romeo*, or a *Percy* fir'd,  
 In love's sweet cause be now thy magic try'd,  
 And charm with future scenes my destin'd bride!

Lo! at thy call, fiends cross the blasted heath,  
 And rising spectres daunt the pale Macbeth,  
 Who doom'd by guilt his anxious eyes to cast  
 O'er dim Futurity's unravell'd waste,  
 On alien brows beheld his wrested crown,  
 Deplor'd the past, and saw the future frown!  
 O, once again these wond'rous spells prepare,  
 With milder visions paint th' embodied air!  
 No more in caves let fires infernal glow,  
 Nor call thy phantoms from the world below.  
 In Laura's sight let Hymen's altar blaze,  
 Let Cupid's torch diffuse its brightest rays,  
 Let smiling hours in festive circles dance,  
 And white-rob'd priests to meet our steps advance;

In distant view be love's dear pledges shown,  
And all the long succession live our own !

So, round thy favour'd tomb, thy hallow'd urn,  
May ev'ry muse, her vestal incense burn !  
Still may those laureat brows their honours wear  
Secure from critics, envy, and Voltaire !  
Still on the stage thou reard'st may Garrick stand,  
For Shakespeare's lyre obeys no other hand !  
Still sleep thy page near Laura's pillow plac'd,  
And future comments grace thee like the last !

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

In answer to all the absurd and illiberal aspersions cast on the  
fashionable Feathers by churlish old Women, ridiculous Prudes,  
and brutish Censors.

BY THE SAME.

WIT is a feather : this we all admit :  
But sure each feather in your cap is wit ;  
'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve  
The smiles of beauty and the bliss of love.  
Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,  
And raise the splendor of your charms divine ;  
Such

Such plumes the worth of mighty conqu'rors show,  
 For who can conquer hearts so well as you?  
 When on your head I see those flutt'ring things,  
 I think that Love is there, and claps his wings.  
 Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame;  
 Cupid has feathers; angels wear the same.  
 Since then from heav'n its origin we trace,  
 Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace.

O D E

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF MR. GRAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHAT spirit's that which mounts on high,  
 Borne on the arms of every tuneful Muse?  
 His white robes flutter to the gale:  
 They wing their way to yonder opening sky,  
 In glorious state through yielding clouds they sail,  
 And scents of heavenly flowers on earth diffuse.

II.

What avails the poet's art?  
 What avails his magic hand?  
 Can he arrest Death's pointed dart,  
 Or charm to sleep his murderous band?

B 4

Well

Well I know thee, gentle shade !

That tuneful voice, that eagle eye.—

Quick bring me flowers that ne'er shall fade,

The laurel wreath that ne'er shall die;

With every honour deck his funeral bier,

For he to every grace, and every muse was dear !

### III.

The listening Dryad, with attention still,

On tiptoe oft would near the poet steal,

To hear him sing upon the lonely hill

Of all the wonders of th' expanded vale ;

The distant hamlet, and the winding stream,

The steeple shaded by the friendly yew,

Sunk in the wood the sun's departing gleam,

The grey-rob'd landscape stealing from the view.

\* Or wrapt in solemn thought, and pleasing woe,

O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain,

A lesson to the village swain,

And taught the tear of rustic grief to flow !—

† But soon with bolder note, and wilder flight,

O'er the loud strings his rapid hand would run :

Mars hath lit his torch of war,

Ranks of heroes fill the fight !

Hark ! the carnage is begun !

\* This alludes to Mr. Gray's Elegy written in a country church-yard.

† The Bard, a Pindaric Ode.

And

And see the furies through the fiery air  
O'er Cambria's frighten'd land the screams of horror  
bear!

IV.

\* Now led by playful Fancy's hand<sup>†</sup>  
O'er the white surges he treads with printless feet,  
To magic shores he flies, and fairy land,  
Imagination's blest retreat.

Here roses paint the crimson way,  
No setting sun, eternal May,  
Wild as the priestesses of the Thracian fane,  
When Bacchus leads the maddening train,  
His bosom glowing with celestial fire,  
To harmony he struck the golden lyre ;  
To harmony each hill and valley rung !  
The bird of Jove, as when Apollo sung,  
To melting bliss resign'd his furious soul,  
With milder rage his eyes began to roll,  
The heaving down his thrilling joys confess,  
Till by a mortal's hand subdued he sunk to rest.

V.

‡ O, guardian angel of our early day,  
Henry, thy darling plant must bloom no more !  
By thee attended, pensive would he stray,  
Where Thames soft-murmuring laves his winding  
shore.

\* The Progress of Poetry, a Pindaric Ode.

† Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

Thou bad'st him raise the moralizing song,  
 Through life's new seas the little bark to steer :  
 The winds are rude and high, the sailor young ;  
 Thoughtless he spies no furious tempest near,  
 Till to the poet's hand the helm you gave,  
 From hidden rocks an infant crew to save !

VI.

• Ye fiends who rankle in the human heart,  
 Delight in woe, and triumph in our tears,  
     Resume again  
     Your dreadful reign :  
 Prepare the iron scourge, prepare the venom'd dart,  
 Adversity no more with lenient air appears :  
     The snakes that twine around her head  
     Again their frothy poison shed ;  
 For who can now her whirlwind flight controul,  
     Her threatening rage beguile ?  
 He who could still the tempest of her soul,  
     And force her livid lips to smile,  
     To happier seats is fled !  
 Now seated by his Thracian Sire,  
     At the full feast of mighty Jove  
 To heavenly themes attunes his lyre,  
     And fills with harmony the realms above !

• Hymn to Adversity.

FOR



FOR THE MONUMENT OF

R O S E,

A FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**E fairy sprites who oft by dusky eve,  
 When no rude noise disturbs this peaceful grove,  
 O'er cowslips heads your airy dances weave,  
 Or, with your females, whisper tales of love,

**A** favourite's urn protect with every spell  
 That by the conscious moon ye here prepare;  
 Nor in the breast the heaving sigh repel,  
 Nor in the reddened eye the starting tear.

For ye have seen her at the rise of day,  
 Fair as the blushing flower whose name she bore  
 Try the thick copse, or in the vallies play:  
 Neglect her not, though all her beauty's o'er,

Lest should some heifer, from the neighbouring mead  
 Or playful colt, her little tomb profane;  
 Lest on that breast the turf too hard they tread,  
 Which ne'er knew sorrow, nor e'er tasted pain.

For this may no rude peasants, ere the dawn,  
 With noisy rattling of their loaded teams,  
 Drive you with mirth unfinished off the lawn,  
 Or in the vale disturb your pleasing dreams !

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

W<sup>H</sup>oe'er thou art whom chance shall hither lead,  
 O'er the green turf with friendly caution tread ;  
 For in the bosom of this beechen shade,  
 A lovely favourite's bones in peace are laid.  
 She asks no pity, your compassion spare,  
 Soon your own woes may want the gushing tear.  
 Happy her life : she ne'er affliction knew,  
 Lov'd by her mistress, to that mistress true.  
 And, if Pythagoras hath truly taught,  
 That future joy by former merit's bought,  
 She may perhaps, chang'd to the snowy dove,  
 Sleep in the bosom of the queen of love ;  
 Or haply may her beauteous form retain,  
 To scour with Dian's nymphs the verdant plain.  
 But to her soul should PERFECT bliss be given  
 For virtues past, she asks no other Heaven  
 Than here again 'midst flowery fields to rove,  
 And here again to share her mistress' love.

T R A N S-

## TRANSLATION FROM DANTE.

## CANTO XXXIII.

BY THE SAME.

DANTE, being conducted by VIRGIL into the infernal regions, sees a person devouring a human skull, and struck by so horrid a sight, inquires into his history, and receives this account.

**NOW** from the fell repast and horrid food,  
 \* The finner rose, but first (the clotted blood  
 With hair depending from the mangled head)  
 His jaws he wiped, and thus he wildly said :

Ah ! wilt thou then recal the scene of woe,  
 And teach again my scalding tears to flow ?

\* Count Ugolino, a nobleman of Pisa, entered into a conspiracy with the archbishop Rugieri, of the Ubaldini family, to depose the governor of Pisa ; in which enterprize having succeeded, Ugolino assumed the government of the city ; but the archbishop, jealous of his power, incited the people against him ; and gaining the assistance of the three powerful families of the Gulandi, Lanfranchi, and Sismondi, marched with the enraged multitude to attack the house of the unfortunate Ugolino, and making him their prisoner, confined him in a tower, which his four sons : at length refusing them food, and casting the key of the dungeon into the river Arno, he left them in this horrible situation to be starved to death.

Thou

'Thou know'st not how tremendous is the tale,  
 My brain will madden, and my utterance fail.  
 But could my words bring horror and despair  
 To him whose bloody scull you see me tear,  
 Then should the voice of sweet revenge ne'er sleep,  
 For ever would I talk, and talking weep.  
 Mark'd for destruction, I in luckless hour  
 Drew my first breath on the Etruscan shore,  
 And Ugolino was the name I bore.  
 This skull contain'd an haughty prelate's brain,  
 Cruel Rugiero's ; why his blood I drain,  
 Why to my rage he's yielded here below,  
 Stranger, 'twill cost thee many a tear to know.  
 Thou know'st perhaps how, trusting to this slave,  
 I and my children found an early grave.  
 This thou may'st know, the dead alone can tell  
 The dead, the tenants of avenging hell,  
 How hard our fate, by what inhuman arts we fell.  
 Through the small opening of the prison's height  
 One moon had almost spent its waning light.  
 It was when sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,  
 And wearied grief lay dozing on my breast ;  
 Futurity's dark veil was drawn aside,  
 I in my dream the troubled prospect eyed.  
 On those high hills, it seem'd, (those hills which hide  
 Pisa from Lucca,) that, by Sismond's side,  
 Guland and Landfranc, with discordant cry,  
 Rouse from its den a wolf and young, who fly

Before

Before their famish'd dogs ; I saw the fire  
 And little trembling young ones faint and tire,  
 Saw them become the eager blood-hounds prey,  
 Who soon with savage rage their haunches flay.  
 I first awoke ; and view'd my slumbering boys,  
 Poor hapless product of my nuptial joys,  
 Scar'd with their dreams, toss'd o'er their stony bed,  
 And starting, scream with frightful noise for bread.

Hard is thy heart, no tears those eyes can know,  
 If they refuse for pangs like mine to flow.  
 My children wake ; for now the hour drew near  
 When we were wont our scanty food to share.  
 A thousand fears our trembling bosom fill,  
 Each from his dream foreboding some new ill.  
 With horrid jar we heard the prison door  
 Close on us all, never to open more !  
 My senses fail, absorb'd in dumb amaze,  
 Depriv'd of motion on my boys I gaze :  
 Benumb'd with fear, and harden'd into stone,  
 I could not weep, nor heave one easing groan.  
 My children moan, my youngest trembling cried,  
 " What ails my father ? " still my tongue denied  
 To move ; they cling to me with wild affright !  
 That mournful day, and the succeeding night,  
 We all the dreadful horrid silence kept :  
 Fearful to ask, with silent grief they wept !

Now

Now in the gloomy cell a ray of light  
 New horrors added by dispelling night.  
 When looking on my boys in frantic fit  
 Of maddening grief, my senseless hands I bit.  
 Alas ! for hunger they mistake my rage,  
 Let us, they cried, our father's pains assuage ;  
 " 'Twas he, our fire, who call'd us into day,  
 " Clad with this painful flesh our mortal clay,  
 " That flesh he gave he sure may take away."—

But why should I prolong the horrid tale ?  
 Dismay and silent woe again prevail.  
 No more that day we spoke !—Why in thy womb  
 Then cruel earth, did we not meet our doom ?  
 Now the fourth morning rose ; my eldest child  
 Fell at his father's feet ; in accent wild,  
 Struggling with pain, with his last fleeting breath,  
 " Help me, my fire," he cried, and sunk in death.  
 I saw the others follow one by one,  
 Heard their last scream and their expiring groan.  
 And now arose the last concluding day :  
 As o'er each corse I grop'd my stumbling way,  
 I call'd my boys, though now they were no more,  
 Yet still I call'd, till, sinking on the floor,  
 Pale hunger did what grief refus'd to do——  
 For ever closed this scene of pain and woe.

VERSES

## V E R S E S

TO MRS. CREWE.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.

**W**HERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,  
 By nature's most delicate pencil design'd;  
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,  
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;  
 Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace,  
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;  
 Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove,  
 Defences unequal to shield us from love:  
 Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell!  
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,  
 My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,  
 And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes;  
 That my wishes, which never were bounded before,  
 Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.  
 Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belye,  
 For who so at variance, as reason and I?  
 Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,  
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part?  
 O, no! for in this all the world must agree,  
 One folly was never sufficient for me.  
 Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,  
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?

Fo

For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,  
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they  
strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,  
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,  
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,  
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.  
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and  
pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again:  
If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,  
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;  
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,  
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms:  
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,  
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we  
praise,

So beauty, our just admiration may claim,  
But love, and love only, the heart can enflame.

## INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

BY THE SAME.

OH! Poverty! of pale, consumptive hue,  
If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view;  
If still thy presence must my steps attend,  
At least continue, as thou art—my friend!  
When Scotch examples bids me be unjust,  
False to my word,—or faithless to my trust,

Bid



Bid me the baneful error quickly see,  
 And shun the world to find repose with thee ;  
 When vice to wealth wou'd turn my partial eye,  
 Or int'rest shut my ear to sorrow's cry,  
 Or courtier's custom wou'd my reason bend,  
 My foe to flatter,—or desert my friend ;  
 Oppose, kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,  
 And bear me off unvanquish'd from the field.

If giddy fortune e'er return again,  
 With all her idle—restless, wanton train,  
 —Her magic glass shou'd false ambition hold,  
 Or av'rice bid me put my trust in gold,  
 To my relief, thou, virtuous goddess, haste,  
 And with thee bring thy daughters, ever chaste—  
 Health !—Liberty ! and Wisdom ! sisters bright !  
 Whose charms can make the worst condition light ;  
 Beneath the hardest fate the mind can chear,  
 Can heal affliction and disarm despair !  
 In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,  
 And dress in smiles, the tyrant hour of death !

THE METEORS, THE COMET, AND THE SUN.

SAID TO BE BY THE SAME.

COME all ye fair of high degree,  
 From routs, Almack's and coterie ;

Come

Come Marlborough brooding o'er your bags,  
 Carlisle recluse in pride and rags ;  
 And frigid Pembroke hither come,  
 Sworn sisters of the dull humdrum ;  
 Melbourne and Epicenian Damer,  
 (For John scarce knows which sex shall claim her)  
 And Jersey, and the Lord knows who,  
 Cranborne, and Bouverie, and Crewe !  
 Come, and your short-liv'd sway deplore,  
 The reign of Nonchalance is o'er !  
 Ye Meteors, who, with mad career,  
 Have rov'd through fashions atmosphere ;  
 And thou, young, fair, fantastic Devon,  
 Wild as the comet in mid heaven,  
 Hide your diminished heads ! nor stay  
 T' usurp the shining realms of day :  
 For see th' unfully'd morning light,  
 With beams more constant, and more bright,  
 Her splendid course begins to run,  
 And all creation hails the Sun ! \*

## V E R S E S

BY HENRY FOX, AFTERWARDS LORD HOLLAND,

TO A LADY WITH AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE:

**F**AIR copy of the fairest flow'r,  
 Thy colours equal nature's pow'r ;

\* Duchess of Rutland, then Marchioness of Granby.

Thou

Thou hast the rose's blushing hue,  
 Art full as pleasing to the view :  
 Go, then, to Chloe's lovely breast,  
 Whose sweetness can give all the rest.  
 But if at first thy artful make  
 Her hasty judgment should mistake,  
 And she grow peevish at the cheat,  
 Urge 'twas an innocent deceit ;  
 And safely too thou must aver,  
 The first I ever us'd to her.  
 Then bid her mark, that, as to view,  
 The rose has nothing more than you ;  
 That so, if to the eye alone  
 Her wondrous beauty she made known ;  
 That if she never will dispense  
 A trial to some sweeter sense ;  
 Nature no longer we prefer,  
 Her very picture equals her. ...  
 Then whisper gently in her ear,  
 Say, softly, if the blushing fair  
 Should to such advice incline,  
 How much I wish that trial mine.

DORINDA,

## D O R I N D A,

## A TOWN ECLOGUE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

**I**N that sad season when the hapless belle  
 With steps reluctant bids the town farewell ;  
 When surly husbands doom th' unwilling fair  
 To quit St. James's for a purer air,  
 And, deaf to pity, from their much-lov'd town,  
 Relentless bear the beauteous exiles down  
 To dismal shades, through lonely groves to stray,  
 And sigh the summer live-long months away ;  
 With all the bloom of youth and beauty grac'd,  
 One morn Dorinda, at her toilet plac'd,  
 With looks intent, and pensive air, survey'd  
 The various charms her faithful glass display'd ;  
 Eyes, that might warm the frozen breast of age,  
 Or melt to tenderness the tyrant's rage !  
 Smiles, that enchanting with resistless art,  
 Stole, unperceiv'd, the heedless gazer's heart ;  
 Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambush lay,  
 To aim his arrows at the destin'd prey ;  
 And lips, that promis'd in each balmy kiss,  
 Luxurious harvest of ambrosial bliss.  
 Musing she sat, and watch'd each rising grace  
 That shed its lustre o'er her heav'nly face,

Till

Till lab'ring grief her anxious silence broke,  
 And sighing thus the lovely mourner spoke :  
 Were charms like these by erring nature meant  
 For sober solitude and calm content ?  
 Must eyes so bright, be doom'd to waste their fires  
 On hungry parsons and unfeeling 'squires ?  
 Heav'n, whose decrees (if true what priests have  
     taught)

Are fram'd by justice, and with wisdom fraught,  
 Sure ne'er created such a form as this,  
 For the dull purpose of domestic bliss.  
 Ah ! no, these eyes were given in courts to shine ;  
 Shall impious man, then, thwart the wise design ?  
 A short liv'd sway of some few years at most  
 Is all, alas ! the brightest belle can boast,  
 Ere yet the hand of all-devouring time  
 Lay waste her graces, and destroy her prime  
 By slow degrees she feels her pow'r decay,  
 And younger beauties bear the palm away.  
 Whilst envious fate thus hastens to destroy  
 The fleeting period of all female joy,  
 Shall barb'rous husbands (whose tyrannic rage  
 Nor pray'rs can mitigate, nor tears assuage)  
 E'en in those years, whilst youth and beauty bloom,  
 To exile half her precious moments doom ?  
 She goes like some neglected flow'r to fade,  
 And waste her sweetness in the lonely shade,

Till

Till winter (so the pitying gods decree)  
 Returning, sets th' impatient captive free ;  
 Then, swift emerging from the dull retreat,  
 To town she flies, admiring crouds to meet ;  
 Her happy hours glide on from morn to night,  
 One ceaseless round of exquisite delight :  
 Balls, op'ras, concerts, Almack's; and Soho,  
 By turns attended, various joys bestow ;  
 E'en crowded routs, where dulness ever dwells,  
 Can yeild delight to fashionable belles.  
 Old maids and prudes each night, to feed their spleen,  
 There, seeking whom they may devour, are seen,  
 And still repining that they must be chaste,  
 Would mar those pleasures they're forbid to taste ;  
 With envious eyes, the brilliant nymph they view,  
 Whilst eager crowds, where-e'er she moves, pursue.  
 If to the play-house she by chance repair,  
 (Not oft frequented by the well-bred fair)  
 When through the house a solemn silence reigns,  
 Each bosom feeling what the actor feigns,  
 E'en in the midst of some affecting part  
 That wakes each soft emotion of the heart,  
 The doors fly open, whilst the pit beneath  
 Their discontent in sullen murmurs breathe :  
 Forward she steps with graceful air, and spreads  
 A blaze of beauty o'er their wond'ring heads :  
 Pit, boxes, gall'ries, all at once concur,  
 Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.

Scarce

Scarce to the stage she turns her high-plum'd head,  
 Or seems to mark one syllable that's said :  
 But careless sits, and on her arm reclin'd  
 Hears civil speeches from the beaux behind ;  
 Or gently listens while some well dress'd youth  
 In whisper'd accents vows eternal truth.  
 Obedient still to pleasure's sprightly call  
 She quits the play, and seeks the livelier ball :  
 Each white glov'd beau with haste his suit prefers,  
 Presents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.  
 Well pleas'd she hears the suppliant croud intreat,  
 And feels the triumph of her charms complete.  
 Should some blest youth be to the rest prefer'd,  
 Whose vows in private are with favour heard,  
 As through the dance with graceful ease she moves,  
 Their meeting hands express their conscious loves.  
 Malicious eyes the lover's looks restrain,  
 And cold discretion seals his lips in vain :  
 The faithful hand can unobserv'd impart  
 The secret feelings of a tender heart :  
 And, O ! what bliss, when each alike is pleas'd,  
 The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's squeez'd !  
 But whither, whither does my fancy roam ?  
 Ah ! let me call the idle wand'rer home.  
 Already Phœbus, with unwelcome ray,  
 Has chas'd, alas ! the winter's fogs away ;  
 Through the sad town, at each deserted door,  
 Less frequent now the footman's thunders roar ;

C

And

And waggons, loading in the dusty street,  
 Forebode the horrors of a long retreat.  
 Ye sister sufferers, who must, soon or late,  
 All share my sorrows, and partake my fate;  
 Who, when condemn'd these blest'd abodes to quit,  
 Like me may weep, but must like me submit.  
 When overcome by man's superior force,  
 Revenge is still the injur'd fair's resource:  
 Revenge at least may make our sufferings less,  
 A husband's anguish soothes a wife's distress.  
 When far from town, in some sequester'd spot,  
 You mourn the hardship of our sex's lot,  
 Ill humour, vapours, fullness, and spleen,  
 May add fresh horrors to the gloomy scene,  
 And make the tyrants who contrive your fate  
 Partake the misery themselves create.  
 If, press'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,  
 Be all your study to augment their grief;  
 If pleas'd or gay, your utmost arts employ  
 To sink their spirits, and dispel their joy;  
 Oppose their projects, cross their fav'rite views,  
 Their wishes frustrate, their requests refuse;  
 And make them feel that discontented wives  
 Can prove the torment of their husbands' lives.

ELIZA,



E L I Z A,

IN ANSWER TO \*\*\*\*\*.

AND durst thou then, insulting youth, demand  
 A second spoil from love's impoverish'd store ?  
 Shall strains like thine a second kiss command,  
 Thankless for one, because I gave no more ?

One lamp irradiates all yon azure heaven,  
 One polar star directs the pilot's way ;  
 Yet what bold wretch complains no more were given,  
 Or doubts the blessing of each friendly ray ?

One timorous kiss, which multitudes might bode,  
 At once thy sun and guiding star had prov'd,  
 If, while thy lips beneath its pressure glow'd,  
 And thy tongue flatter'd, thou had'st truly lov'd.

The flame which burns upon the virgin cheek,  
 The rising sigh, half utter'd, half suppress'd,  
 To him who fondly loves, will more than speak  
 What wav'ring thoughts divideth 'impassion'd breast.

Such soft confusion could the Moor disarm,  
 And his rough heart, like Desdemona's move ;  
 But soon her easy weakness broke the charm,  
 And, ere her life she lost, she lost her love.

C 2

No

No—if I hate thee, wherefore should I press  
 A treach'rous contract with love's favourite seal?  
 And, if I wish thy future hours to bless,  
 Ah! why, too soon that anxious care reveal?

A ready conquest oft the victor' scorns,  
 His laurels fade, whose foe, ere battle, yields;  
 No shouts attend the warrior who returns  
 To claim the palm of uncontested fields.

But banish lawless wishes from thy soul,  
 While yet my hate or love is undeclar'd;  
 Perhaps, ere many years in circles roll,  
 Thou'lt think Eliza but a poor reward.

For, O! my kisses ne'er shall teem with art,  
 My faithful bosom forms but one design—  
 To study well the wife's, the mother's part,  
 And learn to keep thee, ere I make thee mine.

AN EXTEMPORE JEU D'ESPRIT.

L—D C——Y TO THE D——SS OF B——D;  
 OR, THE UNCONSCIOUS LOVER.

AN EPIGRAM.

CHLOE declares, that tho' my heart  
 Trembles its passion to impart,  
 Her piercing eyes can view it,

She

She says, I love her—'twould affect her  
 Shou'd I presume to contradict her ;  
 But hang me if I knew it.

## V E R S E S

ON MR. G——'S ACCEPTING A PLACE UNDER  
 GOVERNMENT IN THE YEAR 1779.

KING G——, in a fright,  
 Lest G—— should write  
 The story of Britain's disgrace,  
 Thought nothing so sure  
 His pen to secure,  
 As to give the historian a place:

But the caution is vain—  
 'Tis the curse of his reign  
 That his projects should never succeed ;  
 Though he wrote not a line,  
 Yet a cause of decline  
 In the author's example we read.

His book well describes  
 How corruption and bribes  
 O'erthrew the great empire of Rome ;  
 And his writings declare  
 A degeneracy there,  
 Which his conduct exhibits at home.

T O R. F. E S Q.

ON SEEING IN THE NEWSPAPERS THE LINES OF  
WHICH HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN A  
COPY.

FYE, Richard, O fye! tho' your verses are smart,  
They less tickle the fancy than torture the heart;  
When thus you expose, vulgar laughter to move,  
The man who deserves, and who has, all our love:  
The sport that were harmless, confin'd to the breath,  
You have turn'd, by your ink, into arrows and death.  
Learn the manage, dear Dick; his conduct attain,  
Whose wit, tho' abundant, ne'er yet gave us pain.

Public Advertiser, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1766.

P R O P O S A L

F O R A

FEMALE ADMINISTRATION.

To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.

“ For this cause ought the WOMAN to have POWER  
“ on her head.”

CORINTHIANS, chap. xi. v. 10.

S I R,

AMIDST the crowd of your political correspon-  
dents, pray endeavour to make room for a female po-  
litician,

litician, who is extremely desirous to express her sentiments on the present situation of affairs, and to offer a remedy which will save this nation at all events.

The ear of the public has, for some years past, been daily stunned with loud and violent complaints of *male* administration ; I would therefore humbly propose (if it was but for the sake of variety), that a **FEMALE ADMINISTRATION** should for once take its turn, and be allowed a fair and candid trial on the slippery pinnacle of power.

The Worshipful Company of Barbers have familiarly approached the Throne, and have offered advice in matters of *capital* concern. The still more Worshipful the Common Council have *likewise*, on several occasions, conveyed *their* disinterested counsels to the royal ear ; I say *disinterested*, because frequently relating to matters in which they had no earthly concern ; but in the present case, as so near, so dear, and so considerable a part of them, (*viz.* their wives) are very deeply interested, I make no doubt but that respectable body will use its utmost influence to promote this most salutary and patriotic scheme.

I need not point out to the intelligent leaders of that body, in what manner its influence may be most effectually exerted. Some occasion of congratulation

er condolance may soon offer, when they can introduce a recommendation of this scheme with their *usual* propriety ; and its being entirely foreign to the purpose of such congratulations or condolance, will only make it the more remarkable, and less liable to be overlooked.

No *man* can deny that England made its greatest and most illustrious figure during two female reigns ; and therefore it is naturally to be presumed, that a *female Ministry* may restore our decayed constitution, and enable it to exert its pristine vigour.

I foresee many good consequences resulting from this scheme ; one of which is, that it will infallibly put a stop to those political bickerings, which, to the disgrace of the present age, have been carried on with a virulence and malignity unknown to former times.

I take it for granted, Mr. Woodfall, that most of the present writers against the Ministry consist of discarded courtiers, or military gentlemen disappointed of preferment. Now all those personages being remarkable for their complaisance to the fair sex, cannot in honour draw their pens against a *female administration* ; so that we shall be no longer distracted with reading the *several* sides of political controversy ; the wheels of government will be unclogged ;  
the

the business of the State will go smoothly on ; commerce will flourish a-new ; and the weavers, instead of idly parading in Bloomsbury-square, will find sufficient employment in Spitalfields.

The *real* strength and riches of a state consist in the number and industry of its inhabitants. To encrease the number of people, and to find them sufficient employment, will naturally be the great objects of a female administration. All sinecure places will be abolished, all unnecessary restrictions and bars on the matrimonial road will be removed ; the Marriage-act be repealed ; with some acts which mostly affect the industrious poor ; and the deficiency in the revenue made up, by a heavy TAX ON BACHELORS ; as also on dogs and horses for sport ; which would contribute more to the *preservation of the game*, than any method our male administrators have yet discovered ; though they seem to have considered this point as a matter of greater national importance, than the *increase of population*.

I am very sensible that many objections may be brought against every scheme that is offered for the public good. As to this my scheme, I shall be told, that women in general want learning, and have no heads for business. In answer to the first, I have never heard much of the learning of any one of our

Ministers, during three Administrations. Some of them indeed have, at different times, written letters, which have been published and signed with their names; explaining some parts of their conduct, or returning thanks for favour received. In order to do the *men* all manner of justice, I shall instance two very illustrious and popular personages, viz. the great Commoner, and his friend the Ch—f J—t—e of the Common Pleas, who have both of them written to the public such letters, as (whether we consider the stile or matter) most females of my acquaintance would have been ashamed of. The second objection is, that women have no heads for business. We all know (whatever the *men* may pretend) that it requires “*no conjuration, or mighty magic,*” to go through the common *routine* business of office. It is true, that difficult negotiations may sometimes occur, in the conduct of which, *finesse* and *intrigue* are necessary. But, surely, the men will not pretend to excel us in either of these arts :

Some political writers have lately objected to us, being of \* *levelling* principles ; but indeed that seems to be the humour of the present times, and therefore we should have the mob on our side. For which reason a female ministry is the only one that can

\* See the Remarks on Mrs. Macaulay's History.



allay the heats; and quell the risings in the body politic.

It may be urged, perhaps, in behalf of some veteran ministers and placemen, that having spent the greatest part of their lives in some office or other about Court, they have contracted certain habits, which had become, as it were, second nature, and therefore it would be cruel at *their* years to send them back into the wide world. In answer to which, let the veterans still continue about Court, and have places; there will be openings enow for them; and it will make no material alteration in my plan. As for example: They can very properly succeed to those ladies of the bed-chamber, maids of honour, house-keepers, necessary women, or *dry* nurses, who shall vacate their places by accepting of any of the great offices of State.

I do not mean, Mr. Printer, that this my offered scheme should take *immediate* effect. I have no objection to the present Ministers, whom our amiable S—v—n has entrusted with the reigns of government. They were recommended by a prince\*, whose memory will be ever dear to all the friends of liberty. They had acquired the esteem and confidence of the nation, by a spirited opposition to the

\* The late Duke of Cumberland.

unconstitutional measures of their predecessors in power; and their nomination was applauded by the voice of the people. I have not heard, Mr. Woodfall, that they have *yet* done any thing to forfeit our good opinion; they have not planned any extention of excise laws, they have not issued general warrants, they have not attacked the liberty of the press, they have not thrown impolitic restrictions on trade, they have not endeavoured to alienate the affections of the colonies, they have not suffered the Jettées of Dunkirk to stand in defiance of the most solemn treaties. But notwithstanding all this, yet, from the natural fickleness of our tempers, and the instability of human affairs, a change of Ministers *must* happen some time or other. Whenever through these, or any other causes, a change shall be judged necessary, then would I humbly propose to make trial of a female administration; and submit to the judgment of the public, whether the several departments and offices of state would not be very ably and properly filled in the following manner:

First Lady of the Treasury, Lady N—th—mb—nd.  
 Chancellor of the Exchequer, Miss Ch—dl—gh.  
 President of the Council, Lady T—nsh—d.  
 Secretaries of State, Northern Department, Duchesse  
 of G—ft—n;  
 Southern Department, Mrs. George P—tt.

Lady

Lady High Chancellor, Duchess of ~~Q—nt—y~~.  
 Lady Privy Seal, Lady Ayl—b—y.  
 Steward of the Household, Duchess of B—df—d.  
 Chamberlain, Duchess of An—st—r.  
 Mistress of the Horse, Lady Sa—h B—nb—y.  
 First Lady of the Admiralty, Lady P—c—ck.  
 First Lady of Trade, Lady H—ld—ffe.  
 Secretary at War, Lady H—rr—t—n.  
 Pay Mistress General of the Forces, Lady D—lk—th.  
 Captain of the Band of Pensioners, Lady Ch—t—m.  
 Mistress of the Stag-Hounds, Mrs. F—tt—pl—e.  
 Minister for Scotch Affairs, Duchess of D—gt—s.  
 Lady Lieutenant of Ireland, Marchioness of K—ld—e.

As to any places about Court which require particular talents in the persons who hold them, I should be at no loss to find females of adequate abilities, and only desire they may be fairly compared with the *males* who at present enjoy those places.

Poet Laureat, Miss Carter.

Historiographer, Mrs. Macaulay.

King's Painter, Miss Reade, &c. &c.

The Commissioners' places at the several boards of Treasury, Admiralty, Trade, Customs and Excise, might be occupied by the wives and daughters of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs. The other inferior

ferior offices of business might be filled by the wives and daughters of the Common Council ; which would be such a happy establishment of public measures, as would infallibly keep the great corporation in good humour, a point of the utmost importance, and to which no Administration, male or female, can be too attentive.

And now, Mr. Woodfall, having sketched out a rough draught of my plan, I appeal to every candid, impartial Englishman, whether the ministry, as here named, is not, in point of real abilities, confessedly superior to any Administration he has seen or read of in this country since the days of Queen Anne, or Queen Elizabeth.

Although I am thoroughly convinced in my own mind of the truth of this, yet, from a timidity and diffidence natural to *our* sex, I did not dare to offer my plan to the public, till I had first communicated it to several eminent personages of the *other* sex; and particularly to the great Commoner, sworn appraiser of ministerial merit, and to the great grammarian Dr. Johnson, chief justice of the court of criticism.

The former of these great men wrote me a polite letter from Bath, in which he was pleased to say, “ Of  
“ all the plans of guidance which have been sub-  
“ mitted

“ mitted to *me* for *my* approbation, none has appeared  
 “ of adequate virtuality, or such undoubted respon-  
 “ sibility;” and the commentator, Dr. Johnson, after  
 perusing my scheme, returned it with the following  
 note :

M A D A M,

“ YOU may perambulate the whole British domi-  
 “ nation, before you rencounter an equal number  
 “ of men more irreprehensible, more vivacious, or  
 “ that can with more facil dexterity investigate the  
 “ recondite principles of gubernatical machinations.”

After having received from these illustrious per-  
 sonages, in terms so clear and explicit, their appro-  
 priation of this plan, my doubts instantly vanished ; and  
 I now offer it to the publ., boldly and faithfully, as  
 a sovereign remedy for all the disorders of the State.  
 As to myself, having heard some *recent* instances (I  
 hope they did not happen in this country) of mi-  
 nisters having behaved with the blackest ingratitude  
 to the person who made them, I hold it prudent to  
 stipulate before hand with *my* new Ministry, that they  
 shall grant me the reversion of the first Teller’s place  
 in the Exchequer which shall become vacant : and  
 secure me a pension of 3000l. a year on the Irish  
 establishment, till such vacancy shall happen. I hope  
 no one will think that in asking this, I have over-  
 rated my own merits. How many persons do we see  
 possessed

possessed of lucrative places, or great pensions, who have never rendered the smallest services to the community? Whereas the *Henriques family*, both male and female, have spent the greatest part of their time and substance in forming schemes for the honour and advantage of the State; for which, notwithstanding, they are to this hour *unplaced, unsponsored, unrewarded.* I remain,

Mr. Woodfall,  
Nevertheless, the Public's  
Most devoted servant,  
JACOBINA HENRIQUES.

## V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF

G A R R I C K.

SPOKEN AS A MONODY, AT THE THEATRE  
ROYAL IN DRURY LANE.

[To the Right Honourable Countess SPENCER, whose approbation and esteem were justly considered by Mr. GARRICK as the highest panegyric his talents or conduct could acquire, this imperfect tribute to his memory is, with great deference, inscribed by her Ladyship's most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.]

March, 25, 1779.

**IF** dying excellence deserves a tear,  
 If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,  
 Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow  
 For fabl'd suff'ers, and delusive woe?  
 Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,  
 Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—  
 Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign—  
 One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tenderer part :  
 His memory claims the tear you gave hi art!

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,  
 The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,  
 The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite  
     pass'd,  
 The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,  
 While Shakespeare's image from its hallow'd base,  
 Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place—  
 Nor these—nor all the sad regrets that flow  
 From fond Fidelity's domestic woe—  
 So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—  
 As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenious fame,  
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim !  
 To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,  
 Obedient Fame immortal wreathes supplies :

Whate'er

Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,  
 Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise :  
 Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,  
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd :  
 E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,  
 Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,  
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;  
 Content with flow and timorous stroke to trace  
 The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace :  
 But once atchiev'd—tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow  
 The sacred fame, and lay its glories low,  
 Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,  
 Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay ;  
 Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,  
 Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire—  
 O, proud distinction of the sacred lyre !—  
 Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,  
 Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.  
 Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,  
 With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse ;  
 Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile  
 Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's smile ;  
 Or bear dejected to the lonely grove  
 The soft despair of unprevailing love—

Whate'er



Whate'er the theme—thro' every age and clime  
 Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme :  
 The pride of Glory—Pity's sigh sincere—  
 Youth's earliest blush—and Beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honours thus secure,  
 Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.  
 The actor only, shrinks from time's award ;  
 Feeble tradition is his memory's guard ;  
 By whose faint breath it must abide,  
 Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied !  
 Ev'n matchless Garrick's art to heav'n resign'd,  
 No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind !

The grace of action—the adapted mien  
 Faithful as nature to the varied scene :  
 Th' expressive glance—whose subtle comment draw<sup>s</sup>  
 Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause ;  
 Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,  
 A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;  
 Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone  
 Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own ;  
 As light from gems assumes a brighter ray ;  
 And cloathed with orient hues, transcends the day !—  
 Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the sense  
 And every charm of gentler eloquence—  
 All perishable !—like th' electric fire,  
 But strike the frame—and as they strike expire ;  
Incens

Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,  
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,  
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes ;—  
Where is the blest memorial that ensures  
Our Garrick's fame ?—whose is the trust ?—'tis yours.

And O ! by every charm his art essay'd  
To sooth your cares !—by every grief allay'd !  
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !  
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !  
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night,  
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !—  
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name ;  
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;  
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,  
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,  
To chearful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,  
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,  
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath,  
For these—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear  
The due memorial of a loss so dear !—  
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse ! be thine  
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.

As

As Fancy, oft by Superstition led  
 To roam the mansions of the fainted dead,  
 Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,  
 A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb—  
 So thou, sweet Muse! hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,  
 With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear;  
 With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,  
 With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;  
 With looks that speak—he never shall return!—  
 Chilling thy tender bosom clasp his urn;  
 And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust,  
 Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

O N B E A U T Y.

BY LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

ENchanting nymph of heavenly birth,  
 Celestial beauty, sent on earth  
 To sooth our cares, our toils, our strife,  
 And gild the gloom that saddens life;  
 Thine empire countless millions own,  
 And every clime reveres thy throne.  
 Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,  
 From frolic youth to serious age,  
 To thy resistless pow'r they bow,  
 Whilst nature prompts the artless vow.  
 Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,  
 For thee the wretch endures to live.

To

To gain thy praise, his valour's meed,  
 For thee the hero dares to bleed.  
 Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,  
 Ambition drops his airy schemes.  
 To purchase thee, from caverns deep,  
 The miser brings his treasur'd heap.  
 The sage, with reason's boasted arms,  
 A while may combat beauty's charms ;  
 But soon a bursting sigh will prove,  
 That reason never conquers love.  
 Yet ere I bow before thy shrine,  
 And hail thy pow'r with rites divine,  
 O, blest enchantress, deign to tell,  
 In what consists thy magic spell !  
 Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays  
 Eclipse the diamond's fainter blaze ;  
 A cheek that shames the vernal rose ;  
 A breast that vies with mountain snows ;  
 A mouth that smiles with matchless grace,  
 Like pearls within a ruby case ;  
 A shape like that which once was seen  
 On Ida, when the Cyprian queen  
 Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,  
 Contending for the golden prize ?  
 These may our warmest passions fire,  
 And kindle every fierce desire :  
 But love, upheld by these alone,  
 Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,

And

And hold a poor precarious sway,  
 The short liv'd beauty of a day.  
 Or e'en to form a nymph complete,  
 If all the various charms could meet,  
 Which each divided bosom warm,  
 And ev'ry throbbing pulse alarm,  
 When Johnson, Meynell, Pitt advance,  
 And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance,  
 And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,  
 Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air ;  
 Yet these were vain, unless to these  
 Were join'd the secret pow'r to please ;  
 That nameless something undefin'd,  
 That soft effusion of the mind,  
 Which sweetly smiles in ev'ry face,  
 To every motion lends a grace,  
 And, when their beauty points a dart,  
 Impels and guides it to the heart.  
 In vain the stealing hand of time  
 May pluck the blossoms of their prime.  
 Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,  
 How lilies droop, and roses fade ;  
 But constancy's unalter'd truth,  
 Regardful of the vows of youth,  
 Affection that recalls the past,  
 And bids the pleasing influence last,  
 Shall still preserve the lover's flame,  
 In every scene of life the same ;

And

And still with fond endearments blend  
The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE WRITTEN UPON  
A YOUNG LADY, MISS F—S, WHO WAS DRESSED  
IN THE HABIT OF A JUDGE AT A MASQUERADE  
AT SOUTHAMPTON.

BY THE SAME.

C U P I D J E A L O U S.

A Nymph of every charm possest  
To animate the coldest breast  
    With love's auspicious flame,  
Of late her mimic art display'd,  
And from a lovely, tender maid,  
    A reverend judge became.

The spreading wig, the solemn hat,  
Where venerable Dulness sat,  
    Deceiv'd our wond'ring eyes ;  
Her pleasing shape, her easy mien,  
Her graceful airs no more were seen  
    In that uncouth disguise.

From that soft tongue was heard no more  
The music which it us'd to pour,  
    The music of the mind ;

Nor

Nor could those eyes their beams dispense,  
Which shine replete with manly sense,  
And female softness join'd.

Yet say, dear girl, what magic art  
Tho' thus disguis'd, from ev'ry heart  
A secret homage drew ?  
Why round thee press'd the gay, the young,  
Forsook the dance, and left the song,  
Thy reverend form to view ?

In vain, tho' every art was try'd,  
In vain, alas ! you strove to hide  
What could not be conceal'd !  
Malicious Cupid spoil'd the jest,  
And darting swift thro' every breast,  
The whole deceit reveal'd.

And is it thus, ungrateful maid,  
The god, in jealous anger, said,  
My empire you disown ?  
And could'st thou with love's foes combine,  
And bid those eyes no longer shine,  
Which best support his throne ?

Then give me back each winning grace,  
With which I deck'd that lovely face,  
And arm'd each sparkling eye ;

VOL. I.

D

In

In whose bright orbs, at my command,  
 The little loves, a num'rous band,  
 In secret ambush lie.

My favourite's triumphs to insure,  
 I gave whate'er might best secure,  
 Or most extend her sway;  
 And can that heart so soon forget  
 What gratitude for such a debt  
 Should prompt thee to repay?

No: let thy gentle bosom prove  
 Obedient to the voice of love,  
 And quit this strange disguise:  
 Nor let the am'rous youths in vain  
 Lament that thou no more will deign  
 To bless their longing eyes.

The nymph, with smiles consenting, heard,  
 And in her own bright form appear'd,  
 To sooth the anxious boy;  
 Grace led her easy steps along,  
 And with her came in mystic throng,  
 Wit, beauty, love, and joy.

Thus breaking from the vernal clouds,  
 Where oft his radiant beams he shrouds,  
 The sun appears more bright,

With



With fresher crimson paints the rose,  
 And o'er the face of nature throws  
 A more refulgent light.

Southampton, Oct. 1775.

## PROLOGUE TO THE PLAYS AT H—

ACTED NOVEMBER 24th AND 25th, 1774.

SPOKEN BY LORD P——.

IN times when gloomy superstition reign'd,  
 Tho' blackest deeds our ruder annals stain'd,  
 A play was deem'd of all bad things the worst;  
 And players, without hope of mercy, curst.  
 Yet oft ambition or misguided zeal,  
 Oft would revenge employ the murderer's steel.  
 The same fair saint has mix'd the deadly bowl  
 That founded convents to ensure her soul.  
 Born under easy Pleasure's golden ray;  
 We think no crime to see or act a play.  
 But in no real tragedies engage,  
 Ours is, we freely own, a comic age:  
 Unhappy marriages admit a few—  
 An innocent adultery or two—\*  
 The fiercest effort of our party rage,  
 Lasts but an hour or two upon the stage.

\* Alluding to the play of the Innocent Adultery; or, Unhappy Marriage.

D 2

Like

Like skilful actors, we find ways and means  
 To settle all disputes behind the scenes.  
 But if no scruples—players still have fears,  
 Ours are of critic eyes, and critic ears.  
 'Tho' none believe it wicked—some may say,  
 'Tis foolish in us to enact a play.  
 And what is worse, much worse, 'tis ten to one,  
 That all agree it's miserably done.  
 But pray, Sirs, view things in their proper light,  
 We mean to pass away a winter's night.  
 No farce we play—do make one just reflection,  
 To catch your \* votes for this or that election.  
 Freemen, and freeholders, our harmless speech,  
 Would not your smallest privilege impeach ;  
 Members, to you, who shudder at a bribe,  
 We bring no hard conditions to subscribe.  
 But much we wish to be in your good graces ;  
 Be just then, candid, wise, and keep your places.  
 Without its folly, or grotesque parade,  
 A play's at least a sort of masquerade.  
 And tho' more splendid you have seen, peut-être,  
 You're truly welcome to our Fête-champêtre.  
 But if, instead of forcing you to weep,  
 Our tragic airs dispose to laugh or sleep,

\* Part of the house stands in Warwickshire, and part in Worcester-  
 shire ; and the polls for the two counties were then taking at  
 Worcester and Warwick,

Should

Should we in Comedy excite your pity,  
 Subjects of wit instead of being witty;  
 Make awkward attitudes, ungraceful starts,  
 Misplace our action, or forget our parts,  
 Mangle the poet's meaning or his rhyme,  
 Or speak, or strike, or die before our time,  
 And sin, in short, 'gainst all dramatic laws,  
 We crave your pardon—and excuse applause.

T O D R. A N D R E W S,  
 PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

BY GEORGE LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND.

*Ne sit ancillæ, &c.*

HOR.

BLUSH not, dear Andrews, nor disclaim  
 A passion for that matchless dame,  
 Who kindles in all breasts a flame,  
     By beauty's magic force;  
 What tho' o'er Dolly's lovely head\*  
 Summers twice ten are scarcely fled;  
 Is it on that account decreed  
     She must refuse of course?

Miltown, coeval with thy fire,  
 Durst to a blooming maid aspire,  
 And felt, or feign'd, a lover's fire  
     At seventy-three, or more.

\* Miss Dorothy Monroe, since married to ———

D 3

Bligh,

Bligh, who in Churchill's battles bled;  
 Took a young virgin to his bed;  
 No horny dreams disturb'd his head,  
 Tho' shaking at fourscore.

Intrepid Lucas, lame and old,  
 Bereft of eye-sight, health, and gold,  
 To a green girl his passion told,  
 And clasp'd the yielding bride :  
 Then pry'thee leave that face of care,  
 Let not your looks presage despair,  
 Be jovial, brisk, and debonnair,  
 My life, you're not deny'd.

Nor think, my friend, because I prize  
 Her breasts that gently fall and rise,  
 Her auburn hair, and radiant eyes,  
 I envy your espousal ;  
 No rival passion fires my breast,  
 Long since from amorous pains at rest ; \*  
 Nay more, to prove what I've profess'd,  
 I'll carry your proposal.

\* Within two years after writing this, his Lordship married Miss Montgomery.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
 RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLOTTE VISCOUNTESS  
 TOWNSHEND,

BARONESS FERRARS IN HER OWN RIGHT, WHO  
 DIED AT LEIXLIP, IN IRELAND, ON THE 5th OF  
 SEPTEMBER, 1770.

BY EARL NUGENT.

WITH down-cast look, and pitying eye,  
 Unarm'd the King of Terrors stood ;  
 He laid his sting and horrors by,  
 Averse to strike the fair and good :  
 When thus an angel urg'd the blow—  
 “ No more thy lifted hand suspend !  
 “ To conscious guilt a dreaded foe,  
 “ To innocence a welcome friend.  
 “ Bright hosts of cherubs round her stand,  
 “ To her and me confess'd alone ;  
 “ Each waving his celestial hand,  
 “ And pointing to th' eternal throne.”  
 The angel spoke—nor husband dear,  
 Nor children lov'd (a mournful train)  
 Could from her eye attract one tear,  
 Nor bend one thought to earth again.  
 The soul, impatient of delay,  
 No more could mortal fetters bind,  
 But springing to the realms of day,  
 Leaves ev'ry human care behind.

Yet, oh ! an infant daughter's \* claim  
 Demands from heaven thy guardian care ;  
 Protect that lovely, helpless frame !

And guard that breast you form'd so fair.  
 A parent's loss, unknown, unwept,  
 Thoughtless the fatal hour she past ;  
 Or only thought her mother slept,  
 Nor new how long that sleep must last.  
 When time th' unfolding mind displays,  
 May she, by thy example led,  
 Fly from that motley giddy maze,  
 Which youth, and guilt, and folly tread !  
 These never knew the guiding hand

Which leads to virtue's arduous way :  
 Mothers now join the vagrant band,  
 And teach their children how to stray.  
 Her shall the pious task engage,  
 (Such once was thine, with lenient aid)  
 A father's sorrows to assuage,  
 His love with equal love repaid.  
 So shall she read with ardent eye,  
 This lesson thy last moments give—  
 “ They who, like thee, would fearless die,  
 “ Spotless, like thee, must learn to live.”

\* Elizabeth, born in August 1766.

EPISTLE

## EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

FROM THE HILLS OF HOWTH IN IRELAND, WHERE  
THE AUTHOR WAS DRINKING GOAT'S WHEY.

BY THE SAME. \*

STANHOPE ! wou'dst thou condescend,  
Here to see thy humble friend,  
Far from doctors, potions, pills,  
Drinking health on Howthan hills.  
Thou the precious draught shalt share,  
Lucy shall the bowl prepare.  
From the broufing goat it flows,  
From each balmy shrub that grows.  
Hence the kidling's wanton fire,  
Hence the nerves that brace his fire.

What, tho' far from silver Thames,  
Stately piles, and courtly dames !  
Here we boast a purer flood,  
Joys that stream from sprightly blood ;  
Here is simple beauty seen,  
Fair, and cloth'd like beauty's queen ;  
Nature's hands the garb compose,  
From the lily and the rose ;  
Or, if charm'd with richer dyes,  
Fancy ev'ry robe supplies.

\* At that time Robert Nugent, Esq.

D 5

Domee

Domes with India's treasures fraught,  
 Rise by magic power of thought ;  
 While remote from real pelf,  
 Here thou shalt enjoy thyself.

Come, and with thee bring along  
 Jocund tale, and witty song,  
 Sense to teach, and words to move,  
 Arts that please, adorn, improve ;  
 And, to gild the glorious scene,  
 Conscience spotless and serene.

Wretched with a W——'s store,  
 Wretched; tho' possess'd of more,  
 Lives the man, who doom'd to roam,  
 Never can be blest'd at home ;  
 Nor retire within his mind,  
 From th' ungrateful and unkind.  
 Happy they, whom crowds befriend ;  
 Curs'd, who on those crowds depend ;  
 On the great-one's peevish fit,  
 On the coxcomb's spurious wit ;  
 Ever sentenc'd to bemoan  
 Every failing but their own.

If, like them, rejecting ease,  
 Hills and health no longer please ;

Quick



Quick descend, thou may'st resort  
 To the Viceroy's splendid court !  
 Like a monarch's is his state,  
 O ! were monarchs just so great !  
 There, indignant, shalt thou see  
 Cringing slaves, who might be free,  
 Brib'd with titles, hope, or gain,  
 Tie their country's shameful chain ;  
 Or, inspir'd by heaven's good cause,  
 Waste the land with holy laws ;  
 While the gleanings of their pow'r,  
 Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.

Now methinks I hear thee say,  
 " Drink alone thy mountain whey ;  
 " Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals ?  
 " Sights like these are nearer Paul's."

## TO CORINNA.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HILE I those hard commands obey,  
 Which tear me from thee far away ;  
 Never did yet love-tortur'd youth,  
 So dearly prove his doubted truth ;  
 For never woman charm'd like thee,  
 And never man yet lov'd like me.

D 6

AN

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,  
 Pursue the object they desire ;  
 But I, prepost'rous doom ! must prove  
 By distant flight the strongest love ;  
 And ev'ry way distress'd by fate,  
 Must lose thy fight, or meet thy hate.

## O D E

TO FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTH-DAY.  
 WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1739.

BY THE SAME.

## I.

FITLY to hail this happy day,  
 Freedom demands a festal lay,  
 And wakes the silent string :  
 The gen'rous muse, untaught to fear,  
 Inspires what Britain's Prince should hear,  
 And Britain's bards should sing:

## II.

Accurs'd the wretches ever be,  
 And foes to sacred Liberty,  
 Who impious dare presume  
 To sooth his ear with such a strain,  
 As better fits the cringing train,  
 'The slaves of France or Rome.

## III. Far

## III.

Far other speaks the voice of Truth,  
 O! may it warn thee, Royal Youth!  
 To fly base Flattery's lore.  
 The fyren fings; who listen, die;  
 Behold yon wreck with cautious eye!  
 Nor trust the faithless shore!

## IV.

And when beneath thy counsel'd reign,  
 Britain shall plow the subject main,  
 Complete heaven's great design!  
 Restrain thy powers with binding laws!  
 And grateful own the glorious cause,  
 That rais'd thy scepter'd line!

## V.

So shalt thou earn unequal fame,  
 From blessings deathless as thy name,  
 By latest time enjoy'd;  
 Whilst gifts from arbitrary sway,  
 Shine the vain pageants of a day,  
 Neglected and destroy'd.

## VI.

Thy throne shall thus unshaken stand;  
 Its ample base, a prosperous land;  
 Thy strength, a nation's might;

And

And thus thy future race shall be  
Safe in a blest necessity,  
Guided and rul'd by right.

VII.

Let priests an hallow'd bondage preach !  
Let school-men earth-born godhead teach !  
Let loyal madmen rave !  
Wise nature feels, she mocks their rules ;  
And laws oppress'd, from different schools,  
Unite the free and brave.

VIII.

So form'd, now shines the patriot band,  
The guardians of a threaten'd land,  
Of Britain and her crown.  
May such adorn each future age,  
Equal to stem wild faction's rage,  
Or pull a tyrant down !

IX.

Genius of Freedom, and of Peace !  
Bid rapine and contention cease !  
Protect what you bestow'd !  
Well may a burden'd realm complain,  
If, rescued from the galling chain,  
She sinks beneath her load.

VERSES

## V E R S E S

LEFT BY MR. POPE, ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME  
BED WHICH WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER,  
USED AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO  
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

July 9, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd,  
I press the bed where Wilmot lay ;  
That here he liv'd, or here expir'd,  
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyll, are bred  
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie  
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,  
Beneath a nobler roof, the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,  
Yet stoop to bless a child, or wife,  
And such as wicked kings may mourn,  
When freedom is more dear than life.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,  
UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,  
CREATING HIM DUKE OF GREENWICH.

BY THE SAME.

MINDLESS of fate, in these low vile abodes,  
Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods ;

But

But that the mortal may be thought divine,  
 The herald straight new modell'd all his line ;  
 And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,  
 Preambled to the crowd the mimic Deity.  
 Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,  
 He reigns unquestion'd in his realms above ;  
 No title from descent he need infer,  
 His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.  
 This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,  
 Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.  
 All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,  
 And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

## T H E P I N.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

**CROWN'D** be the man with lasting praise,  
 Who first contriv'd the pin  
 To loose mad horses from the chaise,  
 And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,  
 And all controul disdain !  
 They bid defiance to the whip,  
 And tear the silken rein.

Awhile we try if art or strength  
 Are able to prevail ;  
 But hopeless when we find at length  
 That all our efforts fail,

With

With ready foot the spring we press,  
 Out jumps the magic plug ;  
 Then, disengag'd from all distress,  
 We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds their freedom gain'd,  
 Run off full speed together ;  
 But, having no plan ascertain'd,  
 They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief, and of course,  
 Enjoying the disaster,  
 Bawl " Stop 'em ! stop 'em !" till they're hoarse,  
 But mean to drive them faster.

Each claiming now his nat'ral right,  
 Scorns to obey his brother ;  
 So they proceed to kick and bite,  
 And worry one another.

Hungry at length, and blind and lame,  
 Bleeding at nose and eyes,  
 By sufferings made exceeding tame,  
 And by experience wise ;

With bellies full of liberty,  
 But void of oats and hay,  
 They both sneak back, their folly see,  
 And run no more away.

Let

Let all who view th' instructive scene,  
 And patronize the plan,  
 Give thanks to Glos'ter's worthy Dean,  
 For Tucker—thou'rt the man.

## ON THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

BEING, AT BATH, JULY, 1772.

BY THE SAME.

IN times by selfishness and faction four'd,  
 When dull importance has all wit devour'd ;  
 When rank, as if t' insult alone design'd,  
 Exacts a proud seclusion \* from mankind ;  
 And greatness from all social commerce fled,  
 Esteems it dignity to be ill bred.  
 See Chesterfield alone resists the tide,  
 Above all party, and above all pride !  
 Vouchsafes each night these brilliant scenes to grace,  
 Augments, and shares the pleasures of the place ;  
 Admires the fair, enjoys the sprightly ball,  
 Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleases all.  
 Hence, tho' unequal now the task to hit,  
 Learn what was once politeness, ease, and wit.

\* Alluding to the supercilious airs of some of our people of quality, who affect to avoid frequenting the public rooms.

AN



## HUMOROUS LETTER TO THE DEAN OF W——.\*

S I R,

I Am told there is a book which lies in your study, in sheets, and all those who have seen it admire it should continue so long unbound. I think it is called Marshall's Epithalamiums, or some such name; but lest I should be mistaken in the title, I'll describe it to you as well as I can. It is a fine fair manuscript, writ with black shining ink, on the whitest and smoothest vellum that can be imagined; the strokes of the pen are so very nice and delicate, as discover it was directed by a masterly hand; and there is such a symmetry and proportion in all the parts of it, and the features (as I may term them) of each letter are so exact, as puts the reader many times to a stand in admiring the beauties of them. The book has an additional ornament which it did not want, the initial letters and all the margins are flourished with gold;

\* This letter was sent to the Dean of W——, who was also Vicar General of the diocese, by a widower (with six children) under the feigned named of Elzevir. The design was to invite him and his company to supper, especially Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a beautiful lady of eighteen years of age, and three thousand pounds fortune, who (the Dean's house being full) was then lodged in his study.

but

but that which recommends it more, is that though it has been wrote about eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not in the least sullied or stained, infomuch, that one would think it was never yet turned over by any man : and indeed there's the more reason to believe it, the first leaves of it being yet unopened, or untouched. The volume of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I have heard it valued at 3000l. It would indeed be a thousand pities, that so valuable a piece should ever be lost ; and the surest way to prevent this, is by increasing the copies of it ; so that if the author will give his consent, and you be so kind as to license it, I'll immediately put it in the press. I have all tools necessary for the purpose, and a curious set of letters that never were used, but in printing of one book, and of this too there's not above half a dozen in the whole impression ; so that you must imagine they are not the worse for wearing. For my part, I'll spare no costs nor pains to embellish and adorn the work with the most natural and lively figures ; and I shall not despair to make this edition appear as beautiful in the eyes of all men, as the original is at present in mine, which, to tell you the truth, is so very charming and fine, that methinks I could read it both by day and by night with pleasure. If therefore you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with

with you, it will add much to the entertainment and satisfaction of every one, but particularly of him who, with great respect, is always, Sir,

Your most humble

And faithful servant,

ELZEVIR.

From my printing-house, in Lye-  
down, in the Low Countries.

## MERLIN AT THE MASQUERADE. \*

BY THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

**W**HEN one, and two-fold seven, and mystic three;  
Shall mark the year of the nativity ;  
When cock and lion shall, in Nature's spite,  
Strange miracle ! in amorous league unite ;  
Such crowing, purring, velvet-pawing, picking !  
'Tis fear'd the royal beast may prove with chicken !

When the rough northern bear shall grow polite,  
His bristles frize, and learn to read and write ;  
Seek the forbidden main, he wont to fear,  
And strive to pull the crescent from its sphere ;  
And, leagu'd with two fierce birds of mighty pow'r,  
Instead of guarding, shall the pole devour :

\* At the Pantheon, Oxford-street, May 12, 1773, where it was spoken by General Lee, who soon afterwards went to America.

When

When the rich realms, where Alexander toil'd,  
 Shall by a pettifoggers son be spoil'd;  
 While London sits opprest the eastern glebe,  
 And pedlars fill the thrones of Aurengzebe:

When merchants shall bewail their empty bags,  
 And curse their late ador'd, the child of rags?  
 A phantom, which the wrath of heaven hath sent,  
 At once their idol, and their punishment!  
 Like to their favourite god, their Mammon made,  
 Eager they grasp it, but they grasp a shade!  
 The gorgeous figure mixes with the wind,  
 And poverty and shame remain behind!

When the third namefake of our patron saint  
 Shall change our fervent pray'rs to harsh complaint;  
 His, and their country's friends shall all disgrace,  
 And cherish those, who wou'd proscribe his race;  
 When northern slaves in freedom's seat shall sport,  
 And none but virtue's foes shall thrive at court  
 Where noxious thistles choak the wholesome spring,  
 And vice and merit mean the self-same thing;  
 When freedom's sons shall shrink from bonds prepar'd,  
 And into licence, liberty be scar'd!

When, by a prince whom freedom's self hath  
 crown'd,  
 A vile assassin shall be sought, and found,  
 To wound the goddess in her favourite son,  
 The brave, th' immortal martyr'd Algernon;

For

For anger here exalts the prophet's flame,  
And indignation marks the injur'd name.

When magic's power these wretched realms obey,  
And groan beneath two beldams' impious sway ;  
A daughter and her dam for witchcrafts fam'd,  
This Luxury, and that Corruption nam'd !  
Whose potent charms in dungeon dark and deep,  
Loaded with chains, Britannia's genins keep ;  
While, in her stead, a spell-created dame  
Prefides, and fills the realms with guilt and shame,  
The fiend of gaming-hight ! whose baleful guile  
Shall scatter dire contagion o'er the isle ;  
Powerful to wither every social joy,  
To taint the soul, and all her peace destroy ;  
To strike the wary eye of conscience blind,  
And to corruption open all the mind—  
Religion, virtue, science, taste is fled,  
And sick'ning commerce droops her languid head !

Then shall old Merlin, so the fates command,  
Revisit earth to save his native land :  
By heaven-taught science, nature's mystic lore,  
To sweep satanic guile from Britain's shore ;  
To rout the Beldams, break their impious spell,  
And drive the fiend accurs'd back to her destin'd hell.

THE

# THE MUSE AT A HORSE-RACE:

A BALLAD, ADDRESSED TO COURT AND COUNTRY  
JOCKIES, 1765.

BY HENRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.

WHEN my Clio is gay,  
It is always my way,  
In my pleasures to give her a place :  
So I order'd my chaise,  
(For the muses love ease)  
And I drove her away to a race.

All the lads far and near,  
With their lasses were there,  
Not a toast in the country was missing :  
“ Young Phillis and Dolly,  
“ And cherry-cheek'd Molly,  
“ And Peggy, so noted for kissing.”

When the clock had struck five,  
The whole field grew alive,  
And the drum gave a spring to each heart ;  
But, alas ! not a horse  
That had blood for the course,  
Was enter'd, or ready to start.

What

What was then to be done,  
 For a race must be run,  
 That no blank may be left in the day ?  
 " If merit won't venture,  
 " And hackneys will enter,  
 " Why hackneys must pocket the pay."

To the post they repair'd,  
 Each fearing and fear'd,  
 Hoping all from each other's demerit ;  
 When they started, their fame  
 Was exactly the same,  
 And 'twas hard to say which had most spirit.

To see poor jades so lash'd,  
 So kick'd, spurr'd, and thrash'd,  
 Was too sharp for soft nature like mine ;  
 Yet to give them their due,  
 While a plate was in view,  
 Their hearts were too great to repine.

They jostled and cross'd,  
 Ran on both sides the post,  
 Ev'ry stroke was the cause of some blunder ;  
 Yet, the knowing ones said,  
 (And they live by the trade)  
 " That to see such quick turns was a wonder."

Not to spin out my ditty,  
 The muse waxed witty,  
 And rallied me thus with a sneer ;  
 If races like these,  
 Can amuse and can please,  
 O, why left we town to come here !

At the end of Pall-Mall,  
 There's a spot you know well,  
 Where the muses on birth-days resort ;  
 For except on that day,  
 When they sing for their pay,  
 With Grenville each muse fled the Court.

Now hacks of all prices,  
 All ages, and sizes,  
 Are train'd for the race in July ;  
 When B—e, ere he'll venture  
 To let any enter,  
 In private their bottoms must try.

If he hits on a breed  
 He can manage full speed,  
 And turn at the top of their rate ;  
 Tho' ponies or pacers,  
 He puffs them for racers,  
 And starts 'em to win the king's plate,

Since



Since customs so base  
 Sunk the name of this race,  
 Good horses all pass to the leeward;  
 And trust me, my friend,  
 Our C——t races won't mend  
 As long as L— B—— is a Steward.

T O L O R D C——M.

A N O D E.

BY THE SAME.

FORGIVE, my Lord, an homely muse,  
 Too plain by flatt'ry to amuse,  
 Too free to hope or fear;  
 I come not with obsequ'ous bow,  
 To sooth, protest, recant, or vow,  
 Like temporising Cl—re.

Nor meek, and trembling with despair,  
 To drop a penitential tear,  
 And sue to be forgiv'n;  
 Unfit to sneak about a court,  
 I live where freedom's sons resort,  
 Beneath an humbler heav'n.

Friend to the law, the church, and king,  
 As numbers flow, I boldly sing,  
 And praise where praise is due:

E 2

When

When laws enslave, I blot the plan,  
When spendthrifts guide, I brand the man,  
Tho' great, or proud as you ;

There was a time, I must be plain,  
Ere adulation turn'd your brain,  
Ere pow'r unmask'd your pride ;  
When you, my Lord, diffus'd afar  
Your lustre, like the northern star,  
Britannia's hope and guide.

But now these rays are over-cast,  
Your sun has now his zenith past,  
Declining are your fires ;  
No more Britannia, meek and tame,  
Like a fond mistress fans your flame,  
Nor courts your wild desires.

Cast off, impoverished, undone,  
She weeps, her health and fortune gone,  
Whilst your new love rejoices ;  
But her's is no uncommon state,  
'Tis but the just decree of fate,  
To dames who make such choices.

America, her rival flame,  
That rough, imperious, haughty dame,  
As dark in heart as feature ;

With

With your opinions to comply,  
 Forces all bonds of legal tie,  
 Of gratitude and nature.

Rais'd by the fondest mother's care,  
 She wounds that mother to despair,  
 Who gave her ease and wealth ;  
 Tutor'd to serve your odious ends,  
 For you she cheats herself and friends,  
 With you intrigues by stealth.

Such is the nature of your sex,  
 Regardless whom you please or vex,  
 You change from one to t'other ;  
 'Tis lustful passion tempts the man,  
 When daughters give up all they can ;  
 Like you to quit the mother.

This may be folly deem'd in youth,  
 Ere constancy and social truth  
 Grow with the growth of time ;  
 Yet sure in life there is a stage,  
 When treachery's a stain to age,  
 When want of faith's a crime.

In vain again you meanly fly,  
 With golden promise, flatt'ring sigh,  
 For refuge to her arms ;

E 3

Wisely

Wisely she shuns th' attractive flame,  
 That blaz'd but to undo her fame,  
 Her fortune, health and charms.

Britannia now has found a friend,  
 Active and able to defend,  
 Accessible and true ;  
 On Grenville she has cast her eye,  
 From him expects that rich supply  
 Of wealth, she lost by you.

From his abundant depth of mind,  
 Resources flow of every kind,  
 To ease, correct, or heal ;  
 Frugal of treasures not his own ;  
 He bribes no hungry courtier's frown,  
 He dreads no foe's appeal.

Averse to shed Britannia's blood,  
 His ruling passion's public good,  
 His liberty, her law ;  
 Reviv'd by these salubrious pow'rs,  
 She'll rest again on beds of flow'rs,  
 And strength from plenty draw.

AN

## A N O D E

UPON THE PRESENT PERIOD OF TIME,

BY THE SAME.

IN times like these, when party rage  
 Quickens the feeble pulse of age,  
 And fires the youthful breast;  
 When confidence, that social chain,  
 Which link'd the faith of man to man,  
 Shrinks from the gen'rous test;

When ev'ry organ, spring, and wheel,  
 Destin'd to move the public weal,  
 For good and noble ends;  
 Forgetful of that great design,  
 Act, counteract, distract, combine,  
 As power recommends;

O, whither shall the muse retreat  
 To seek that safe-establish'd seat  
 Where freedom spreads her wing?  
 Where can she breathe her honest fire,  
 When public virtue tunes her lyre,  
 When Grenville bids her sing?

Yet, ere she leaves this stormy scene,  
 To fly to prospects more serene,  
 To seats still calm and gay;

E 4

To

To you, her genius, refuge, friend,  
 (Titles by flatt'ry unobtain'd)  
 She sends a parting lay.

There is a season, men agree,  
 Fixt by the laws of destiny,  
 To nations, as to man ;  
 In this precarious, bounded space  
 They meet their triumph or disgrace,  
 As rulers act and plan.

Let us, my friend, our thoughts convey,  
 To seasons of the brightest day,  
 Times of auspicious date ;  
 When Britons easy and content,  
 Felt, in the hand of government,  
 The safety of the state.

Experience then, mature in years,  
 Train'd from the cradle to affairs,  
 Sat active at the helm ;  
 Practis'd to break the casual wave,  
 Too cautious wantonly to brave  
 Storms, that would risk the realm.

Justice, too prudent to believe,  
 And Mercy, panting to relieve,  
 In all his actions sprung ;

The

The laws their settled course maintain'd,  
The prince belov'd, and loving reign'd,  
The people toil'd and sung.

Whatever India's treasure yields  
From mines, or aromatic fields,  
Rich commerce made his own ;  
His virtues made his friends revere,  
His powers taught his foes to fear,  
He's great, the more he's known.

Gods ! what a golden scene was this,  
Of public fame, of private bliss !  
—But hold, delusive fire—  
The morning view is gone and past,  
The bright meridian's overcast,  
The downy hours retire.

Subject to ev'ry natural ill  
That springs from impious, lawless will,  
From passion, and pollution ;  
To-day, the nation's glory flies,  
To-morrow, health and virtue dies,  
And then—'tis dissolution.

The legal sword, and equal scale  
Of justice, unprotected, fail,  
The martial word is given ;

Wisdom, in vain, may drop a tear,  
And Piety address her prayer  
For interposing heaven.

In vain pale virgins, in despair,  
To Freedom's altar may repair,  
That wonted seat of rest :  
There ruffians have usurp'd her name,  
And men, intrusted with her fame,  
Alike have stabb'd her breast.

The tumult spreads—rank, honour, birth,  
Are levell'd with their native earth,  
Each man, as Cæsar's great—  
Farewel allegiance to the throne,  
And duty due to kings alone,  
Farewel the plumes of state !

Where can Britannia find a friend ?  
The great profess, the good commend,  
But can't avert her doom ;  
The faithful B—df—rds all proclaim  
“ Friendship and charity the same,  
“ And both commence at home.”

Must she at G—ft—n's feet repine,  
Or sue to G—ft—on's concubine,  
With flattery, bribes, or tears ?

Bribes,



Bribes, like the magic of champaign,  
 Can steal the feeling soul from pain,  
 And sooth the wound of cares.

But these, however well design'd,  
 Like opiums to the feverish mind,  
 Insnare it to endure :  
 Waking again, it raves and burns,  
 Each agonizing pain returns,  
 Till nature works the cure.

Come then, my Grenville, come away,  
 'Tis criminal to lose a day,  
 With talents bright as thine :  
 Let indolence, on beds of flowers,  
 Consume the weary, lagging hours,  
 Action's thy nobler line.

Like Quintus, at his country's call,  
 Hasten to avert a nation's fall,  
 Thy absence signs its fate :  
 Felt by the Senate's loud applause,  
 Thy manly truths shall plead its cause,  
 Thy counsels make it great.

Haste to correct these upstart things,  
 These modern counsellors of k—gs,  
 Who toy with state and pow'r ;

Expose the lines they draw, and break,  
 Blow down the baseless plans they make,  
 Like play-things of an hour.

This gen'rous course of glory run,  
 Fame shall record thy triumph won,  
 The muse her tribute pay :  
 Britannia to her sons shall tell,  
 " That, anxious for the public weal,  
 " Grenville ne'er lost a day."

## T O F L A V I A.

BY THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN.

**L**OVELY nymph assist my lyre,  
 Beauty sure can verse inspire.  
 What are obelisks superb,  
 Purling stream, and flow'ry herb ;  
 Boundless ocean, azure skies,  
 When compar'd to Flavia's eyes ?  
 Let Palladio's taste divine,  
 Circus, Crescent, all combine ;  
 What to me are works of stone,  
 If I view those works alone ?  
 Say, can fancy's aid impart  
 Raptures worth thy shepherd's heart ?  
 Can Damætas ever see  
 Beauty, and not think of thee ?

Sa

Say, then, what can Bath afford  
 Equal to that form ador'd?  
 Tho' yon' tow'rs, in proud array,  
 May survive remotest day,  
 What in them can reason find  
 Equal to that lovely mind?  
 Mirth, in vain, in wanton dance,  
 Bids her sportive bands advance,  
 Say, when Flavia's form serene,  
 Leads them to the sprightly scene;  
 Say, my Flavia, can thy mind  
 Joys in noise and tumult find?  
 Quit, ah! quit, yon giddy throng;  
 Different scenes to love belong:  
 Change the proud exalted tow'r  
 For thy shepherd's tranquil bow'r:  
 There Dametas' anxious care  
 Ev'ry comfort shall prepare;  
 Ne'er shall stern affliction's tear  
 In that blest abode appear;  
 For immortal sure the charms,  
 Which, my fair, protect from harms;  
 Which ev'ry word and action prove,  
 Flavia the care of heav'n and love.

BATH:

## B A T H :

## ITS BEAUTIES AND AMUSEMENT.

*Parve (nec invidco) sine me liber ibis in ignem.*

BY GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

**O** THOU, who erst from Bath's smoking plain,  
 Didst to these rocks transfer thy healing reign !  
 Lord of each stagnant and sulphureous ditch,  
 Great foe to vegetation, and the itch !  
 Assist my song, inspire my votive lays,  
 For Bath demands, and Bath deserves my praise:  
 Bath, the divine Hygeia's favour'd child,  
 Where pigs were once, and princes now are boil'd ;  
 Where arts and elegance have fix'd their seat,  
 And graces ply, like chairmen—in the street ;  
 Where free from ling'ring education's plan,  
 By which the brute is polish'd into man,  
 We learn a shorter and more pleasing road,  
 And grow (like beef) by stewing—alamode.  
 'Tis here alone that architecture frames  
 Such solid buildings with such sounding names :  
 A Circus, that three ranks of columns boasts—  
 Three ranks of columns, like three rows of posts ;  
 Where none to dang'rous merit make pretence,  
 Or seek a painful, sad pre-eminence.  
 No kind pilaster at that giddy height  
 Dispels our terrors or relieves our sight,

Because

Because we're told (tho' different the name)  
 That massive and majestic are the same.  
 Not thus the Crescent towers thro' the air,  
 The proud Ionic reigns unrival'd there;  
 Her pedestals are eas'd of half their trouble,  
 Like gen'rous steeds, unfit to carry double.  
 But then that Square—within whose center rail'd  
 Lies Taste upon an obelisk impal'd;  
 Mark, how from servile squeamish order free,  
 The different buildings sweetly disagree!  
 This boasts a richer, that an humbler grace,  
 Like courtiers in, and courtiers out of place.

But while the muse thro' lifeless rubbish strays,  
 Say, can no living wonders claim her lays?  
 What names, what titles might she not rehearse!  
 'Twould almost make a chronicle in verse.  
 What peers last night were melted drop by drop\*,  
 To shew how well right-honourables hop;  
 (While thinly scatter'd, poor plebeians stare,  
 And wonder how the devil they came there)  
 What Nabobs, rich in ev'ry thing but sense,  
 Display'd their haughty, dull magnificence;  
 What beaux, whom heav'n had sent us for our sins,  
 To teach us graces, and to kick our shins;

\* These verses were read on the morning succeeding a subscription ball, from which commoners were almost entirely excluded.

What

What cloud-capt belles—But shall the honest mule  
 Accept that task which envy would refuse ?  
 Shall she 'gainst heav'n exert her impious skill ?  
 For tho' conceal'd by clouds, 'tis heaven still !

To you, ye snarling, scribbling, sceptic crew,  
 Who in perfection's self some flaw can view ;  
 You, who unmov'd on Julia's self can gaze,  
 "While o'er her cheek the soft smile trembling plays ;"  
 Whom nor the piercing glance of conscious sense,  
 Nor the meek eye of anxious diffidence,  
 To something like humanity can move—  
 Whom gods might fear, and devils cannot love—  
 To you, th' unmanly censure I resign ;  
 To love, to pity, to protect, be mine.

But soft—behold new game appears in view—  
 Observe that busy, fluttering, noisy crew !  
 They're all Apollo's sons, from top to bottom—  
 Tho' poor Apollo wonders where he got them !  
 See how they hurry to that hallow'd shrine—  
 That sacred seat of Sappho and the Nine !  
 Bless us ! what toil, what cost has been bestow'd,  
 To give that prospect—of the London road !  
 Our admiration knows not where to fix—  
 Here a cascade, and there a coach and fix !

• Camoen's. Mickle's Translation.

Within

Within, a mystic vase, with laurel crown'd—  
 Hence, ye profane ! 'tis consecrated ground !  
 Here Sappho's hands the last sad rites dispense  
 To mangl'd poetry, and murder'd sense ;  
 Here jests were heard, " at which e'en Juno smil'd,  
 " When crack'd by Jove magnificently mild," \*  
 Jests, so sublimely void of sense and thought,  
 Poor simple mortals cannot find them out ;  
 Rhymes—like Scotch cousins—in such order plac'd,  
 The first scarce claims acquaintance with the last !

But see, at length the cold dull scene to chear, †  
 Kind nature bids her Jerningham appear.  
 See on that bed of sickness and despair,  
 Eliza's form, and Yorick's alter'd air ;  
 The last tear glistens in his sleepless eye,  
 While on his lips hangs quivering the cold sigh !  
 At ev'ry pang our tears unbidden flow,  
 Till the heart sickens at the pictur'd woe,  
 But now 'tis past—the dream is done away,  
 And banish'd dullness reassumes her sway.  
 Go then, my muse ! to her direct thy lays,  
 Be dull, be noisy, and expect the bays.

\* ——— Jove magnificently mild

Crack'd his blythe jests, at which e'en Juno smil'd.

Judgment of Apollo, one of the prize poems on Music.

† Poems on the subject of Dreams.

No

No more shall Merit strive that prize to win,  
 "She was a stranger, and was taken in." \*  
 Go—with M'Pherson in Teutonic foar,  
 With Mallet whine, with blust'ring Kenrick roar,  
 Retail like Cumberland the holy writ,  
 And bid the ten commandments pass for wit.  
 Should all Parnassus 'gainst thy efforts join,  
 Vain were the force of Phœbus and the Nine;  
 E'en Sappho's self before thy power shall bend,  
 And crown thy nonsense—tho' she can't commend.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN father Orpheus wanted sport, he,  
 By touching his piano forte,  
     Drew out his beasts by millions:  
 Hinds with high heads each other butted,  
 Pigs "en pas grave" like \* \* \* \* \* strutted,  
     Cows caper'd in cotillons.

Amphion too (though by the bye  
 This sounds extremely like a lye)  
 Could animate earth, air, and water,  
 Melt the hard hearts of brick and mortar,

\* Lord Ab——n having presumed (at the desire of the company) to recommend a copy of verses to Mrs. M——r's protection, she very kindly excused so unconstitutional a step, by saying, that his Lordship was a stranger, and had been taken in.

Make



Make stocks and stones so very supple,  
 They'd lead up ten or twenty couple ;  
 And grow, directed by their ears,  
 An house for pigs, or house for peers.

From hence, the lovers of antiquity  
 Do most maliciously assert  
 That music, like a child that's rickety,  
 Is now degraded to the dirt,  
 And having lost the power to soar,  
 Is force'd to creep upon all four :  
 Since not Giardini's self is able  
 To animate a chair or table ;  
 Nor give it the most distant notion  
 Of plain and simple locomotion.

But now the ancients have been heard,  
 We moderns sure may speak a word.  
 That the old music and the new  
 Are very different—is true :  
 Nay, they so widely disagree,

You might as properly compare  
 The war-hoop of a Cherokee

To such a hoop as ladies wear.  
 But first. It seems extremely clear,  
 That harmony, which stones could hear,  
 Was such as only stones could bear.  
 That David, with his boasted music,  
 Would now make any but a Jew sick ;

}

For

For sure 'twould make a strange confusion  
Still to begin with the conclusion : \*

E'en Aguiari's self would fail,  
Spite of her boasted silver tail,  
Should she, in pity to the Jew,

Attempt to warble backwards too.

Your Messrs. Orpheus and Amphion,

With their confounded breaktooth words,

Might try their skill on beasts and birds,

Without a single bed to lie on.

For what might please the Greeks and Latins,

To our politer ears would sound

Just like an Abigail in pattens,

Parading o'er a stony ground.

Then for their instruments—you'll own,

They're far inferior to our own :

Unless they only chose to leave us

Those meanest instruments of chiming,

Tongs, poker, marrow-bones, and cleavers;

And other followers of Hymen,

Basely condemning to the fire,

The noble pipe, and nobler lyre.

Thus pedants, when we come to college,

With care suppress all useful knowledge ;

Whip us, whenever we presume

To think what ne'er was thought at Rome,

\* The Jews write from right to left, and, consequently, appear to read backwards.

And

And punish with the same severity  
Both our posteriors and posterity.

But to conclude—Where'er you range  
Or to St. James's or the Change,  
To Portman-square or Leadenhall,  
We're Dilettanties one and all.  
By music's charms, like those of Circè,  
You'll see all moving vice versa.  
All, from the porter to the peer,  
Or have, or think they have, an ear.  
Cits grow refin'd and spend their money,  
And starve on soups and macaroni.  
The roughest, rudest country squire  
Deserts his pipe and parlour fire;  
His tenants want the *favoir vivre*,  
The parson puts him in a fever;  
To harmony a convert grown,  
He swears he only breathes in town.  
Now for new miracles prepare—  
Behold that punch-bowl in the air! \*  
That shame to ancient Greece and Rome,  
'Twas music rais'd the penfile dome.  
'Twas she that form'd our proud casinos,  
Our rooms for concerts and festinos,  
Our villas in St. George's-fields,  
White Conduit House, and Bagnigge Wells.

\* Dome of the Pantheon.

As

As she directs, the artists rear  
 The Crescent, oblong, or the square,  
 The Octagon with sides so small,  
 And Circus with no sides at all ;  
 With every angle charm our eyes  
     That e'er the most consummate skill,  
     Of great Vauban, or greater Gill,  
 Has form'd for ramparts or minc'd pies.

My hand is tir'd, my muse is mute,  
 So, ladies, who have heard our suit,  
 Please to determine the dispute.

}

# VERSES TO SIR WILLIAM DRAPER,

WITH A PRESENT OF CHEESE.

BY C. ANSTEV,

AUTHOR OF THE BATH GUIDE.

*Donarem Patras, &c.*

HOR. Lib. IV. Cde 8.

FREELY I'd give ye cups of gold,  
 Rich with the curious works of old ;  
 With coins and medals I'd present ye,  
 And send ye rings and seals in plenty ;  
 Reward ye like the valiant Greeks,  
 If I, like Deard, could make antiques.  
 But gifts like these, my generous friend,  
 Nor you expect, nor I can send.

Something

Something to eat, I'd have you know it,  
 Is no small present from a poet ;  
 And tho' I've took some little pains  
 In weaving my pindaric strains,  
 You're welcome, if my verse displeases,  
 To damn my book, and eat my cheeses ;  
 Still will I venture to acquaint ye,  
 Tho' I, like Gainsborough, could paint ye  
 Tho' I, with Wilton's art, could give  
 The animated stone to live ;  
 Yet not the picture, nor the busto,  
 Are things that heroes ought to trust to.  
 Good generals and statesmen too,  
 From verse alone must claim their due ;  
 And oft the friendly muse supplies  
 What an ungrateful world denies :  
 Nor the swift flight of threat'ning Lally,  
 Nor every bold successful fally,  
 Under your banners from Madras,  
 Tho' to'd on marble, or on bras :  
 Not India's distant spoils brought home,  
 To grace our Henry's \* lofty dome ;  
 Without the muse's just regard,  
 Can give the conqueror his reward—

\* The flags taken at Manilla are placed in the chapel belonging to King's college, in Cambridge, where Sir William Draper was educated.

—Spite

—Spite of the law's unjust delay  
Your Guerdon still the muse shall pay;  
With faithful steps your fame attend,  
And speed the wishes of your friend.

C. A.

Trumpington, Dec. 24, 1767.

# WINTER'S AMUSEMENT.

THE LATE BATH EASTON PRIZE ODE.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**E beauteous pymphs, and jovial swains,  
Who, deck'd with youthful bloom,  
To gay assemblage meet to grace  
Philander's chearful dome :

Mark how the wintry clouds hang o'er  
Yon frowning mountain's brow ;  
Mark how the rude winds warp the stream,  
And rock the leafless bough.

The painted meads, and flow'ry lawns,  
Their wonted pride give o'er ;  
The feather'd flocks in silence mourn,  
Their notes are heard no more:

Save where beneath the lonely shed,  
Or desolated thorn,  
The red breast heaves his ruffled plumes,  
And tunes his pipe forlorn.

Yet

Yet shall the sun's reviving ray  
 Recall the genial spring ;  
 The painted meads resume their pride ;  
 The feather'd flocks shall sing.

But not to you shall e'er return  
 The pride of gaudy years ;  
 When pining age, with icy hand,  
 His hoary mantle rears.

When once, alas ! his churlish blast  
 Shall yon bright spring subdue,  
 I know not what reviving sun  
 Can e'er that spring renew.

Then seize the glorious golden days,  
 That fill your cap with joy !  
 Bid every gay and social scene  
 Your blissful hours employ.

Oft where the crouded stage invites,  
 The laughing muses join ;  
 Or woo them while they smile around  
 Eugenia's laurel'd shrine.

Oft seek the haunts where health and joy  
 To sportive numbers move ;  
 Or plaintive strains breathe soft desire,  
 And wake the soul to love.

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F

Yet

Yet ah ! where-e'er you bend your way,

Let fair discretion steer :

From folly's vain delusive charms,

And passion's wild career.

So when the wintry hours shall come,

When youth and pleasure fly,

Safe shall you ward th' impending storm,

And time's rude blast defy.

Perpetual charms, unfading spring,

In sweet reflection find ;

While innocence and virtue bring

A sunshine to the mind !

# L I N E S

REPEATED BY THE AUTHOR, ON BEING ASKED  
TO READ THE PRECEDING STANZAS A SECOND  
TIME.

**MUST** I read it again, Sir ?—So—here I do stand,  
Like a priest that holds forth with a skull in his hand—  
Repeat such a dreadful memento as this is,  
To spleen the young fellows, and frighten the misses ?  
When beauties assemble to laugh and be gay,  
How cruel to preach upon beauty's decay !  
How hard, that the fairest of all the creation  
Should suffer one wrinkle by anticipation !

What



What delicate nymph but must shrink when she hears  
Her charms will all fade in the winter of years ?  
What languishing widow would e'er wish to know  
Her charms were all faded a long while ago ?  
Unless one could bring some receipt to supply  
Fresh Cupids to bask in the beams of her eye.  
Recal the lost rose, or the lily replace,  
That have shed their dead leaves o'er her evergreen face !  
And this (thank the gods) I can promise to do,  
By a sweet pretty nostrum, quite pleasant and new,  
Which learned historians and doctors, I find,  
Have lately reveal'd for the good of mankind.  
A nostrum like which, no elixir yet known,  
E'er brac'd a lax fibre, and strengthen'd its tone.  
None'er was so grand a restorative seen,  
For bringing back sixty—to lovely sixteen !  
To you then, ye fair, if old Time should appear,  
And whisper a few little hints in your ear,  
That Cupid his triumph begins to resign,  
Your nerves are unstrung, and your spirits decline,  
You have no other physical course to pursue,  
Than to take—a young husband your springs to  
renew ;  
You may take him—I think—at about twenty-two !  
For when both the spirits and nerves are in fault,  
Platonic affection is not worth a groat.  
The conjugal blessing alone is decreed  
The truest specific for widows indeed ;

And I trust they will find it, as long as they live,  
The best of amusements that winter can give !

December 3, 1778.

V E R S E S

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE HONOURABLE MISS  
ELIZABETH SACKVILLE TO COLONEL HERBERT.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

YE solemn pedagogues who teach  
A language by eight parts of speech,  
And with an arm of flesh drive down,  
By force of birch, your noun pronoun ;  
Can any of you all impart  
A rule to conjugate the heart ;  
To shew its present, perfect, future,  
Its active, passive, and its neuter ?  
Grammarians, did you ever try  
To construe and expound the eye ?  
And, from the syntax of the face,  
Decline its gender and its case ?  
What said the nuptial tear that fell  
From fair Eliza—can you tell ?  
And yet it spoke upon her cheek,  
As eloquent as tear could speak ;  
Not audibly, by word of mouth,  
As Priscian would, or Bishop Louth ;

Not

Not syllable by Dyche e'er spelt,  
Not language heard, but language felt :

“ Here, at God's altar as I stand,  
“ To plight my faith, and yield my hand,  
“ With falt'ring tongue whilst I proclaim  
“ The cession of my virgin name ;  
“ Whilst in my ears is read at large  
“ The rubric's stern unsoften'd charge,  
“ Spare me,” the silent pleader cries,  
“ O, spare me, ye surrounding eyes !  
“ Surrounded by a blaze of light,  
“ While here I pass in solemn sight,  
“ Or, kneeling by a father's side,  
“ Renounce the daughter for the bride,—  
“ Ye sisters, to my soul so dear,  
“ Say, can I check the rising tear ?  
“ When at this awful hour I cast  
“ My mem'ry back on time that's past,  
“ Ungrateful were I to forbear  
“ This tribute to a father's care ;  
“ For all he suffer'd, all he taught ?  
“ Is there not due some tender thought ?  
“ And may not one fond prayer be given  
“ To that dear saint who rests in heav'n ? \*  
“ And you to whom I now betroth,  
“ In sight of Heaven, my nuptial oath ;

\* The amiable Lady George Germain, her mother, who died in 1780.

- " Who to nobility of birth  
 " True honour join, and native worth,  
 " If my recording bosom draws  
 " One sigh, misconstrue not the cause;  
 " Trust me, tho' weeping, I rejoice,  
 " And, blushing, glory in my choice.

## ON GENERAL WOLFE.

BY SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, K. B.

**I**MMORTAL Wolfe! Sculptor, thy laurel'd bust  
 Faintly attempts to grace his sacred dust!  
 Such mighty acts demand a nobler plan,  
 Britannia seeks the hero, not the man:  
 Quebec's his monument. Add to thy theme  
 Th' indignant river's strong opposing stream:  
 On Abr'am's lofty summit place the bier;  
 Let conduct, valour, discipline be there,  
 In conquest view their darling son expire;  
 So future time shall hear it and admire.  
 Virtue and fame shall join this tomb to raise,  
 Nor envy's self be silent in his praise.

TO THE PRINTER.

HAVING more regard for my old friend Doctor  
 C—mb—rl—d than, it seems, the Doctor has for  
 his own literary reputation, I long since gave  
 him

him my advice to throw his ink-standish in the face of the muses, as those gipsies have, some time past, frowned upon his addressees. But private admonition having had no effect, I am resolved to try what public rebuke will do; and as the Doctor has not deigned to hearken to reason, let us make the experiment whether he will listen to rhyme.

Z. Z. Z.

# FRIENDLY ADVICE TO DR. C—MB—RL—D.\*

DEAR Dick, adhere to your own trade, †  
And let the Muse alone;  
Nature ne'er yet a lover made  
To charm with skin and bone.

F 4

Thalia,

\* As Mr. C—mb—d (late Secretary to the late Board of Trade) wishes exceedingly to be thought a man of profound learning, it is somewhat strange, that he should reject the title of Doctor, and stile himself a simple Squire. He ought to consider, that the appellation of Doctor is, *quasi doctor*; but, perhaps, he despises this degree, because it was conferred by an Irish university. What then? It is surely one step, at least, in the *gradus ad Parnassum*; and, if he can prevail on both our Universities to admit him *ad eundem*, he will get two steps more; and thus rise (by degrees) to the top of the ladder.

† Viz. that of a taylor; which art he studied under a very able master, the late Jeremiah Dyson; and it is allowed by all  
the

Thalia, \* sportive maid, disdains  
 A cold embrace like thine;  
 A tragic vixen scorns thy pains, †  
 And so do all the Nine.

the trade, (even the puffing, advertising tailors) that nobody dresses up his figures with more taste. The dress of Edgar Atheling, in particular, was so much in the true Macaroni cut, that it has excited much jealousy in the breast of Signor Lupino, principal tailor to the Opera-house.

\* Our author has long paid his addresses to Miss Thalia; and has frequently hinted to all his friends and acquaintance, that he was her chief favourite; but, for some time past, there has certainly been a great dryness between them. At last, in a fit of jealousy, (occasioned by her smiling on a young Hibernian) he has forsworn all connection with her; "vows he ne'er will laugh again," but devote his future hours to "green and yellow melancholy."

† The Doctor makes no secret of the extraordinary labour and pains attending the birth of his last dramatic bantling: other bards have produced in less than nine months, whereas this ninth part of a bard has gone nine years. In the fulness of time, he went privately to a great house in Covent Garden, big with the expectation of getting happily rid of his precious burden; but as the case appeared (on due inspection) to be difficult and dangerous, he was advised to apply to a celebrated accoucheur in Drury Lane, where he was, at last, safely delivered; but it is whispered in the Green-room, not without the assistance of the knife: probably alluding to an operation called, the Cæsarean section; an indirect, partial way of proceeding; and which, without a metaphor, has served to expose the Doctor's weak side.

Phœbus,

Phœbus, sworn foe to Midas' \* ears,  
 Will thine most rudely pull,  
 And when thy tragic strains he hears,  
 Cry—"Thou'rt damnation dull."

Minerva thinks 'tis her own owl,  
 When thou attempt'st to soar;  
 That arch-wag, Hermes, d—ns his soul,  
 "He ne'er saw such a bore."

Of plagiaries thou † art the chief,  
 And he of thieves the lord;  
 Dear Dick, take heed—each clumsy thief  
 "Is destin'd to the cord." ‡

\* Squire Richard, some years ago, produced a sentimental sing-song Farce, which he modestly called a musical Comedy; and from his strange, uncouth airs, at that time, it was pretty evident to all who had either eyes or ears, that he inclined more to the side of Pan than Apollo.

† Dick has long declaimed against plagiarism, or literary petty larceny; and therefore supposes nobody will suspect him of a practice which he so loudly condemns: however, it unfortunately happens; that the last work, which has come off his board, is a piece of mere patch-work, a party-coloured, motley thing, like a Harlequin's coat; and, in order to make it up, he must have collected as many remnants, shreds, and patches, as a maker of pincushions.

‡ Vide Gen. Gage's proclamation when at Boston.

Since, then, despis'd by all the gods,  
 And eke by all the men ;  
 No longer, with the world at odds,  
 Persist to wield the pen.

Sit cross-leg'd on thy Board of Trade,  
 O'er shreds and remnants pore ;  
 Drive tragic phrenzy from thy head,  
 And crib from France—like More.\*

## THE BATH PICTURE ;

OF,

A SLIGHT SKETCH OF ITS BEAUTIES

IN 1771.†

A BALLAD.

COME exert yourself, Clio, I pray ;  
 Such a theme sure was never before ;  
 But acquit yourself well of the lay,  
 And I never will pester you more.

Tho'

\* Miss Hannah More.

† This Production has little to recommend it but its use in explaining those parts of the succeeding Satire which allude to it.



Tho' no verse can with justice describe  
 The sweet beauties which Bath now may boast,  
 Yet I wish—must I speak it aside—  
 You'd descant on each favourite toast.

I'd not have you to beauty of face,  
 To manners, or form, be confin'd ;  
 But display ev'ry charm, ev'ry grace,  
 And each excellence too of the mind.

Tho' the beauty that's maiden, 'tis true,  
 Stands most commonly foremost in fame ;  
 Yet give that to each wife which is due,  
 —Wou'd the husbands but practise the same !

Now, my fair ones, you've nothing to fear,  
 No ill-natur'd satyrical style ;  
 When the Graces with beauty appear,  
 Envy can't but look pleasant the while.

When the elegant Jennings appears,  
 What a buz through the room do they raise !  
 Tho' her beauty's the subject she hears,  
 Not one scrap of conceit she betrays.

What eyes ! and what lips ! and what hair !  
 Such a mouth too—what pleasure to kiss !  
 When I look, I can scarcely forbear  
 Rushing on to such heavenly bliss.

I'd pronounce him a snarling poor wight,  
 Void of taste too in ev'ry degree,  
 Who would dare, my sweet girl, for to write  
 Or e'en speak with detraction of thee.

Mark the graceful fine figure of Moore,  
 Who with ease and gentility moves;  
 Her eyes are delightful, that's sure—  
 They must rapture whomever she loves.

When Calder too trips down the dance,  
 All croud the sweet maid to observe;  
 She's distinguish'd by great complaisance,  
 Good sense, and a prudent reserve.

For your life don't the Seymours forget,  
 Who so rival each other all day,  
 That you'd not decide, should you bet,  
 The most lively, good-humour'd, and gay.

Remark too the dimpling sweet smile,  
 Lady Marg'ret's fair countenance wears;  
 And Lady Ann, whom so beauteous we stile,  
 As quite free of affected fine airs.

Gentle Nappier deserves to be nam'd;  
 She's cautious—yet pleasing withal:  
 And Drax too must ever be fam'd—  
 As a wife she's a pattern to all.

Pretty

Pretty Cheshire you must not pass o'er,  
 Who's so joyous and arch in her look ;  
 You might mention at least fifty more ;  
 But your ballad would swell to a book.

How my Clio you now will rejoice !  
 For I'm come to your favourite name ;  
 And our Waller's as sweet in her voice,  
 As your bard of poetical fame.

We can boast of one other beside,  
 Who's a mistress of harmony too ;  
 She's well-temper'd, and void of all pride ;  
 The whole family's equally so.

'Twou'd be wrong, and one could not excuse,  
 If your song w<sup>as</sup> not happily grac'd  
 With Matthews's name ; whom, my muse,  
 Deserves with the first to be plac'd :

She's agreeable, courteous, and kind ;  
 Loves good-humour I'm sure to her heart ;  
 And so blest with an amiable mind,  
 She can't fail every bliss to impart.

Both the sisters for sense too we prize ;  
 With the Sharps, their conversable friends ;  
 Milly, faith, has most excellent eyes,  
 Which speak more than, perhaps, she intends.

Give

Give smart-looking fair Hankle a verse ;  
 She's always neat dress'd, and well bred ;  
 And remember soft-speaking Miss N—rse,  
 Who must look quite delicious in bed.

The last I shall name to you now,  
 Is a beauty that all must admire ;  
 She's just to a tittle, I vow,  
 The thing one would wish and desire.

Her comedy-looking sweet face  
 Spreads a joy round wherever she goes ;  
 And vivacity chose it her place  
 For to dwell with good-natur'd repose :

Affability marks her address,  
 She with cheerfulness ever appears ;  
 And Pauncefort—we all must confess,  
 Wou'd rouse passion, tho' bury'd in years.

CLIO.

# CLIO'S PROTEST:

OR, THE  
PICTURE VARNISHED.

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE  
LADY M-R-G-R-T F-R-D-C-E.

————— “ *Pictoribus atque Poetis,  
“ Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua Potestas:  
“ Scimus—————  
“ Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut  
“ Fordiciæ Draxis gementur, Semore Maura.”*

HOR. EPIST. AD PIS.

WHEREAS a certain Poetaster,  
Pretending Phœbus was his master,  
Has modestly made up the trio,  
By lugging in the name of Clio,  
To grace a fine descriptive stricture,  
Which he is pleas'd to call *the Picture*—  
I, in behalf of muse aforesaid,  
(By Phœbus, secund. leg. indorsed)  
Present to all who chuse to have it,  
Enclos'd, the muse's affidavit:  
By which it plainly will appear,  
(As sworn 'fore justice Jupiter)

That

That Clio never did assist  
 That daubing panegyrist's fist ;  
 Who lays his praise so thickly on,  
 That ev'ry goose with him's a swan :  
 Nor did she ever see the piece  
 Which so be-swans these motley geese.  
 And I too, for the muse's sake  
 Though uninspir'd, will undertake  
 To prove that, 'stead of aid divine,  
 True Dullness breathes in ev'ry line.

First then—(your ancients will aver it)  
 This Clio was a girl of spirit ;  
 Could point her periods to a tittle,  
 And was allow'd to spell a little :  
 Then being sister to Apollo,  
 I think it probably will follow,  
 That she could rhyme at least at pleasure ;  
 And had some little skill in measure.  
 But our great bard, whose genius tow'rs  
 Above such low mechanic powers ;  
 Whose Pegasus as bold as thunder,  
 All bonds of metre breaks asunder ;  
 Kick simple adverbs into fractions,  
 Snorting out furious *interjections* !  
 On concords and agreements tramples—  
 (Vide each stanza for examples):

Thi,

This bard forsooth 'twas Clio fir'd !  
 O wonderful ! how he's inspir'd !—  
 But as I would not seem to write  
 From idle prejudice or spight,  
 If there be faults, 'tis fit I shew 'em,  
 So let us just review the poem.

He first begins, as poets use,  
 To pay his devoirs to the muse ;  
 Then vows, if now she'll mend his pen,  
 He'll never pester her again.  
 (And no bad argument it was  
 To bribe her to befriend his cause.)  
 Ladies, it seems you've nought to fear ;  
 The poet will not be severe :  
 Alas ! poor bard, you little knew  
 The fear was—being prais'd by you.  
 If e'er by wit or fancy fir'd,  
 A witling thinks that he's inspir'd ;  
 Mistaking, for a poet's vein,  
 The itching of a rhyme-fed brain,  
 His pen he grasps, his subject chuses,  
 Then whips me down a brace of muses ;  
 Scales all Parnassus with his rhymes,  
 And wonders with what ease he climbs !  
 —But O ! defend me from the praise  
 Of such ! and let them wear the bays :

Their

Their coarse good-will proves right ill-nature :  
For ill-judg'd praise is worse than satire.

But tell me, lofty bard, I pray,  
What's this acquitting of a lay ?  
Or who, I beg, from prince to peasant,  
E'er heard of Envy looking pleasant ?

But panegyrics now the plan—  
So enter J-un-gs in the van :  
Behold she comes in beauty's state ;  
(The hobbling verse proclaims her gait)  
Hark, what a general *buz* is spread !  
(Tho' only with a single z)  
The nymph, unconscious that we raise  
This *buzzing buzz* to *buzz* her praise ;  
Or, skill'd that consciousness to hide,  
Ne'er shews the smallest scrap of pride.  
But we still *buzz* her noble size,  
Her *pretty hair*, and *pretty eyes*,  
And *pretty* brows those eyes to suit,  
And *pretty*—God knows what to boot ;  
'Till echo, charm'd at beauty's reign,  
With double *buzz* repeats the strain.  
—But here, to drop all quaint allusion,  
How grand and new is the conclusion !  
When all her other charms are past,  
The Poet's *bonne bouche* comes at last : —

This



This literatem, would be truth :—  
 What think ye of her kissing mouth ?  
 Nor does he here with flatt'ry treat her :  
 (I only wish it had been metre.)  
 Well, next in rank, you may be sure  
 Comes in so pat the name of M—re ;  
 Or had the surname been Moresco,  
 'Tis ten to one he'd lugg'd in fresco :  
 For when a proper name will chime,  
 It has a fine effect in rhyme.  
 Here now, to judge by vulgar law,  
 A scrup'lous drudge might find a flaw ;  
 Might doubt if 'twere a lawful capture,  
 Boldly to make a verb of rapture.—  
 But shall the stanza-teeming mind,  
 By paltry syntax be confin'd ?  
 Shall inspiration, wild and free,  
 Be cramp'd by laws of prosody ?  
 Shall *He*, whose soul perspires with feeling,  
 Be interrupted by the spelling ?  
 Or when enraptur'd, stop to hammer  
 Those raptures into dirty grammar ?  
 Never !—Let others dully beat  
 The common track with shackled feet,  
 Our Pindar still disdains the road  
 By prejudice ignobly trod :  
 There's not a hackney scribbling sot,  
 But coins you beauties where they're not :

—But

—But our great bard extends his reach,  
And nobly coins us parts of speech !

But soft—brisk C-ld-r's next in station,  
Jigging it down to admiration ;  
But jigging how—perhaps you'll say—  
O fear not, in the common way !  
No— she's distinguish'd in the dance,  
By her prodigious *complaisance* !  
Reserv'd and prudent as she goes ;  
With good sense waiting on her toes.  
—A pretty mode of dancing this !  
And yet for my part, gentle miss,  
I hope thy real feet are fleetier  
Than those you halt upon in metre ;  
And pay too more regard to time  
Than he, who made you dance in rhyme.

The Rival-sisters next appear !—  
(At least we find them rivals here)  
But wherefore ?—Didst thou never see  
Beauty's twin-sisters yet agree ?  
Pause here then, Trifler, and you'll find  
Less parity of charms than mind :  
For when true sense and mild good nature,  
Scarce ask the aid of youth and feature ;  
When the fair mind, and inborn grace,  
Are but denoted by the face ;

What

What need great nature's hand to move  
 The twin possessors hearts to love ?  
 —Form'd in the self-same mould of heav'n.  
 To each the same attractions given ;  
 Like polish'd mirrors they unite,  
 And lend each other mutual light.—  
 What nature's tye can farther do.  
 Sweet S--m-rs, we behold in you.

But hark—did not our bard repeat  
 The love-born name of M--rg--r--t ?  
 Attention seizes ev'ry ear :  
 We pant for the description here :—  
 “ If ever dullness left thy brow,  
 “ Pindar, we say, 'twill leave thee now.”  
 —But O ! old Dullness' son anointed  
 His mother never disappointed !—  
 And here we all were left to seek  
 A dimple in F--rd--ce's cheek !

And could you really discover,  
 In gazing those sweet beauties over,  
 No other charm, no winning grace,  
 Adorning either mind or face,  
 But one poor dimple, to express  
 The quintessence of loveliness ?  
 —Mark'd you her cheek of rosy hue ?  
 Mark'd you her eye of sparkling blue ?

That

That eye, in liquid circles moving ;  
 That cheek, abash'd at man's approving ;  
 The one—love's arrows darting round ;  
 The other—blushing for the wound :  
 Did she not speak—did she not move—  
 Now Pallas—now the queen of love !

O that the muse—I mean, that you,  
 With such a model in your view,  
 Should prove so weak, so very simple,  
 To mock us with an idle dimple !  
 Nor ought you, Pindar, to accuse  
 The absence of your favourite muse ;  
 Her flight is here no palliation :  
 The theme itself was inspiration.

But surely here I ought to name  
 The sister of this heav'nly dame—  
 Thee, gentle A-ne, I'll not pass o'er,  
 Tho' Pindar's praise has gone before :  
 I'll paint—yet wherefore should I dwell  
 On what all feel and know too well ?—  
 Come forth, ye beauteous idols then,  
 Who love the panegyrist's pen ;  
 Her conscious heart, to whom I'd raise  
 My notes, disdains the pomp of praise.

But

But now, my trusty pen and paper !  
 (For I've no muse to shew her shape here)  
 Return we to our humble strain,  
 And touch this Picture once again ;  
 Or yawning wits will swear 'tis time  
 To let them sleep, and close our rhyme.  
 For modern beaux, who scarcely spare  
 More time to reading than to pray'r,  
 If chance, when under hands of friseur,  
 On some quaint piece they make a seizure,  
 Or stroll from Leake's with verses homewards,  
 (Allowing time for spelling some words)  
 If minutes ten don't get them through it,  
 They tear the sheet, and d—n the poet.

But me such drones shall never hinder—  
 Have at you then, my noble Pindar.

Well now—(I hope he fits the cap here)  
 He introduces gentle N-p—r.  
 And here I mark Minerva's frown,  
 To miss her fav'rite O-gl—t-n.

Anon facetiously he cracks  
 His jokes upon good Mrs. D—x :  
 For where's the dame of common spirit,  
 Will hear of *matrimonial* merit ?  
 Or thank a poet who shall make her  
 A poor domestic Bible-raker ?

It

It brings such notions in one's head  
 Of sturdy females country-bred !  
 —We see the dame in rustic pride,  
 A bunch of keys to grace her side,  
 Stalking across the well-swept entry,  
 To hold her council in the pantry ;  
 Or, with prophetic soul, foretelling  
 The peas will boil well by the shelling ;  
 Or bustling in her private closet,  
 Prepare her lord his morning posset ;  
 And while the hallow'd mixture thickens,  
 Signing death-warrants for the chickens  
 Else, greatly pensive poring o'er  
 Accounts her cook had thumb'd before ;  
 One eye cast up upon that great book,  
 Yclep'd the Family Receipt Book :  
 By which she's rul'd in all her courses,  
 From stewing figs, to drenching horses.  
 —Then pans and pickling skillets rise  
 In dreadful lustre to our eyes,  
 With store of sweetmeats rang'd in order,  
 And potted nothings on the border ;  
 While salves and caudle-cups between,  
 With squalling children, close the scene.

Here sure you fairly had a title,  
 My Pindar, to digress a little :

Nör

Nor would the lowly subject stain,  
 Sweet bard, thy fine descriptive vein.  
 When next then you would shew a pattern  
 To each untidy married flattern,  
 Be sure you make a country life  
 The scene of action for your wife ;—  
 Chuse out a fine old mould'ring hall,  
 With moral tap'stury on the wall ;  
 A farm-house—be sure you thatch it ;  
 With barns on t'other side to match it :  
 A pig-stye, and a poultry yard ;  
 And Shock, you know, the faithful guard :  
 Describe the nurses, girls and boys,  
 With all ' the dear domestic joys ;'  
 And then, with hogs, babes, chicks, and all,  
 Bring Goody D—x to grace the ball.

But now behold, in stately march,  
 Miss Ch-sh-re, with her looks so arch !  
 —(Tho' that is better, by the bye,  
 Than if he'd said her looks so sly)—  
 But why not introduce her sister,  
 I see no reason why you've miss'd her ?  
 For sure, my dear poetic brother,  
 The one looks full as arch as t'other.

Sudden our bard begins to vapour,  
 And calls on Clio for a caper ;

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G

And

And she, poor girl! must now turn squaller,  
 To join in concert with his W—ll—r!  
 There's music in the name 'tis true;  
 But when that name is sung by you,  
 The verse and theme so disagree,  
 I cannot think of harmony.  
 O! should your genius ever rise,  
 And make you laureate in the skies,  
 I'd hold my life, in twenty years,  
 You'd spoil the music of the spheres.  
 —Nay, should the rapture-breathing nine,  
 In one celestial concert join,  
 Their sov'reign's power to rehearse,  
 —Were thou to furnish them with verse,  
 By Jove, I'd fly the heav'nly throng,  
 Tho' Phœbus play'd, and Linley sung!

W—ll—r, could I say more of thee—  
 But soft—here's all your family.—  
 A compliment—that none may grumble;  
 They're all, it seems, extremely humble.

Here M—th—s comes too, and a few more  
 Remarkable for their good-humour.  
 Pindar, 'tis thought (though not by me)  
 That here you aim'd at *irony*;

For



For my part, I could wish you had ;  
 For though th' attempt were wretched bad,  
 Yet one, whose merit mocks thy lays,  
 Might boast she had escap'd your praise.

—Converfable !—can this be true ?  
 And Pindar, can this come from you ?  
 What ! fhall the Sh—ps, for learning fam'd,  
 As mere chitchatterers be nam'd ?  
 Shall they, who've roam'd thro' Rome and Greece,  
 Sleep in a converfation piece ?  
 Shall they—yet hold, they muft deſpiſe you,  
 Elſe, know, they could themſelves chaſtiſe you.  
 —Ah ! ſure here was ſubject fit,  
 For fancy to diſplay its wit !  
 What ſiſters three, with ſuch ſweet faces,  
 And no alluſion to the Graces !  
 Or Goddeſſes on lofty Ide ;  
 And you the Trojan by their ſide !  
 —There's A—ne, whoſe wit and lively fallies  
 Would make a very decent Pallas :  
 And F—n, tho' ſhort, as ſcholar you know,  
 Would be no bad BO-OPIS Juno :  
 And then, (hang empty face or mein)  
 The third, of courſe, is beauty's queen.  
 —If any prude find fault with theſe  
 My new created dieties,

Out

Out with the hag from Bath, and let her  
At Hyde-park Corner look for better.

Alas ! unfortunate Miss N—se,  
That e'er your name should rhyme to verse !  
(Tho' faith there's few could do it worse)  
Else, sure our bard, with fancy vicious,  
Had never told us how delicious,  
With powder'd night-cap on your head,  
Your beauties would appear in bed !

Here follow lines of good dimension ;  
But as they're past my comprehension,  
I will not grope thro' the confusion  
In search of sense :—so come conclusion.

If in my strictures I've been free,  
—You know the muse's liberty.  
Howe'er I'll make all matters equal  
By wholesome council, in the sequel ;  
And first—leave panegyric, pray ;  
Your genius does not lead that way :  
You write with ease, to shew your breeding ;  
But easy writing's vile hard reading,  
—Henceforward Satire guide your pen ;  
But spare the women—lash the men.  
Tho' possibly your muse may stare,  
To find such little difference there ;

So oft her verse woule strike, in common,  
The flirting man and rakish woman.

Would not mild Puffo grace thy song,  
And Raucus, with his fluent tongue ?  
—So rough, and yet so glib a tool ;  
'Twould silence a whole boarding-school.  
With skipping Wagtail, pretty puppet,  
(Inhuman aunt, so soon to drop it !)  
And Lizard, with his supple bones,  
The lively prince of cotillons ?  
Then grinning Witwould—tho' no Teague—  
Who more successful at intrigue ?  
So bold and curling in his trade, he's  
Like Wantley's dragon to the ladies.  
Nor spare the flirting cassock'd rogue,  
Nor ancient Cullin's polish'd brogue ;  
Nor gay Lothario's nobler name,  
That Nimrod to all female fame :  
Nor fullen Philo's stiff grimace,  
Great *self* all gathering in his face :  
And then, to scare the jovial crew,  
Raise wretched Chillchit to their view ;  
With body meagre, wan, and thin,  
And heart as narrow as his chin.

—Let me, my Pindar, be your tutor,  
Be such your subjects for the future.

Hence with your muse, your Clio hence,  
And court instead—*Dame Common Sense*.

If any think that unprovok'd  
I here have fatiriz'd and jok'd,  
I answer them whoe'er they be,  
Begin and deal the same by me.

We petty Sciolists in verse,  
For ever make each other worse;  
By turns this licence take and give,  
—The muses' known prerogative.—  
This once allow'd—'tween you and me,  
Great Pindar, there's no enmity.  
But if my satire seems uncouth,  
As back'd by that foul monster, Truth,  
And you (true bard !) are therefore vex'd ;  
—Be quiet—and *praise* me in your next.

ASMODEO;

PIN.

P I N D A R's   A N S W E R  
TO THE  
AUTHOR OF THE PICTURE VARNISHED.

*Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!*

POPE.

**W**ELL guide you the satyric pen :  
The women spare, but lash the men !  
And tho' some vot'ries of Apollo,  
Preach doctrines which they seldom follow ;  
And British bards, in days of yore,  
Their altars stain'd with female gore ;  
While virgins, in the vale of Lloyd,\*  
Fell victims to the barb'rous Druid ;  
(With sanguine hand, and rhyming tongue,  
The monster murder'd as he sung)  
Chaste, gentle bard ! all readers see  
Your maxims and your works agree :

For, (and the sage remark is common)  
A female rake is not a woman ;  
And howsoe'er fond parents think,  
At Bath their daughters fight and drink :  
Therefore, when you severely thrash them,  
On justest principles you lash them.

\* Pronounced Cluid.

G 4

But

But, in this fyllogistic plan,  
 A flirting male is not a man ;  
 It therefore seems, in logic true,  
 You ought to spare the fribble crew,  
 Nor thus most cruelly dissect them :  
 Their sex should from your ire protect them.

But Pegasus, as bold as thunder,  
 All links of logic breaks asunder ;  
 Kicks simple decency to fractions :  
 (Oh ! what a rhyme is interjections !)  
 And on each moral maxim tramples ;  
 Vide each stanza for examples,  
 No wonder then, when you besride him,  
 You sometimes want the force to guide him.

Methinks you frown—you fire like tinder :  
 Have at you, Druid !—I am Pindar.

As when with fury, stifling pity,  
 Some hero storms a hostile city,  
 And, ent'ring o'er the prostrate wall,  
 Bids one vast ruin cover all ;  
 Nor innocence, nor sex, nor age,  
 Secures them from unfeeling rage ;  
 Save where with cheek of rosy hue,  
 And azure eye of sparkling blue,  
 (Pity it is there were not two)

}

In

In liquid circles, wet with tears,  
 Sure symptom of alarming fears,  
 Or cas'd in plates \* of polish'd glass,  
 (Well might these fear) young ladies pass :  
 Those favour'd few, perhaps, escape  
 The horrors of a general rape ;  
 For so may beauty's power controul  
 The transports of a brutal soul :  
 Shudd'ring we read the savage story ;  
 Nor envy his inhuman glory.

—So, and more dreadful in your wrath,  
 Great bard ! you enter peaceful Bath :  
 The child, by boding instinct prest,  
 Clings to the trembling mother's breast ;  
 Such is an unfledg'd covey's fright,  
 Cow'ring beneath the soaring kite ;  
 And like that bird, in flight unclean,  
 You scatter wide your ink obscene.  
 The priest in sacred garb array'd,  
 In virgin-white the blushing maid,  
 The widow chaste, the faithful wife,  
 Spotless alike in dress and life,  
 The hoary tribe, and youthful train,  
 All dread the foul—polluting stain ;

\* Like polish'd mirrors they unite. *Picture Varnish'd.* The Author, no doubt, took this hint from *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*, vol. i. where a lady is introduced in a glass-case.

Till fowling down, you pounce them all—  
Age groans, youth screams, and infants squall.

Now our first simile resume,  
Stern hero, in poor Simpson's room !  
In vain young frightened Wagtail skips ;  
Your arrows pierce him through the hips ;  
And lively Lizard's supple heel  
Stops motionless, transfixt with steel.  
On crutches propt, the palsy'd band  
Implore with supplicating hand !  
But vainly sue—with ghastly wound,  
Pale Chilchit's chin distains the ground.  
But lo ! amidst this horrid stir,  
You sink an humble milliner ;  
And dext'rous, to that business bred,  
Prepare a cap for Napier's head :  
And lest your customers should spoil  
Their laces, which pomatums soil,  
Dissuade fair Nourse, with powder'd head,  
From ever vent'ring into bed.

Now to complete the motley piece,  
Mistaking pretty girls for geese,  
—Like Brentford-Myles you wear a knife,  
Mortal to many a harmless life ;—

And



And all the while, with eager wan,  
 Wild madman ! think yourself a swan.\*  
 But varying in your rage anon,  
 Like frantic † Ajax—Telamon,  
 Pursue the snow-white placid race,  
 And see a foe in ev'ry face.

Gloomy you stand, with eye askance,  
 Marking your victims as they dance !  
 —Blithe sportive lambs ! you know no fear ;  
 Nor think your fatal hour so near :  
 While to the minstrel's note you move,  
 Thro' pressing crouds who gaze and love.  
 Ah ! little did your mothers' care,  
 Sprinkling with flowers those tresses fair,  
 Suspect in youth and beauty's bloom,  
 They wove a garland for your tomb.—

First Jennings, with majestic mien  
 Appears like royal Iphigene.

But hark ! here Pindar is well fitted  
 For spelling *buzz*, one *z* omitted ;  
 Z ten times told that *z* supplies,  
 'Till *buzzing buzzes* close our eyes,  
 And lull like lulling lullabies.

\* Poets are often compared to swans.

† In a fit of frenzy he slew flocks of sheep, taking them for  
 Trojans.

The yawning wits all swear 'tis time  
To let them sleep, and close your rhyme.

As when the grape, or fragrant peach,  
Attracts the longing gazer's reach,  
Where beautiful in many a row,  
Ripe autumn's gifts with nectar glow ;  
If one, in nature's pride confest,  
Blooms fairer, sweeter, than the rest ;  
The venom'd hornet prints his wound,  
And flies, dull droning, buzz around ;  
While the weak poison they dispense,  
Proves but superior excellence.—

So while you *buzz* sweet Jennings' fize,  
Her *pretty* hair, and *pretty* eyes,  
And *pretty* brows those eyes to suit ;  
You cannot stain Hesperian fruit ;  
Bright blaze her charms in spotless youth ;  
Altho' her mouth ill rhymes to truth.

Next comes in rank, we may be sure,  
As next in beauty, lovely Moore ;  
—But tho' more dangerous thy trade is  
Than curling Witwould's to the ladies ;  
With all the mighty powers you brag on,  
Her father's hand may tame the dragon.

Yet say ! why matrimonial merit  
Should kindle thy indignant spirit ?

—Did

—Did Drax, in thrifty mood refuse,  
 To feed with beef thy hungry muse ?  
 And thought a wight with beer besotted,  
 Full well regal'd with nothings potted ?—  
 To mend the treat, sagacious bard,  
 You seek her in a farmer's yard,  
 —In greedy hope your knife to stick in  
 The porker fat, and gobble chicken —  
 But, ah ! the little children spare !  
 Good cannibal !—tho' plump and fair.

If now, with wholesome food well pamper'd,  
 You wou'd be wedded, but not hamper'd,  
 To Hyde-Park Corner quick repair !  
 You soon will find a comfort there ;  
 Where fly machines and waggons trundle  
 With all her fortune in one bundle.  
 Herself a prize—securely take her,  
 She's, ten to one, no Bible-raker ;  
 And may she prove, to make thee happier,  
 Quite the reverse of Drax and Napier !  
 —While you far other notes shall hear  
 Than pierce the humble husband's ear,  
 —When Clio, call'd to cut high capers,  
 Seiz'd suddenly, poor girl ! with vapours,  
 Instead of dancing, turns a squaller ;  
 And joins in concert with his Waller.

But

But while thy soul transpires with feeling,  
 Pray find a better rhyme than spelling!  
 Keep this to match your fair one's yelling,

So, gay Lothario shall reward,  
 And kindly crown his fav'rite bard;  
 Inthron'd amidst the great and free;  
 Fit laureat for the coterie.

## THE RIDOTTO\* OF BATH,

### A PANEGYRIC;

BEING AN EPISTLE FROM TIMOTHY SCREW, UNDER-  
 SERVER TO MESSRS. KUH F AND FITZWATER, †  
 TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, WAITER, AT AL-  
 MACK'S.

AT many grand routs in my time I have been,  
 And many fine rooms to be sure I have seen;

\* Ridotto is the Italian name for an entertainment of music and dancing, where the company are regaled with all kinds of sweetmeats, macarons, choice wines, fruit, &c. The New Assembly Rooms at Bath were opened with a ridotto the 30th of September 1771.

† The confectioners employed to decorate the sideboards, and conduct the entertainment.

Al frescos, rich galas, ridottos, and balls,  
 From Carlisle's sweet palace to black city halls ;  
 From Almack's long room to the inn at Devizes,  
 From birth-night eclat to the dance at affizes :  
 All these have I serv'd at these twelve years or more,  
 Yet faith I've seen here—what I ne'er saw before.

You'd like a description, I'm sure, my dear brother,  
 For fifty to one we may'n't have such another.

I told in my last of the new alterations,  
 Of all our confusion and grand preparations ;  
 I think too I mention'd a secret affair  
 How all had been nearly knock'd up by the may'r :  
 It seems tho' that all their parading and bouncing  
 Was caus'd by a little mistake in pronouncing ;  
 The aldermen heard that strange whims we had got  
     here,  
 And meant to exhibit a flaming red otter ;  
 This well they conceiv'd was a shameful abuse,  
 And hinted their fears should it ever break loose ;  
 Or chain'd e'er so fast, we had little to brag on,  
 In building a palace to hold a great dragon :  
 However, at last they were eas'd of their fright,  
 And Monday was fix'd for the wonderful night.

At seven we open'd, and not very long  
 Before all the passages smoak'd with the throng ;  
All

All dress'd in their best—For great Marshal Wade,  
 For fear the coup d'oeil should be darken'd by shade,  
 Had issued his orders to dizen the back,  
 With singular caution 'gainst wearing of black ; ‡  
 In gauds all must shine, he had given them warning,  
 Tho' the ghosts of their kindred should bellow for  
 mourning ;

Nay more, this grand festival night to denote,  
 No creature must come with a cape to his coat;  
 Full trimm'd they should be, tho' a French frock  
 would do,

But officers must be in livery and queue :  
 And yet for all this there were some so uncivil,  
 They came in their dolefuls as black as the devil ;  
 Nay, cornets clapp'd bags to their soldiery locks,  
 And many perform'd in common fly frocks.  
 Two rooms were first open'd—the long and the round  
 one—

(These *bog styegon*\* names only serve to confound one)  
 Both splendidly lit with the new chandeliers,  
 With drops hanging down like the bobs at Peg's ears:

‡ The Master of the Ceremonies publicly requested the company to appear full dressed, and not in mourning. Gentlemen full-dressed, or in French frocks. Officers in their uniforms, and their hair en queue.

\* The concert room, where the sideboards were served, is an octagon.

While

While jewels of paste reflected the rays,  
 And Bristol-stone diamonds gave strength to the blaze ;  
 So that it was doubtful, to view the bright clusters,  
 Which sent the most light out, the ear-rings or lustres,

But here I must mention the best thing of all,  
 And what I'm inform'd ever marks a Bath ball ;  
 The VARIETY 'tis which so reign'd in the crew,  
 That turn where one would the classes were new !  
 For here no dull level of rank and degrees,  
 No uniform mode, that shews all are at ease ;  
 But like a chess table, part black and part white,  
 'Twas a delicate checquer of low and polite !  
 The motley assemblage so blended together,  
 'Twas mob or ridotto—'twas both, or 'twas neither.  
 Here taylors, in bags, might contemplate at leisure  
 Fine dress coats, for which they'd last week taken  
 measure ;

Or if a stitch broke in a gentleman's pump,  
 Some Crispin be sure had an awl at his rump !  
 Or should lady's coïef be derang'd in the fright,  
 Three to one her next neighbour could set it to right :  
 To blame such a mixture were surely abusive,  
 When one out of three might be really useful.—  
 Nor less among you was the medly, ye fair !  
 I believe there were some beside quality there :

Misa

Miss Spiggot, Miss Brussels, Miss Tape, and Miss  
Socket,

Miss Trinket, and aunt, with her leathern pocket ;  
With good Mrs. Soaker, who made her old chin go,  
For hours, hob-nobbing with Mrs. Syringo ;  
Had Tib staid at home, I belive none would have  
miss'd her ;

Or pretty Peg Runt, with her tight little sister—  
But blame not not Pinkinny herself for adorning,—  
Her gown—was the gown which she made in the  
morning ;

Miss Chain-stitch had ruffles she tore without sorrow,  
'Twas mending-lace day behind counter to-morrow.  
From Bristol too came many dames of high breeding ;  
Seven Shillings was money—but then there was  
feeding :

Nay more—there were some this grand ball to adorn,  
Whose husbands were puffing above at the Horn :  
O, spare not your cornus ! secure you may blow—  
Your spouses are planning you fresh ones below.  
But sure I was charm'd to behold little Rona  
Jig it down all in time to her husband's cremona ;  
While he, happy mortal ! at sight of his love,  
In sympathy beat the balcony above.—

But—silence, ye hautboys ! ye fiddles, be dumb !  
Ye dancers, stop instant—*the hour* is come ;

The



The great—the all-wonderful hour—of *eating* ?  
 That hour,—for which ye all know you've been  
 waiting.

Well, the doors were unbolted, and in they all rush'd ;  
 They crouded, they jostled, they jockey'd, and push'd ;  
 Thus at a Mayor's feast, a disorderly mob  
 Breaks in after dinner to plunder and rob.—  
 I mean not by this to reflect on the gentry,  
 I'd only illustrate the *mode* of their *entry* ;  
 For certain I am they meant no such foul play,  
 But only were wishing to help us away :  
 I believe too their hurry in clearing the platters  
 Was all in compassion to us the poor waiters ;  
 In London, I'm sure, I've been kept many hours  
 In dangling attendance with sweetmeats and flow'rs ;  
 But *here*, as if studious to ease us of trouble,  
 Each guest play'd his part, as if he'd paid double ;  
 In files they march'd up to the sideboards, while each  
 Laid hands upon all the good things in his reach ;  
 There stuck to his part, cramm'd while he was able,  
 And then carried off all he could from the table ;  
 Our outworks they storm'd with prowess most manful,  
 And jellies and cakes carried off by the handful ;  
 While some our lines enter'd with courage undaunted,  
 Nor quitted the trench 'till they'd got what they  
 wanted.

There was Mrs. M'Ribband, and Mrs. Vancasket,  
 I believe from my soul they went halves in a basket ;  
 While

While lank Madam Crib'em so work'd her old jaw,  
 Tom Handlesk swore she'd a pouch in her maw;  
 But let not the smirking Dame Patch be forgot here,  
 Who ate like her lap-dog, and drank like an otter;  
 Nor pious Miss Churchface, whatever 'twas brought  
 her,

Unless to crib cakes for her landlady's daughter;  
 However, the viands went off at such rate,  
 A lady's toupee often knock'd down a plate,  
 And many confess'd a fat citizen's belly  
 A terrible stop to the progress of jelly;  
 While salvers of biscuits around their ears flew,  
 O'erturn'd by the whisk of an officer's queue;  
 And thus in ten minutes one half of the treat  
 Made a pretty check carpet squash'd under their feet.  
 O, 'twas pleasing to see a collection of beaux  
 Parading with large macarons at their toes;  
 Or a delicate nymph give a languishing reel  
 On a marmalade kissing her little French heel.  
 So you see, my dear Hal, they bore all things be-  
 fore 'em,

And trampled on sweemeats as well as decorum.  
 Our good prudent lords had indeed given word,  
 Not to trust any vessels away from the board;  
 For my part, I thought them so much in the right,  
 I fretted to see but a spoon out of sight;

Tho'

Tho' 'twere best to have had 'em sure, had we been  
able,

As 'tis at St. Giles's, all chain'd to the table :

I must, tho' in justice declare, that as yet

I hear of nought missing—but what could be eat.—

If *dispatch* is a virtue, I here must aver it,

The whole congregation had infinite merit ;

For sure, my dear Hal, you'll be charmed to hear,

That within half an hour all the tables were clear.

The rest, Hal, you know is forever the same,  
With chatt'ring, and dancing, and all the old game :  
Cotillions in one room, country-dance in another,  
In ev'ry room—folly, confusion, and pother ;  
With unmeaning questions, of “ which room's the  
hotter ?”

And, “ Madam, pray how do you like the *rudotter* ?

“ To see Capt. Plume dance—sure none can dislike  
him—

“ Wade's picture, \* I think, is *purdigiously* like him—

“ Do you dance, fir, to-night ?—“ No, Ma'am, I  
do not :”

“ I don't wonder at it, 'tis *suffoking* hot.”—

But you, Hal, have heard our first quality praters,  
Who English ne'er talk—but when d-mn-ing the  
waiters ;

\* In the Ostragon Room is a portrait of Mr. Wade, painted by  
Mr. Gainborough.

So

So I need only say, that at one all withdrew,  
Which gives me the hint now to bid you adieu ;  
So believe me sincerely, your's,

TIMOTHY SCREW.

TO MR. PARKER, PRINTER OF THE GENERAL AD-  
VERTISER, WHEN UNDER CONFINEMENT IN THE  
GOAL OF NEWGATE.

ON THE DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF HIS WIFE.

TILL this dread hour thy sentence bore no sting,  
Severe, as those domestic sorrows bring ;  
Thy prison wore no gloom ;—thy honest breast  
Was only by thy country's wrongs oppress'd.  
The free-born soul no tyrant chains can bind,  
Or check the progress of the active mind :  
“ Patience in cowards is tame hopeless fear,  
“ But in brave minds a scorn of what they bear.”  
Assume the man, nor doubt that guardian pow'r,  
Who form'd thee to sustain this trying hour :  
Thy faithful partner shall again revive,  
Thy cares to sooth, and mutual aid receive ;  
See fair Hygeia from her orb descend,  
With tender care her gentle charge attend :  
She comes prepar'd with ev'ry healing balm,  
Each nerve to brace, and ev'ry pang to calm :

The

The languid eye shall sparkle with new fire,  
 And pale disease beneath its rays expire ;  
 The rose again in native beauty's glow,  
 And strains of joy, from equal spirits flow ;  
 While conscious guilt shall haunt the tyrant breast,  
 Where more than savage feelings stand confest :  
 Trust then in heav'n to end each anxious care,  
 And deign t' accept the sympathetic tear.  
 That awful pow'r who rules beyond the grave,  
 Will judge the tyrant, and the sufferer save.  
 No more the muse in plaintive strains shall flow,  
 To wake thy feelings to excess of woe ;  
 Freedom shall reign, and thou her fav'rite care,  
 Shall all her richest, latest blessings share.

## SENSIBILITY.

Jan. 18, 1780.

## V E R S E S

FROM MR. H—Y—Y TO MISS W—LL—MS, UPON  
 HER WISHING TO SEE HIS HOUSE.

FAIR nymph, whose verses sweet and free,  
 Express a flatt'ring wish to see  
     A rhyming hermit's dwelling ;  
 Haste to his cell, with friendship's pace,  
 His arms are open to embrace  
     His kind poetic Helen.

## L I N E S

## L I N E S

WRITTEN BY GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON (FOR  
A MASK OF CHILDREN AT HAGLEY), TO BE  
SPOKEN BY A LITTLE GIRL IN THE CHARACTER  
OF QUEEN MAB, TO RICHARD EARL TEMPLE,  
BEING THE REAL ORIGINAL LINES WHICH HIS  
LORDSHIP WROTE.

BY magic wheels thro' air convey'd,  
I come from Kew's mysterious shade ;  
Where perch'd on Stuart's ample wig,  
With dark designs, and councils big,  
I've sent the Lord of Lutton-Hoo  
The man of Hayes again to woo :  
For tho' it be my first delight  
To wing the lenten gloom of night ;  
Or, falling down th' Arabian breeze,  
Drink fragrance from the spicy trees ;  
Or where light's spangling insects glow,  
Pinch the love-dreaming maiden's toe ;  
Yet sometimes led to nobler things,  
I sport with kingdoms and with kings.  
One fatal touch of this dread wand  
Breaks the white staff ; or, from the hand  
Of high ambition strikes the seals,  
And o'er the nation terror deals.  
Not all the eloquence of Pitt,  
With all your Lordship's nervous wit,

Can

Can quell the force of wily charms,  
 Which wither's power, and fear disarms.  
 And now, great Lord ! you've felt my sway,  
 Observe, from this propitious day  
 I've mark'd you mine ; and on your head  
 Fresh streams of glory will I shed.  
 Renown and pow'r attend my voice ;  
 For each has heard my boasted choice,  
 And each approves ; then haste, be great,  
 Rule, and uphold our sinking state.

HONOURABLE CONSTANTINE JOHN PHIPPS, ESQ.  
 (NOW LORD MULGRAVE), TO THE LATE THOMAS  
 LORD LYTTTELTON, IN HIS FATHER'S LIFE-TIME.

SPRUNG, Lyttelton, from noble British blood,  
 My friendship's honour, and life's greatest good !  
 This courts the rabble with obsequious nod  
 Or, the mob's idol, deems himself a god.  
 That of th' unruly courser seeks a name,  
 And risks his neck to gain a jockey's fame.  
 Another tills with joy his father's land,  
 Or prunes the curling vine with skilful hand.  
 Some love the tented field, the drum, the fife,  
 The din of arms, the battle's bloody strife.  
 Me, other cares, in other climes engage,  
 To seek experience from the battle's rage.  
 Where fleets meet fleets in deepest conflicts join'd,  
 Whose mimic thunders mock th' impelling wind :

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H

But,

But, born in greater character to shine,  
 And add new lustre to a noble line,  
 Be thine the greater part, in deep debate,  
 With steady councils to uphold the state.  
 So thy great Sire, skill'd in each noble art,  
 By v rtue rules, by precept guides the heart.  
 If his commands submissive you receive,  
 Immortal and unblam'd your name shall live.  
 O ! may his labour gain an happy end,  
 Make thee a patriot good, and constant friend !  
 May heav'n show'r down its choicest blessings still,  
 A Cato's virtue, and a Tully's skill !  
 May'st thou the first of Britain's senate shine,  
 And be thy father's fame surpass'd by thine !

## SERIO-BURLESQUE CANTO

ON A CERTAIN VI&C—SS \* AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

WRITTEN JULY 18, 1771.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE TEMPLE LUTTRELL.

### ARGUMENT.

Isabella at the approach of night descends to the sea-  
 shore, and entering the waves, offers up a petition  
 to Neptune that she may conceive and bear a son—  
 The god receives her courteously, praises her ex-  
 treme beauty, and welcomes her to his domain ;

\* Now a Countess.

acquaint-



acquainting her that he had seen her comfort, whose flimsy nerves and feeble frame of body caused him to divine, that unless she found speedy relief at the Coterie, she must have recourse to his saline immersions: he rebukes her for not having sought him on the coast of Ierne, whose brawny sons supply an energy of back so necessary to insure the efficacy of his waters—Then tenderly pressing the mount of love with each prong of his trident, there issue forth some balsamic drops; for the final power of which, he refers her to the approaching installation of King Edward's knights in the castle of Windsor, where she is to perform a sacrifice to St. George.

*“Color verus corpus solidum, et succi plenam!”* TER. EV.

CALM was the sea, and silent was the night,  
 And Dian's crescent shed a silver light,  
 When Isabella threw her shift aside,  
 And shew'd more charms than fifty hands could hide;  
 One modest palm she o'er her center held,  
 While t'other the incroaching wave repell'd:  
 Her hazel tresses from her shoulder flew,  
 To reach those happier locks in secret grew.  
 Her swelling breasts, mov'd by an inward tide,  
 The rudest efforts of the surge defy'd.  
 Thrice had she plung'd her head, and wrung her hair,  
 When thus to Neptune she address'd her pray'r:—

H 2

Hail,

“ Hail, potent diety ! whose bri nyflood  
 Has wrought such miracles on flesh and blood !  
 Who gave to Venus that creative seed  
 From which all animals have life, and breed !  
 So may its liquid joys refresh the w—b !  
 Nor be our globe one universal tomb !

“ O ! grant thy favours to a nobler race !  
 I ask an offspring from my next embrace ;  
 Nor (like the waggoner in Æsop’s tale)  
 Invoke thy aid ’till human projects fail :  
 For I have Wilmot \* and Lucretius † read :  
 Have con’d their lessons o’er at board and bed ;  
 Nay, all the postures have I set in view,  
 That ever Aretin ‡ or C — d drew ;  
 Have us’d the best endeavours. I was able  
 On floor—on carpet—sofa—chair—and table,  
 In house—in field—in hay-loft—and in stable. }

“ Yes, both my lord and I have dealt in vain  
 With half the faculty of Warwick-lane ; ||  
 Have try’d empiric balsams—sov’reign props ;  
 I—Gibson’s cordial ; and he—Adden’s drops.

\* John Wilmot—Earl of Rochester.

† Vide the 4th Book.

‡ He wrote “ De varis veneris Schematibus ”—with cuts.

|| The College of Physicians.

At

At length of ev'ry earthly hope bereft,  
 From thy salubrious baths one chance is left,  
 Full well I know at what a gen'rous rate  
 The subjects of thy empire propagate !  
 Alas ! I crave not their spermatic pow'r,  
 That spawn by shoals—impregnate ev'ry hour ;  
 To breed like shell-fish would be quite a boar ;  
 A brat in annual course—I seek no more :  
 But, first an heir to fill my teeming b—y,  
 Just such a chopping boy you gave to Sh—ll—y."

She spoke—the ocean to its center shook,  
 When Neptune cheer'd her with a gracious look !  
 The arch of Iris on the waters shone,  
 And girt around his loins a radiant zone.

" Daughter, (he said)—of beauty far above  
 " Our Amphitrit'—or e'en the Queen of Love !  
 " O, never have our temples held a shrine,  
 " So rich enchas'd !—of incense sweet as thine !"

" Late as our Nereids waded on the beach,  
 " Thy smock-fac'd husband came within their reach ;  
 " Nor need a virgin from his paths escape,  
 " In front no better furnish'd for a r—e,  
 " Than are those innocents—those puny imps  
 " Who paddle in yon shoals, and pick up shrimps ;  
 " Hence had I augur'd you must visit me,  
 " Were you not enter'd of the Coterie."

• H 3

" H3

" Ill have you done to chuse these southern banks,  
 " Where walks the fable prig on spindle shanks,  
 " Burlesquing manhood (like a very ape  
 " Which grins to shew its teeth, and wears the shape;)   
 " Nor fish nor flesh, a creature dull and droney,  
 " Of doubtful sex, and call'd a Maccaroni.  
 " Where the fam'd Shannon pours his brazen urn,  
 " Ere morning's dawn we might have serv'd your  
     turn,  
 " Mine is the vital heat, and humid source,  
 " The images are stamp'd by spinal force."

With that—her hand he from the altar rais'd,  
 And, lo ! its smoking valves his trident graz'd ;  
 True orient pearl, with lucid coral tipp'd,  
 And in the purest flames of ether dipp'd ;  
 Nectareous spume kept oozing at the points,  
 Shot thro' her veins, and thrill'd in all her joints :  
 A gleam of extasy had reach'd her eyes,  
 And sparks, like chrystal, bubbl'd from her th—s.  
 " There (cries the god) is warmth and inclination :  
 " St. George will finish at the installation."

Fair Isabella from the sea arose,  
 And, springing to the cliff, put on her cloaths.

## EPISTLE

## E P I S T L E

FROM LORD \*\*\*\*\* TO LADY ———

BY THE SAME.

*Namque Caroline——*  
*Qualis Idalium colens*  
*Venit ad phrygium Venus*  
*Judicem, bona cum bonâ*  
*Nubis altæ Virgo. \**

CATULLUS, Epithaf. lix.

THOU know'st, my Car—e, I scorn a passion,  
 Which is not govern'd by the laws of fashion :  
 Nor cou'd I taste those pleasures that await us,  
 Were we to err in points of apparatus ;  
 What then were all the jewels in the Tow'r,  
 What all the sheepskins that secure your dow'r, †  
 If we shou'd wed for better or for worse,  
 Ere I had character'd your charms in verse ;

\* Catullus, in his stanza tells us, that when Venus appeared to the shepherd upon mount Ida, and claimed the golden prizes she did not discover charms superior to those which Lord ——— will meet with in Car—e.

† The reader will perceive, as well in the matter as in the stile of his Lordship's epistolary productions, the same happy mixture of the sublime with the hudibrastic, that so peculiarly characterises his conversation.

H 4

And

And shall nine sisters of such poor account  
 As those low drabs on the Parnassian mount,  
 Refuse with such a theme to string the lyre,  
 Nor grant to me one single spark of fire,  
 Tho' sweetest damsels at my nod perspire ?  
 Tho' Hoth—m, Monc—n, and the statelier H—lls,  
 Tune their ten toes to cadence my quadrilles ;  
 Genius, forbid !—true, that when erst a boy,  
 These jades, like others of the sex, were coy ;  
 (Invok'd by \* Forster with a birchen switch,  
 You'll see the tokens furrow'd on my breech)  
 'Twas then, if I the dowdy house-maid kiss'd,  
 She thrice repaid my favour with her fist,  
 And “ wonder'd such a sniveling, ill-taught c—,  
 “ Shou'd dare to lay his beastly paws on her ;”  
 But trust me, Car—e, the change is great  
 Since I attain'd a title and estate ;  
 For you, my dear, are full as like a cow,  
 As — then was like lord — now.  
 Don't ev'ry miss of high or low degree  
 Simper, and smirk, and set her cap at me ?  
 At me—the hero of politest scenes,  
 Who shine at Almack's, Goose-tree's, and De Guisne's,  
 Eclipsing, with a far superior blaze,  
 All other meteors of these modern days !  
 Don't H—ae and Bo—y own themselves outdone ?  
 Lost, as two paltry glow-worms in the sun !

\* Master of Eton School.

The

The list of maids, where I'm to pick and chuse,  
 Might bore your ladyship, and cramp our muse:  
 St. Ursula—eleven thousand strong,  
 Would make no shew in such a num'rous throng.  
 While thus exclaims an all-discerning sage :  
 “ Blest be the virtue of this iron age !  
 “ 'Tis pure philanthropy, so sympathetic,  
 “ Gives to yon Lord this mighty pow'r magnetic ;  
 “ For neither in your hearts, nor at your zones,  
 “ Are you and he at unison of tones.”

Far as champagne surpasses toast and water,  
 Dost thou surpass Eliza's doughty daughter ;  
 Whose face there's no more meaning nor delight in,  
 Than in an unshell'd oyster, or a whiting ;  
 Her veins appear so very chill and dead,  
 I even question if her blood be red ;  
 Nor should I grant her any warmth at all,  
 But that her juice boils o'er at ev'ry ball.

Late as I sat reclin'd at the Pantheon,  
 Grave—like the monarch of Castile and Leon ;  
 Seiz'd by the H—llbro' girls, so high in vogue,  
 As pattern prudes who never play the rogue ;  
 Says I (by way of compliment) to Charlotte,  
 “ I wish to God your La'yship were an harlot !  
 “ But, since 'twixt married-folk the man's opinion,  
 “ Or right or wrong, must ever hold dominion,  
 H 5. “ Mary

“ Mary and thou art spoilt by shrewd discerning—  
 “ Pray what cou’d I make of her classic learning ?”

As H—tf—d’s Countess, with a keen lorgnette,  
 Was peeping round to see what she could get,  
 She ’spied me out—teaz’d me till I agreed  
 To look at one of her colossal breed :  
 I hir’d a ladder, plac’d it to her shoulder,  
 Climb’d half way up, but staid not to behold her ;  
 Those features, made for a stupendous height,  
 Would never do at horizontal sight.

Once, ’twixt the fair ones, at a cotillon,  
 Contention sprang—myse’f the high-priz’d bone ;  
 I stuck to C—ll,——she I judg’d look’d best,  
 Yet ’rose no perturbation in my breast :  
 Scarce had I shot a glance, and squeeze’d her palm,  
 A hurricane succeeded to a calm ;  
 From top to toe I felt myself in motion,  
 Just like a cock-boat found’ring on the ocean :  
 This quintessence of beauty in a lump,  
 With all the vast rotundity of rump,  
 Fat as an ortolan or beccafig, \*  
 Tripp’d it more lightly than a fresh-caught grig.

\* A small bird, much esteemed in the southern countries of Europe, which, feasting upon figs when in their full maturity, falls from the tree through the exuberance of its own fat.

Methinks



Methink her port, her language, too majestic  
 To yield a gentle husband peace domestic ;  
 That active foot may break his neck down stairs,  
 Leagu'd with a tongue that's set to such loose airs.  
 Besides, quoth I, "when bel-y joins to bel-y ;  
 " That mafs will liquify like hartshorn-jel-y ;  
 " And, midst the flames of our connubial strife,  
 " Melt quite away till I have lost my wife."

When first I saw Alm—a move in state,  
 I thought my adoration fix'd as fate ;  
 Her b—bb—s, plump and firm, and wond'rous fair,  
 Seem'd the two pillows of the bed of Ware : \*  
 But soon I rated her an overmatch,  
 Since I could never suit her at dispatch ;  
 She'll always quit a Fabius for Metellus, †  
 So not without a cause should I be jealous.  
 In fact, your nymphs thus languishing and florid,  
 Are held most apt to antlerize the forehead :  
 My face affixed to one of such high bloom,  
 Would seem to've lain some ages in the tomb.

\* The bed of Ware is said to have held seven couple with ease.

† Cotemporary commanders in the Roman army ; the one renowned for his prudent deliberation and system of defence, the other for the spirit and impetuosity of his achievements : the latter was therefore called the sword, and the former, the buckler of the republic.

H 6

Thy

Thy lips—thy pouting lips are moist and red,  
 As any of the hairs in A — r's head ;  
 Thy teeth are rang'd like pearls upon a string ;  
 Thy breasts the emblems of eternal spring ;  
 For thee are never-fading lilies found,  
 Midst which, two roses blow the whole year round.  
 Thy wit is like the gen'rous wit of L——  
 Rather suppress'd, than utter'd to give pain ;  
 Thy form as frequent appetite creates,  
 As Polly H—n—y's, or her sister K—'s ;  
 Yes, thou hast all the flesh and blood of Mey—l,  
 The throat of Villers, and the grace of Heinel ;  
 Not Dodd's effusions, no, nor Madan's hymns,  
 Have half the harmony that veils thy limbs.  
 Say, is there not more passion in those eyes,  
 Than in a thousand chests of Spanish flies ?

Love took possession of my infant years,  
 And soon he souc'd me over head and ears ;  
 Monopoliz'd my senses—bade defiance  
 To ev'ry liberal art, and ev'ry science ;  
 Nor groans to hear, nor indigence to see,  
 Could ever draw a tear, or boon from me ; \*

\* A motion having been carried by a new club at the west end of the town to assign premiums for encouraging the polite arts, and subscriptions also being opened for raising a sum to alleviate the urgent distresses of the poor during the late severe winter, it is said this Lord thereupon withdrew his name from the list of members.

To gratify myself was all he taught me,  
 From twelve years old, till your perfections caught me  
 Now, if their lie within this clod of earth  
 One innate principle of real worth,  
 (And that there does, some hopes may yet arise,  
 Since I have felt the lustre of those eyes)  
 O, may thy virtuous influence prevail,  
 When satirists and school-taught precepts fail!  
 Draw forth, with fost'ring care, the latent seeds,  
 Till they spring up and choak these graceless weeds!

Doom'd by thy Halcyon stars with me to share  
 In ev'ry thing that's costly, fine, and rare ;  
 In all the blessings of a princely rental,  
 And live in luxury quite oriental,  
 Instead of water thou shalt drink Tokay ;  
 For nat'ral seasons let the vulgar stay !  
 The northern pole, if you but ope your mouth,  
 Shall yield the choicest produce of the south :  
 Woodcocks you'll have in June, serv'd up in ice ;  
 December, wheatears, bought at any price ;  
 Garlic and onions you'll in Autumn raise,  
 And marigolds at Christmas for bouquets.  
 In Kenfingt n yo' ll walk—nor leave that angle,  
 Where leering bellas both horse and foot entangle :  
 Like Da——s, on a palfrey white as snow,  
 Ride thro' both parks—cover'd with dust—for shew.  
 Thine be fix courfers of the Arab mould,  
 Ten lackies thine, in liv'ries lac'd with gold ;

Thine

Thine be their hose ting'd in the Tyrian looms, \*  
 Thine be their beavers with ensanguin'd plumes ;  
 And, as the gorgeous chariot rolls along,  
 May no arch wag of the furrounding throng  
 Shew on each door, with an invidious grin,  
 (As types of the illustrious pair within)  
 That Buck, with horns of an enormous size,  
 And Griffin, with her talons at his eyes !

With splendor shalt thou live in Grosvenor-square,  
 And K—— Hall be fill'd like Smithfield fair.  
 Speak thou, whose presence grac'd those envied nights  
 I gave to bumper'd mirth, and soft delights,  
 Did e'er barbaric joint of full grown beast  
 Invert the attic system of our feast ?  
 Speak—could you mark one earnest tête-à-tête  
 Where I omitted to push in my plate?  
 Away with Car—, F—, (and such fly friends)  
 Who make their host a pander to lewd ends ;  
 Or, only eat his custards and his creams,  
 To note his faults for their sarcastic themes.  
 What ! tho' thy figure boast but slight attraction,  
 Nor tall—nor suitable to grace or action ;  
 Yet have these cheeks no ganymed<sup>ed</sup> dimples ;  
 Emboss'd with manly warts and oozy pimples ;

\* The crimson from the manufactories of ancient Tyre had a warmth and lustre which we of these days have not been able to reach.

I've

I've two round eye-balls that shall glare and gloat  
With Fal—h, Bif—e, or the mountain goat.

Haste then, my dear, full soon a second care  
May claim those hours which you'll be loath to spare †  
For know, at L—— this very hand  
Transcrib'd the wisest letter \* e'er was plann'd ;  
In which I say, " I'm but an awkward child,  
" Giddy, and rather apt to be beguil'd ;"  
That, two years hence, when call'd to the election,  
I'll deign to take them under my protection ;  
And for my services, like good Lord S——,  
Crave all the dutchy places in exchange.  
I also promise to give up my Hoyle,  
And read one morning Newton, Locke, and Boyle ;  
To quote your Bracktons, Montesquieus, and Cokes,  
Instead of Derrick's tales, and Miller's jokes :  
I'll help to reinstate the S——lk gang,  
For they, poor wretches ! else must steal and hang.  
Should there be venal ministers, I'll at 'em  
With twice the eloquence of Burke or Chatham :  
Britons unborn shall boast of gallant ——,  
As did the Romans of their Marcus Manley, †

Who,

\* To the gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders of the county-palatine of L——, anno 1771.

† The Gauls (antiently inhabitants of that part of the continent now called France) having assailed the capitol at midnight, (a. u. c. 363) were repulsed through the address and intrepidity

Who, in conjunction with his friends the geese,  
Vanquish'd the French, and gave his country peace;

Lo ! on the canvas of th' imagination  
E'en now I see our luscious consummation ;  
And thou, O Hymen ! (in a saffron vest)  
Illume thy torch so soon as we're undress'd !  
Refulgent torch ! which at such well-try'd games,  
Is wont to burn with Cupid's brightest flames ;  
But which too oft' wanes with the honey moon,  
By L——r and Sh——z put out too soon !  
May it for years irradiate her cestus,  
Be that undamag'd like the true asbestos ! : \*  
While I remain a perfect salamander,  
Out-wishing Abolard, out-act † Leander ! ‡  
When spent thro' age, we hang by skin and bone,  
Reserve a flash for Derby and for Joan !  
And in each others arms when we expire,  
Find one poor spark to light our funeral fire !

intrepidity of Marcus Manlius, who being asleep upon his post, was awakened by the cackling of some geese, and arrived opportunely on the ramparts.

\* A flexible mineral substance not consumable by fire; it was heretofore most ingeniously manufactured into a sort of cloth by Signor Ciampi of Rome.

† His Lordship's modesty would not suffer him to make use of a more decisive term.

‡ Leander of Seïtos, a sea port on the banks of the Hælléspont. See his prowess in gallantry with a young lady of Abydos. Ovid's *Epistles*.

So

So in a spicy cloud our souls shall blend,  
 Assume the Phoenix' form, and heav'n's high vault  
 ascend. \*

## T O A L A D Y,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE A FEW  
 STANZAS ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRESENT  
 LORD VISCOUNT MOLYNEUX, ELDEST SON OF  
 THE EARL OF SEFTON.

BY SAME.

### I.

**Y**OU urge me, Julia, not to lose  
 So fit a subject for my muse,  
     As Sefton's accouchement;  
 When you command, sublimer fires  
 Than those the loftiest muse inspires,  
     Might raise the poet's song:

### II.

But who can look upon that face,  
 Hear so much sense, view so much grace,  
     Yet tune a distant lay!

\* The ancients supposed the incorruptible spirit of their heroes to take its flight from the summit of the funeral pile, to the regions above, in form of some large bird, commonly held to be an eagle. His Lordship here testifies a sublime presentiment of his apothecosis.

To

To chace thy image from the thought,  
Is, of all lessons I've been taught,  
The hardest to obey !

III.

Prophetic must I tell—" this boy  
" Shall live to fame—shall live to joy  
" The Phoenix of his days !  
" In courts, like former Stanhopes, shine ;  
" Voluptuous as the Grafton line, \*  
" And in as various ways ?

IV.

" Beyond his father as to head ;  
" But fill'd his arms, and fill'd his bed,  
" With the same store of sweets ;  
" Not, like his grandfire, stand in need  
" Of ambergrease, or melon seed !"  
(Poor, artificial heats !)

V.

" With him estrang'd from babbling jades,  
" From canting wives, desponding maids,  
" Who gossip far and near,  
" And, when dull truth supplies no more,  
" With venom'd falsehoods (many a score !)  
" Be-mischief all they hear !"

\* Isabella, Countess of Sefton, third daughter of William, Earl of Harrington, by Caroline, daughter of Charles, the late Duke of Grafton,

VI. To



VI.

To me this infant is unknown ;  
 But, once a goddess I was shewn,  
     The picture of this mother ;  
 Her brat had o'er its eyes a band,  
 Blue wings, and arrows in its hand,  
     I ne'er saw such another !

VII.

He was, tho' nurs'd in pleasure's lap,  
 Sole cause of all my worst mishap !  
     A most bewitching elf !  
 If this with him should correspond,  
 In pity, ah ! be e'er so fond,  
     But—keep him to yourself !

ON LADY T—— AT BATH.

BY THE EARL OF BATH.

PHYSIC each morn is T——'s care,  
     Each night she plays a pool ;  
 One helps her to an elbow chair,  
     The other to a stool.

ODE

## O D E

TO LADY ISABELLA \* STANHOPE, ON HER BIRTH-  
DAY. WRITTEN IN 1768.

BY THE RIGHT HON. TEMPLE LUTTRELL.

*Cangia-cangia configlio Pazzarella che sei.* TAS. AMIN.

*Se sapessi una volta  
Qual è gratia, eventura  
L'esser amato il possidere amando  
Un riamante core,  
Sò ben' io, che diresti,  
Dolce vita amorosa  
Perche sì tardi nel mio cor venisti?"*

GUAR. PASTOR-FIDEL

## I.

WHILE some vain muse, deluded with the zeal,  
Which youthful bards inspir'd by beauty feel,  
Her festive garland brings,  
Suffer, dear girl, one sober friend,  
His cypress with those flow'rs to blend;  
Attentive as he sings!  
Come, let's lament the jocund days are past,  
Lament whole years have run their course so fast,  
And that thy peerless charms have but few more to  
last :

\* Third daughter of the Earl of Harrington.

When

When this the language of the town,  
 " Can nothing but an Earl go down ?  
 " I tremble lest her bloom should fade,  
 " And, after all, she die a maid !"

II.

Sure, in fair Albion's land, was never seen  
 A statelier form—a more majestic mein ;  
 Limbs of such cast as thine ;  
 Features thou hast of chastest mould,  
 Lips that make Archer's look too cold,  
 In spite of their carmine.  
 Not Bunb'ry's cheek boasts more becoming hue ;  
 Complexion thou hast paragon'd by few ;  
 A countenance as sweet as either Forbes\* or Crewe: }  
 How evidently thro' the cloaths  
 That pulpy thigh its ripeness shews ;  
 Can pins restrain thy wanton breast ?  
 It heaves, and thou art half undress'd.

III.

Yet know—the full blown flow'r is shortly clos'd ;  
 Fruits when mature, to the first gust expos'd,  
 Fall tasteless and decay ;  
 Soon shall that bosom, flush'd with pride,  
 Abash'd—its little roses hide—  
 Its lilies die away.

\* Forbes, now Countess of Granard.

See

See \* Fitzroy—angel once as thou art now ;  
 Spoilt is her shape, and rude enough her brow,  
 Tho' none less ravag'd for her years we must allow ;

Nay, folks still hold 'tis hard to tell  
 If more inviting she or Bell ;  
 Nor yields the mother to the daughter  
 For eyes of must voluptuous water.

IV.

What then shall Stanhope do?—Nay, God forbid!  
 As senseless † Dashwood, or as ‡ Shirley did,

Chill vestals out of date ;  
 They, whose ambition soar'd so high,  
 (Taught humbler maxims) by the bye,  
 Repented—when too late.

Tho' Pembroke, Spencer, Leinster, still be fair ;  
 Tho' Waldegrave is but little worse for wear, .  
 Poor Ha\*\*\*on has neither teeth nor hair.

Draw nearer home and let us see,  
 How sad a change in || Emily ;  
 Who but last Spring a fav'rite toast,  
 Is now an ill-condition'd ghost !

\* Lady Caroline Fitzroy, Countess of Harrington, was, at the time of her marriage, a beauty of the first lustre.

† To this lady's inflexible passion for grandeur, we owe Mr. Hammond's much-admired elegies.

‡ Lady Frances Shirley, daughter of Earl Ferrers.

|| Second daughter of the Earl of Harrington, and wife to the Earl of Barrymore.

V.\* Nor

## V. \*

Nor triumph thou at an insidious age,  
 Think when † Mackenzie left this mortal stage,  
     Now mould'ring in the tomb;  
 Suffolk—exulted in her prime,  
 ‡ Norris—tho' she had lost no time,  
     Hop'd to protract her doom:  
 While a whole nation weeps o'er || Ruffel's bier,  
 § Lothario-York, stopp'd in his gay career,  
 And thy own \*\* Howard's shade, claim a benign-  
     nant tear.

Could youth—could beauty—virtue save,  
 The Sutherlands †† had yet no grave;  
 Or could we gain from heav'n above  
 One model of connubial love.

\* The persons mentioned in this stanza all died within the course of the preceding year, under thirty years of age.

† Eldest daughter of the Earl of Harrington, and married to Lord Viscount Fortrose.

‡ The celebrated Kitty Fisher.

|| Francis Ruffel, Marquis of Tavistock.

§ His Royal Highness frequently acted the part of Lothario to private audiences.

\*\* Presumptive heir of the Duke of Norfolk, and an admirer of Lady Bell Stanhope.

†† Earl and Countess of Sutherland.

VI. Say,

## VI.

Say, as at Ranelagh you walk the round,  
 Feel ev'ry step imprinting the same ground,

These, hapless! trod before,

At Court—at Almack's—at Soho,

Each crowded circle where you go,

Sink not the spirits low'r?

Midst the eclat of an enchanting scene,

Bent as thou art on mirth, I shrewdly ween,

There rise some awful melancholy thoughts between. }

While, be it own'd, in thee we find

Symptoms of no consumptive kind;

Yet too high blood deth oft expose

To risks, alas! which \* T——sh——d knows.

## VII.

Nor deem it rashly done, if we surmise,

Judging by jests, by vigour, and by size,

As well as by the face;

You're rather of the † mother's breed

Than Harrington's, for his, indeed,

Should prove a puny race:

\* Honourable Miss T——sh——d, daughter of Lord Viscount  
 Townshend. She married a Lieutenant of Infantry.

† “ Et commiscende cum semen forté virile

“ Fœmina commulxit subitâ vi, corripuitque

“ Tum similes matrum materno semine fiunt.”

Lucret. Lib. 4.

Some

Some (entre nous) presumptuously may doubt,  
Weak as he seems, and harrafs'd by the gout,  
If she had e'er lain-in, had never he lain out. }

Tho' verily it matters not  
By whom, or when, or where begot,  
Unquestion'd your reputed fire,  
Had he but force as he has fire.

VIII.

Here be our praise to that industrious king,  
From whose prolific loins you doubtless spring,  
For rare examples shewn ;  
How pleasantly we spend our lives,  
Seducing virgins—and for wives,  
Sparing—none but our own.  
The royal lecher sketch'd out the design,  
But to approve—to relish—to refine, }  
This was a glorious task left for the Grafton line.

Sweet scenes at Richmond, or the Toy, \*  
That gust of pleasure to enjoy,  
Which Charles's high-attemper'd vein  
Brought from the borders of the Seine. †

IX.

This lesson you have early learnt by heart,  
“ True rapture only suits the matron's part,”

\* At Hampton Court.

† Alluding to his residence at Paris when in exile.

So dull in days of yore !

When hands at church no sooner join'd,  
The bride was to her house confin'd,

Could flirt—could rake no more :

Wedlock was then esteem'd a servile yoke ;  
Now 'tis improv'd to a convenient cloak,  
And all old fashion'd vows as soon as made are broke. }

Worse steps than ever Hunter took,

In P—cy, or in Bo——ke,

Are proofs of the politest ton,

Too spirited for one alone.

# X.

Men, in these days, too knowing to be bit,  
More coyly to the nuptial bourn submit,

Of beauty e'er so fond ;

Without rash schemes, or hair-breadth escapes,

Without sham covenants, or rapes,

Or plunging in a pond ;

Thanks to the pious call of Price and Hayes,

A Charlotte, Harriot, Sophy, quickly lays

The headstrong passions you, or young Almeria \*  
raise. }

Patricians have the best excuse

Who paid, receive the marriage noose,

Barter a title, or a star,

For credit, east of Temple Bar.

\* Lady Almeria Carpenter.



XI.

Cast but your eyes on a long string of peers,  
They and their dames together by the ears,

What an alarming sight !

Prepar'd, perhaps, to cuff and scold  
Before the Halcyon sheet\* grew cold,

E'en on the wedding night !

Others again, full many a lustre \* staid,  
Of churlish broils, or cuckoldom afraid,  
Then sagely took to wife—their mistress, or their  
maid. }

Such are approv'd of here and there,  
In modern stile—" a happy pair !"

Keep (without turning out of doors)  
She her gallants, and he his whores.

XII.

Many count woman scarce a guinea's worth,  
With Bouv'rie's figure, with Northumbria's birth,  
With Warren's grace and air :

Nay, you might add (if you thought fit)  
To Beaufort's meekness, half Lane's wit ;  
Full half she has to spare.

Those few a calm, domestic life preferr'd,  
By others fame, or others fate deterr'd,  
Dar'd never ask at all ; nor, asking, would be heard. }

\* The Romans reckoned by their sacrifices of lustration, held in the city every fifth year.

For say, excepting \* Abingdon,  
 (And him we look upon as gone)  
 If Berkeley from the lists withdrew,  
 Is there another Earl would do?

## XIII.

Nor blush at our repeating Berkeley's name,  
 Known is your choice, a choice which none can blame,  
 There sense and honour join:

He gazes—fights—adores each charm;  
 What shews his love hath done no harm!

Feasting, and em-bon-point.

Worse come to worst, when you begin to break,  
 A sure resource is left, you still may take  
 Some rich, old nabob, or some batter'd rake: }

Rather another twelvemonth stay;  
 God send there be no room to say,  
 As is the case of this our song,  
 "Better it had not been so long!"

## WRITTEN ON A LOOKING GLASS.

IN me, false Thais, as you pass  
 Your likeness may be seen,  
 Without—all tinsel, paint, and glass,  
 All mercury—within.

\* Earl of Abingdon, then under an engagement of marriage  
 to Miss Warren.

## EPISTLE

## E P I S T L E

FROM LORD LOVEL TO LORD CHESTERFIELD,

BY MR. PULTENEY, AFTERWARDS EARL OF BATH.

O Holkham ! bless'd, belov'd abode !  
 Productive of an annual ode,  
 If Chesterfield inspire :  
 Clio and I will club for wit,  
 Beneath the spreading oak we'll sit,  
 And thrumb the lyric lyre.

How beauteous is this rural scene !  
 With constant verdure ever green,  
 How healthy, gay, and pleasant !  
 A clean, tho' an ungrateful soil,  
 Rewarding well the sportsman's toil,  
 With partridges and pheasant.

To you, my Lord, I send my lays,  
 Fondly conceiv'd in Flavia's praise,  
 Flavia can make a poet.  
 Happy the man, of choicest taste,  
 Who sees whate'er's above the waist,  
 Much happier, what's below it.

But hold ; to love I bid adieu,  
 A greater theme is now in view,  
 I feel my country's ruin :

Next Winter I'll resign my place,  
Nor longer share the sad disgrace,  
And blush for what is doing.

The cries of an insulted land,  
Redress of injuries demand :  
Let's out for England's glory !  
I'm ready to take part with you,  
And am become a patriot too,  
But neither Whig nor Tory.

Let honest men together join,  
And since we have it, keep that line,  
Fix'd by the Revolution ;  
Let us defend our Sov'reign's cause,  
Assert our rights, preserve our laws,  
And save the constitution.

On me you have obtain'd your ends,  
I freely now give up my friends,  
As wretched politicians ;  
Never to bite, yet show their teeth,  
In senseless camps at Hounslow Heath,  
And Spithead expeditions.

Millions to raise, then arm in vain,  
By fears inticing France and Spain,  
(Like him of Pope's describing)

Willing

Willing to hurt, afraid to strike,  
Just hint, and hesitate dislike,  
While all our skill is bribing.

Of filth each house then let us glean,  
Keep those Augean stables clean ;  
And strike off every pension ;  
Let us be sov'reigns of the seas,  
Our merchants sail where'er they please,  
Nor fear a new convention.

This boon alone, my Lord, I crave,  
Many will join us, do but save  
One single sinner for us :  
Grant for our sakes this only job,  
Some mercy shew our old friend Bob,  
Do what you will with Horace.

## A N E P I S T L E

FROM A NOBLE LORD TO MR. PULTENEY;

WRITTEN IN 1740.

*Dubuis non Improbis.*

D. of B. Ep.

I.

HAPPY the man, who, with such ease,  
Can different tastes and tempers please,  
Whatever be the mode, Sir :

I 4

Now

Now charms the house—then steps to White's—  
Sits down to whist—cuts out—indites  
A letter or an ode, Sir.

II.

Thus every place, and every hour,  
Is witness to his wit and power,  
Of liveliest invention:  
Old topics in his hands are new,  
Spithead and Hounslow we review,  
And start at the Convention.

III.

Go on, my friend, the war maintain,  
By various ways 'gainst Bob \* and Spain,  
Tho' doubtful is the former:  
Flavia, or Chesterfield invoke,  
Let off, on whom you please, your joke,  
Excepting always Dormer. †

IV.

You'll take the hint as 'tis design'd,  
Of honest and of tender kind;  
And pardon the digression:  
For tho' your courage none can doubt,  
No mortal one can hold a doubt,  
Against a whole profession.

\* Sir Robert Walpole.

† General Dormer.

V. But

V.

But why should I in haste incline,  
To take your counsel and resign,  
And die by your direction :  
Or what's the same, myself turn out,—  
There still remains an ugly doubt,  
About a resurrection.

VI.

So when you can that point assure,  
And make an after-game secure,  
Dispatch a second letter :  
But he deserveth not to eat,  
Who rashly parts with certain sweet,  
Uncertain of a better.

VII.

The mighty æra may be near,  
But that perhaps is not so clear,  
Then you'll be in disgrace still :  
There being but one engine more,  
And that may burst as those before,  
You know I mean the place-bill.

VIII.

The Jews, unbelieving, b'lieving nation,  
Are still in sanguine expectation,  
Of coming of their king, Sir ;

Why so their fathers were before,  
For seventeen hundred years and more,  
But yet there's no such thing, Sir.

IX.

I've next in view, the dog of old,  
Whose story was by Æsop told,  
That politician able ;  
What sad mischance the cur befel,  
At present I'll forbear to tell,  
But profit by the fable.

X.

Expect not then, I now should strike,  
But let me hesitate dislike,  
Till matters are more certain :  
As much does on next choice depend,  
I'll that event with care attend,  
Before I draw the curtain.

XI.

But if, mean while, should happy fate,  
And stars benign, consent to wait  
On Cathcart's expedition :  
Most will rejoice at the success,  
Bob's friends increase, and your's grow less—  
Then farewell opposition.

XII. Thus,



## XII.

Thus, having most maturely weigh'd  
 What may on either side be said,  
 And laid my thoughts before ye:  
 I take my leave, and do profess  
 Myself Bob's friend, and yours no less,  
 Tho' neither Whig nor Tory.

## ON DOWAGER LADY E. E—D.

BY THE EARL OF BATH.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,  
 Which divide the blooming fair;  
 Give me the nymph whose snow is spread,  
 Not o'er her breast, but hair.  
 Of smoother cheeks, the winning grace,  
 As open forces I defy;  
 But in the wrinkles of her face,  
 Cupids, as in ambush, lie.  
 If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,  
 And am'rous warmth inspire—  
 Thro' glass, who darts her pointed rays,  
 Lights up a fiercer fire.  
 Nor happy rivals, nor the train  
 Of num'rous years my bliss destroys.  
 Alive, she gives no jealous pain,  
 And then, to please me, dies.

## STRAWBERRY-HILL.

BY THE SAME.

## I.

SOME cry up Gunnersbury,  
 For Sion some declare,  
 Some say, that with Chiswick-house  
 No villa can compare ;  
 But ask the beaux of Middlesex,  
 Who know the country well,  
 If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry-hill,  
 Don't bear away the bell.

## II.

Some love to roll down Greenwich-hill,  
 For this thing, and for that ;  
 And some prefer sweet Marble-hill,  
 Tho' sure 'tis somewhat flat ;  
 Yet Marble-hill, and Greenwich-hill,  
 If Kitty Clive can tell,  
 From Strawberry-hill, from Strawberry-hill,  
 Will never bear the bell.

## III.

'Tho' Surrey boasts its Oatlands,  
 And Clermont kept so jim,  
 And some prefer sweet Southcoats,  
 'Tis but a dainty whim ;

But

But ask the gallant Bristol,  
 Who doth in taste excel,  
 If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry-hill,  
 Don't bear away the bell.

## IV.

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,  
 There's scarce a hill around,  
 But what in song or ditty,  
 Is turn'd to fairy ground.  
 Ah! peace be with their memory,  
 I wish them wondrous well,  
 But Strawberry-hill, but Strawberry-hill,  
 Will ever bear the bell.

## V.

Great William dwells at Windsor,  
 As Edward did of old,  
 And many a Gaul and many a Scot  
 Have found him full as bold.  
 On lofty hills like Windsor  
 Such heroes ought to dwell;  
 Yet the little folks on Strawberry-hill  
 Like Strawberry-hill as well.

ADVICE

## ADVICE TO GENERAL COPE,

UPON HIS GETTING ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE BY  
DRINKING THE BATH WATERS, AND AT THE  
SAME TIME FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL  
THAT DIPPED THE WATER.

BY THE SAME.

SEE, gentle Cope, with gout and love oppress,  
Alternate torments rankling in his breast,  
Tries at a cure, but tampers still in vain,  
What eases one, augments the other pain.  
The charming girl, who strives to lend relief,  
Instead of comfort, heightens all his grief.  
He drinks for health, then sighs for love, and cries,  
Health's in her hand, destruction in her eyes.  
She gives us water, but each look, alas !  
The wicked girl electrifies the glass.  
To ease the gout, we swallow draughts of love,  
And then, like Ætna, burn in fires above.  
Sip not, dear knight, the daughter's liquid fire,  
But take the healing beverage from the fire ;  
'Twill ease ye r gout ; for love no cure is known ;  
The god of physic could not cure his own.

AN

## AN ELEGY ON LADY ABERG—N—Y.

BY THE SAME.

**SHALL** she whose charms inspir'd each sprightly lay,  
 Now want the last sad tribute we can pay ?  
 Think not the muse can so ungrateful prove;  
 She deems it no such crime to fall by love ;  
 Dido still lives in Virgil's sacred song,  
 E'en Addison has wept his Rosamond ;  
 And can we see thy shade unpity'd go,  
 To join th' unhappy fair in those fam'd fields of woe,  
 Where plaintive echo thro' th' immortal grove,  
 Repeats the tale of some disastrous love ?  
 No more shall frantic Cleopatra wail,  
 Nor soft Monimia her sad error tell ;  
 No more Calista her Lothario name,  
 Nor call on the dear cause of all her pain :  
 Each shade thy sad pre-eminence shall own,  
 And list'ning to thy woes, forget themselves to moan,  
 Borne on the soaring wing of gay desire,  
 High plac'd as young Ambition could aspire,  
 You sunk, at once depriv'd of fame and breath,  
 Like falling stars, thy beauty's set in death ;  
 Yet there no female malice wounds thine ears,  
 Which, unrelenting, here thine honour tears ;  
 No foe to beauty, clamorous and loud,  
 Of an involuntary virtue proud,

There

There blasts thy name, for joys she longs to prove,  
 And into brutal lust misconstrues gentle love.  
 No prude, reform'd by wrinkles and threescore,  
 Branding that passion she inspires no more,  
 Does, with malicious joy, thy story tell,  
 And curse the crime she better could conceal.  
 Such are the virtuous patterns of the town,  
 Who speak thy guilt but to disguise their own.  
 Friends to the vice, tho' desperate foes to shame,  
 Pant for, each night, what ev'ry day they blame.  
 Still would the muse, at thy loud grief's command,  
 (Faint tho' her voice, and tho' unskill'd her hand)  
 From base reproach thy mangl'd fame retrieve,  
 And what she dare not justify, forgive.  
 She saw with pity Howe's \* untimely doom,  
 And shed a tear on hapless Kingston's † tomb.  
 So shall she now the softest colours choose  
 To paint thy fate, and shadow out thy woes ;  
 Call it a tender, tho' a lawless flame,  
 Think on thy beauties, and forget thy name.

\* Maid of Honour to the Queen.

† D—b—d by Lord S—b—gh.

V E R S E S

## V E R S E S

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF  
BUCHAN,

AFFIXED TO THE BOX PRESENTED BY THE CORPORATION OF GOLDSMITHS, IN THE CITY OF EDINBURGH, TO HIS LORDSHIP, WHICH BOX IS MADE OF THE HEART OF THE FAMOUS OAK THAT FURNISHED SHELTER TO THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE'S ARMY, AFTER THE DEFEAT AT FALKIRK.

THIS darling box, cut from the immortal tree,  
Which, shade of Wallace ! furnish'd shade to thee ;  
This emblem dear, of thy heroic heart,  
Never from me, but with my life shall part ;  
And when the Fates shall cut th' eventful thread,  
And lay me, peaceful, low, or crown my head  
With living laurel, gain'd in hostile field,  
By friends exulting borne upon my shield ;  
Then let this relique to the man pertain,  
Who justly shall his country's love attain ;  
Yes, Wallace, wight ; my heart is full of thine,  
And in thy paths I always wish to shine !

SENT

SENT WITH A PIECE OF FLOWERED SILK TO LADY  
CHARLES SPENCER, WHO SAID SHE WAS LOW IN  
POCKET.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LATE COUNTESS  
TEMPLE.

SINCE the times are so bad, and are still growing  
worse,

You may call this your own without sinking your purse.  
The nymphs and the fawns say the pattern is new,  
And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true :  
It was finish'd and destin'd for beauty's fair queen ;  
So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.

Tho' flowrets soon wither, yet these will not die,  
When fading, reviv'd by a beam from your eye ;  
If you only breathe on 'em, they'll fill the whole room  
With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume.  
Refuse not this trifle, your title is clear,  
And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

T O

EARL TEMPLE, ON GARDENING.

BY THE SAME.

BY commerce, Albion, and by arms refin'd,  
Sought for the charms of art and nature join'd ;  
Along the banks of her own Thames she stray'd,  
Where the gay sisters of the water play'd,

In



In many a soft meander wildly rov'd,  
 And grac'd the meadows which their stream improv'd;  
 She mark'd romantic Windsor's warlike pride,  
 To learning's peaceful seat so near ally'd ;  
 Where Temple's bosom early figh'd for praise,  
 Struck with th' inspiring fame of ancient days ;  
 She came where silver Thames and Isis bright,  
 Their friendly treasures in one stream unite ;  
 Where princes, prelates, fir'd with patriot views,  
 By generous gifts invited every muse ;  
 Where every muse her grateful tribute brought,  
 And virtue practis'd what sound learning taught ;  
 At length her longing eyes and hallow'd feet,  
 Reach verdant Stowe's magnificent retreat,  
 Where Fame and Truth had promis'd she should find  
 Scenes to improve and please her curious mind,  
 Each step, invention, elegance display'd,  
 Such, as when Churchill woos the Aonian maid,  
 And joins in easy, graceful negligence,  
 Th' harmonious pow'rs of verse, with sterling sense ;  
 Such, as when Pouffin's or Albano's hand  
 On glowing canvas the rich landscape plann'd,  
 And classic genius strove, by mimic art,  
 Thro' the admiring eye to reach the heart,  
 Amidst the wonders of each striking scene,  
 High on the summit of a sloping green,  
 A solemn temple, in proportion true,  
 Magnificently simple, courts the view ;

• Concord

\* Concord and Victory with pride proclaim  
 This mansion sacred to Britannia's fame,  
 Whose form majestic, from all hands receives  
 The various product ev'ry region gives,  
 Pleas'd at her feet their choicest gifts to lay,  
 And homage, to her power superior, pay;  
 The sculptur'd walls her glories past declare,  
 In proud memorial † of successful war.  
 No factious sacrifice to France and Spain  
 Those consecrated trophies can profane;  
 For Public ‡ Liberty her awful seat  
 Here fixing, here protects her last retreat;  
 Where, to the great and good in ev'ry shade,  
 The fragrant tribute of just praise is paid:  
 Where the prime beauties, form'd by nature's hand  
 Throughout her works in ev'ry distant land  
 Transplanted, flourish in their native case,  
 And, as by magic charm collected, please—  
 Here the fair queen of this heroic isle,  
 Imperial Albion, with a gracious smile,  
 Confess'd, the lovely Nature saw at last  
 Unite with Art, and both improv'd by Taste.

\* The alto relievo in the pediment.

† The medallions of the victories.

‡ The statue of public liberty placed in the middle niche of the temple.

IN

IN THE ABOVE NOBLE LORD'S BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AT STOWE, IS THE FOLLOWING SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.

To the memory  
of  
Signor Fido,  
an Italian of good extraction ;  
who came into England,  
not to bite us like most of his countrymen,  
but to gain an honest livelihood.  
He hunted not after fame,  
yet acquired it ;  
regardless of the praise of his friends,  
but most sensible of their love.  
Tho' he lived amongst the great,  
he neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice:  
He was no bigot,  
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 articles.  
And, if to follow nature,  
and to respect the laws of society,  
be philosophy,  
he was a perfect philosopher ;  
a faithful friend,  
an agreeable companion,  
a loving husband,  
distinguish'd by a numerous offspring,  
all which he liv'd to see take good courses.

In

In his old age he retir'd-  
to the house of a clergyman in the country,  
where he finish'd his earthly race,  
and died an honour and an example to the whole species.

Reader,  
This stone is guiltless of flattery,  
for he to whom it is inscrib'd  
was not a man,  
but a  
Greyhound.

## FEMALE CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1762.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE Crescent shines ! Northumberland is near !  
Taste, grandeur, order, in her form appear !  
Still affable, tho' of a warrior's race ;  
Peace in her breast, and plenty in her face.

L—Y H—.

A beauty comes ! a heroine in her air ;  
Bold as a man, yet yielding as a fair :  
On her soft breast the doves of Venus brood,  
And fill her veins with Charles's am'rous blood.

LADY POMFRET.

Affected wisdom has a woman made  
To wear foul linen, and despise brocade !

How

How nobly did she with her statues part !  
Tho' marble is the thing that's next her heart.

L—Y H—DW——E.

In niches, titles, honours, see her soar ;  
In all the attitudes of grandeur—poor ;  
Her spare desert is of forbidden fruit ;  
Her pastry—lasting as a Chanc'ry suit.

D—— OF ——.

A well tim'd pr——cy has title gain'd :  
Who dares to say, the coronet is stain'd ?  
To ease love's wounds, contributes all her pow'r ;  
A faithful clue to Rosamonda's bower.

L—Y C-V-NT-Y.

Behold the wonder of her sex and time !  
Dangerous, yet soft ; a mortal, tho' divine !  
Some little arts to raise her charms allow ;  
The force of nature cou'd no farther go.

L—Y PL-M—TH.

A wife, as Pallas fair, without design ;  
Rules without noise, and makes her sway divine :  
No arts, no levity in her are seen,  
Tho' more inviting than the Cyprian queen.

L—Y W-LD-GR-VE.

Brighter than Phœbus in his fierce career,  
Fair W-ld-gr-ve glows in her exalted sphere ;

She

She spreads her influence as she spreads her light,  
Blesses all nature, and is nature's night.

V E R S E S

IN MEMORY OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH, FOUNDER  
OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WRITTEN  
FEBRUARY 2, 1783.

BY THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE,

**W**HILE superstition teaches to revere  
The fainted calendar and letter'd year ;  
While bigots joy in canonizing shades,  
Fictitious martyrs, visionary maids ;  
Haste, Gratitude, and hail this better day ;  
At Henry's shrine present thy votive lay ;  
If this peculiarly for his be known,  
Whose charity made ev'ry day his own.  
But say, what shrine ?—My eyes in \* vain require  
Th' engraven brass and monumental spire.  
Henry knows none of these—above ! around !  
Behold where'er this penfile quarry's found,  
Or swelling into vaulted roofs its weight,  
Or shooting columns into gothic state,  
Where'er this fane extends its lofty frame,  
† Behold the monument to Henry's name !

When

\* King Henry is buried obscurely at Windsor.

† This thought is copied from the inscription over Sir Christopher Wren, who is buried under the dome of St. Paul, of  
which

When Henry bade this pompous temple rise,  
 Nor with presumption emulate the skies,  
 Art and Palladio had not reach'd the land,  
 Nor methodiz'd the Vandal builder's hand :  
 Wonders, unknown to rule, these piles disclose ;  
 The walls, as if by inspiration, rose.  
 The edifice, \* continued by his care,  
 With equal pride had form'd the sumptuous square,  
 Had not th' assassins disappointed part,  
 And stabb'd the growing fabric in his heart.  
 More humble hands, but grateful to the mind,  
 That first the royal benefit design'd,  
 Renew the labour, † re-assume the stone,  
 And George's auspices the structure crown.  
 No lifeless pride the rising walls contain,  
 Neat without art, and regularly plain.  
 What tho' with pomp unequal sinks the pile  
 Beneath the grandeur of the Gothic isle ;  
 What tho' the modern master's weaker hand  
 Unexecuted drops what Henry plann'd ;  
 This for the sons of men is an abode,  
 But that the temple of the living God !

which he was the architect. " — Si quæras monumentum  
 " suspicii ! "

\* The original plan is extant in the library of the college.

† The new building was raised at the expence of the college,  
 and by contributions of the ministers, nobility, and others.

VOL. I.

K

Ascend

Ascend the temple ! join the vocal choir,  
 Let harmony your raptur'd souls inspire.  
 Hark ! how the tuneful solemn organs blow,  
 Awfully strong, elaborately flow ;  
 Now to the empyrean seats above  
 Raise meditation on the wings of love ;  
 Now falling, sinking, dying, to the moan  
 Once warbled sad by Jesse's contrite son,  
 Breathe in each note a conscience thro' the sense,  
 And call forth tears from soft-ey'd Penitence.  
 Sweet strains along the vaulted roof decay,  
 And liquid hallelujahs melt away ;  
 The floating accents less'ning as they flow,  
 Like distant arches gradually low.  
 Taste has not vitiated our purer ear,  
 Perverting sounds to merriment of pray'r.  
 Here mild Devotion bends her pious knee,  
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea ;  
 Avoids each wild enthusiastic tone,  
 Nor borrows utterance from a tongue unknown.

O, Henry ! from thy lucid orb regard  
 How purer hands thy pious cares reward ;  
 Now heav'n illuminates thy god-like mind  
 From Superstition's papal gloom refin'd :  
 Behold thy sons with that religion blest,  
 Which thou woud'st own and Caroline profess'd.

Great



Great \* mournful name— struck with the well-known  
found,

Their patroness! The muses droop around,  
Unstrung their lyres, inanimate their lays,  
Forget to celebrate o'er Henry's praise—  
I cease, ye muses, to implore your song;  
I cease your tuneless, silent grief to wrong;  
And Henry's praise refer to that great day,  
Which, † what he was, shall, when it comes, display,

## I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR THE NEGLECTED COLUMN IN THE PLACE  
OF ST. MARK AT FLORENCE. WRITTEN IN  
THE YEAR, 1740.

BY THE SAME.

ESCAP'D a † race whose vanity ne'er rais'd  
A monument, but when themselves is prais'd;  
Sacred to truth, O! let this column rise,  
Pure from false trophies and inscriptive lies!

\* Queen Caroline died in the preceding November.

† The thought of the last line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's College, which is mentioned in the Spectator—  
“Hic situs est, N. N. Qualis eram, die isti cum vene it,  
“scies:” which being monkish verse, Mr. Addison has changed the last word scies into indicabit.

‡ The family of Medici.

K 2

Let

Let no enslavers of their country here,  
 Inimpudent relieve dare appear :  
 No pontiff, by a ruin'd nation's blood,  
 Lusting to aggrandize his bastard brood :  
 Be here no \* Clement, † Alexander seen,  
 No pois'ning ‡ cardinal, or pois'ning || queen :  
 No Cosmo, or the § bigot Duke, or \*\* he,  
 Great from the wounds of dying Liberty.  
 No †† Lorrainer—one lying arch ‡‡ suffice,  
 'To tell his virtues and his victories :  
 Beneath his fost'ring eye how ||| commerce thriv'd,  
 Beneath his smile how drooping arts reviv'd :

Let

\* Cardinal Julio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII.

† Alexander, the first Duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino De Medici.

‡ Ferdinand the Great, was first Cardinal, and then became great Duke, by poisoning his elder brother Francis I. and his wife Bianca Capello.

|| Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry II. king of France.

§ Cosmo III.

\*\* Cosmo the Great enslaved the republics of Florence and Siena.

†† Francis II. Duke of Lorrain, which he gave up to France, against the command of his mother, and the petitions of all his subjects, and had Tuscany in exchange.

‡‡ The triumphal arch erected to him without the Port San Gallo.

||| Two inscriptions over the lesser arches call him “ restitutor commercii, and propagator bonarum artium ;” as his equestrian statue

Let it relate, e'er since his rule begun,  
Not what he has, but what he should have done.

Level with freedom, let this pillar mourn,  
Nor rise before the radiant bliss return ;  
Then, tow'ring boldly to the skies, proclaim  
Whate'er shall be the patriot hero's name,  
Who, a new Brutus, shall his country free,  
And, like a god, shall say, Let there be liberty.

## T H E E N T A I L.\*

A F A B L E.

BY THE SAME.

**I**N a fair summer's radiant morn,  
A butterfly, divinely born,  
Whose lineage dated from the mud  
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,

statue trampling on Turks, on the summit, represents the victorie  
that he was designed to gain over that people, when he received the  
command of the emperor's armies, but was prevented by some fe-  
vers.

\* This piece was occasioned by the author being asked (after he  
had finished the little castle at Strawberry-hill, and adorned it with  
the portraits and arms of his ancestors) if he did not design to en-  
tail it on his family.

Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,  
 By various gusts of odours drawn,  
 At last establish'd his repose  
 On the rich bosom of a rose.

The palace pleas'd the lordly guest ;  
 What insect own'd a prouder nest ?  
 The dewy leaves luxurious shed  
 Their balmy odours o'er his head,  
 And, with their filken tapestry, fold  
 His limbs enthron'd on cen'tral gold.  
 He thinks the throne's embattl'd round,  
 To guard his castle's lovely mound,  
 And all his bush's wide domain,  
 Subservient to his fancy'd reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the fly !  
 Yet, in his mind's capacious eye,  
 He roll'd the change of mortal things,  
 The common fate of flies and kings.  
 With grief he saw how lands and honours  
 Are apt to slide to various owners ;  
 Where Mowbrays dwelt, how grocers dwell,  
 And how cits buy what barons sell.  
 " Great Phœbus ! patriarch of my line,  
 " Avert such shame from sons of thine,  
 " To them confirm these roofs," he said ;  
 And then he swore an oath so dread,

The

The stoutest wasp that wears a sword,  
Had trembled to have heard the word !

“ If law can rivet down entails,

“ These manors ne’er shall pass to snails.

“ I swear”—and then he smote his ermine—

“ These tow’rs were never built for vermin.”

A caterpillar grovell’d near,

A subtle, slow conveyancer,

Who summon’d, waddles with his quill

To draw the haughty insect’s will.

None but his heirs must own the spot,

Begotten, or to be begot :

Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties,

To egg of eggs of butterflies.

When, lo ! how Fortune loves to tease  
Those who would dictate her decrees !

A wanton boy was passing by ;

The wanton child beheld the fly,

And eager ran to seize the prey ;

But too impetuous in his play,

Crush’d the proud tenant of an hour,

And swept away the mansion flow’r.

I M P R O M P T U

ON SEEING THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY WALK  
AT THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES'S  
FUNERAL.

BY THE SAME.

**T**O many a Kitty, Love his car  
Would for a day engage ;  
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,  
Obtain'd it for an age.

E P I G R A M

ON ADMIRAL VERNON'S PRESIDING OVER THE  
HERRING FISHERY, 1750.

BY THE SAME.

**L**ONG in the senate had brave Vernon rail'd,  
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd :  
Sick of his noise, we weary'd heav'n with pray'r,  
In his own element to place the tar.  
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,  
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.

THE

THE FOLLOWING PRETTY VERSES ARE TAKEN  
FROM WALPOLE'S ANTIQUITIES.

Sir Henry Lea, the brave ancestor of the present Litchfield family, was master of the armoury to Queen Elizabeth, and made a vow to present himself annually at the tilt, armed, there to perform in honour of her Majesty's accession to the throne. Becoming at length very old, he resigned his office to the Earl of Cumberland, with great pomp, and on this occasion, presented the following verses to her Majesty :

**MY** golden locks, Time hath to silver turn'd,  
(O, time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing !)  
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth have spurn'd,  
But spurn'd in vain—Youth vaineth by increasing.  
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading beene ;  
Duty, faith, and love, are rootes and ever greene.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,  
And lovers' songs shall turne to holy psalmes :  
A man at armes must now sit on his knees,  
And feed on pray'rs, that are old ages almes.  
And so from court to cottage I depart,  
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly fit in homely cell,  
 I'll teach my swains this carrol for a song;  
 Blest be the hearts that think my sovereigne well,  
 Curs'd be the foules that think to do her wrong;  
 Goddesse! vouseafe this aged man his right,  
 To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

THE FOLLOWING JEUX D'ESPRIT WERE PRESENTED BY THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, TO FOUR FRENCH LADIES OF EMINENCE, UPON A LATE VISIT TO HIM AT HIS VILLA AT STRAWBERRY-HILL.

TO MADAME DU CHATELET.

WHEN beauteous Helen left her native air,  
 Greece for ten years in arms reclaim'd the fair,  
 Th' enamour'd boy withheld his lovely prize,  
 And stak'd his country's ruin 'gainst her eyes.  
 Your charms less baneful, not less strong, appear:  
 We welcome any peace that keeps you here.

TO MADAME DE VILLEGAGNON, ON THE SEIZURE OF HER CLOATHS, BY THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

PARDON, fair traveller, the troop  
 That barr'd your wardrobe's way:  
 Nor think your silks, your gown, and hoop,  
 Were objects of their prey.

Ah!



Ah ! who, when authoriz'd by law,  
To strip a form like yours,  
Wou'd rest content with what he saw,  
And not exert his pow'rs ?

A MADAME DE VILLEGAGNON.

Pardonnez, belle voyageuse,  
A tous les fermiers d'Albion ;  
Ce n'étoit robe ni jupon  
Dont leur troupe étoit curieuse.  
Mais de depouillier la beauté  
Nos loix leur donnoient l'avantage ;  
Et qui vous voit est bien touté  
De metre ces loix en usage.

TO MADAME DE DAMAS, LEARNING ENGLISH.

THO' British accents your attention fire,  
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.  
Scholars, like you, but slowly can improve,  
For who wou'd teach you but the verb, I love ?

A MADAME DA DAMAS.

Quoique vous donniez à l'Anglais  
Toute l'étude qu'il demande,  
Plus vous y faites de progrès,  
Et plus notre Surprise est grande.

K 6

Vous

Vouz devriez ne profiter  
 Qu' avec une lenteur extreme ;  
 Quel Maitre peut vous repeter  
 Un autre mot que le mot, J'aime ?

TO MADAME DE LA VAUPALIERE.

**S**HALL Britain sigh, when fav'ring Zephyr's care  
 Wafts to her shores the bright la Vaupaliere ?  
 Ah ! yes ; descended from the British throne,  
 She views a nymph she must not call her own.  
 She sees how dear has Stuart's exile cost,  
 By Clermont's charms and Berwick's valour lost.

**I**N a tour I lately made in Bedfordshire, I was agreeably surpris'd with the following inscription, on a cross erected to the memory of Queen Catharine, wife of Henry the Eighth, in the park of the right honourable the Earl of Upper Ossory, at Ampthill, on the spot where the house stood, to which she retired, after being divorced by the king. It is said to be written by Mr. Horace W——e.

**I**N days of old, ere Ampthill towers were seen,  
 The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen :  
 Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears ;  
 Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years :  
 Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,  
 And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd :

From

From Catharine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,  
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

Johannes Comes de Upper Offory, Posuit. 1773.

## AN EPIGRAM ON A LATE MARRIAGE.

—Ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd her poor husband's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, even she—  
O Heav'n ! a beast that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with—a fidler.

HAMLET.

BY MISS HANNAH MOORE.

THE buskin'd muse, when Powell was no more,  
Her tresses rent, and deeper sable wore.  
Affix her mask Thalia mournful lay'd,  
And tragic weeds bely'd the comic maid ;  
“ Nay, let the devil wear black,” \* his widow cry'd,  
Disconsolate, † “ I'll mourn a fidler's bride.”

\* Hamlet.

† The marriage of Mrs. P——l (relict of the late Mr. P——l, one of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre) with Mr. F——r, was obliged to be postponed, till Mr. P——l's monument was erected, which stiles her, His disconsolate Widow.

ODE

## O D E

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS YORKE (AFTERWARDS  
LADY ANSON) ON HER COPYING A PORTRAIT OF  
DANTE, BY LORIO. BY HER BROTHER, THE  
(LATE) HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE, ESQ.

**F**AIR artist ! well thy pencil has essay'd  
To lend a poet's frame the friendly aid ;  
Great Dantè's image in thy lines we trace ;  
And while the muse's train, thy colours grace ;  
The muse propitious on the draught shall smile,  
Nor, envious, leave unsung the gen'rous toil.

Picture and poetry just kindred claim,  
Their birth, their genius, and pursuits the same ;  
Daughters of Phœbus and Minerva, they  
From the same sources draw their heavenly ray.  
Whatever earth, or air, or ocean breeds ;  
Whatever luxury or weakness needs ;  
All forms of beauty nature's scenes disclose,  
All images inventive arts compose \* ;

\* In like manner, the late Mr. Hawkins Browne (a poet also  
and a lawyer) in justification of his own and his friends pro-  
pensity to the beaux arts, thus expresses himself :

“ They err, who think the muses not ally'd

“ To Themis, both are of celestial birth, &c.”

See An Ode to the Hon. C. Y. in Doddsley's Poems, vol. ii. p. 289,  
What

What ruder passions tear the troubl'd breast,  
 What mild affections sooth the soul to rest,  
 Each thought to Fancy, magic numbers raise,  
 Expressive picture to the sense conveys.  
 Hence in all times with social zeal conspire  
 Who blends the tints, and who attunes the lyre.  
 See ! in reviving learning's infant dawn,  
 Ere yet in precepts from old ruins drawn,  
 Sham'd the mock ornaments of Gothic taste,  
 New artists form'd, each Grecian bust replac'd ;  
 Ere Leo's voice awak'd the barbarous age,  
 Oppress'd by monkish law and Vandal rage :  
 See Dantè, Petrarch, thro' the darkness strive,  
 And \* Giotto's pencil bid their forms survive !  
 When now maturer growth fair Science knew,  
 † Titian her favour'd sons ambitious drew :  
 Not half so proud with princes to adorn  
 His tablets, as with wits, less nobly born,  
 Ariosto, Aretine, yet better skill'd  
 On letters and on virtue fame to build :

\* Giotto was the scholar of Cimabua, and the first painter of any genius that appeared in Ita'y. He worked at Florence; was the contemporary of Dantè and Petrarch, whose pictures he drew, and with whom he lived in friendship.

† Titian drew more portraits of kings and princes than any painter that ever lived. Ariosto and Aretine were his friends and contemporaries, of whom he made pictures.

These

These in their turn instruct the willing song,  
 The painter's fading glories to prolong.  
 In later times, hear Waller's polish'd verse,  
 The various beauties of Vandyke rehearse;  
 And Dryden, in sublimer strains, impart  
 To Kneller praise, more lasting than his art.

Friendships like these from time receive no law,  
 Contracted oft with those we never saw;  
 In ev'ry art who court an endless fame,  
 Through distant ages catch the sacred flame.  
 See \* Zeuxis, warm'd by Homer's rage divine,  
 With rapture read, and what he reads, design!  
 See † Julio, bred on the Parnassian soil,  
 With Virgil's grandeur dignify his toil!  
 ‡ Clovio, perhaps, like aid to Dantè flow'd:  
 Intent his figure on the canvas glow'd:

To

\* Zeuxis is said to have studied Homer with particular attention. He always read such parts of his poems as were best suited to the subject he had in hand, before he took up his pencil.

† Julio Romano, the disciple and favourite of Raphael, was said to have a peculiar majesty in his compositions. He was the best scholar of the modern painters, and a diligent reader of Virgil, and the greatest poets.

‡ Julio Clovio lived two hundred years after Dantè. The portrait of Dantè, here mentioned, represents him in a melancholy posture in the fore-ground, looking back on Florence, from whence

To Dantè's fame the grateful colours flow,  
And wreaths of laurel bind his honour'd brow.

Thou too, whom nature and the muse inspire,  
Lift'ning the poet's lore, hast caught his fire ;  
With so much spirit ev'ry feature fraught,  
Clovio might own this imitated draught ;  
And Dantè, were he conscious of the praise,  
Would sing thy labours in immortal lays ;  
His melancholy air to gladness turn'd,  
Nor longer his unthankful Florence mourn'd :  
Fair \*Beatrice's charms would loose their force,  
No more her steps o'er heaven direct his course.

O ! could my eloquence, like his, persuade  
To leave the bounded walks by others made,  
Thro' nature's wilds bid thy free genius rove,  
Copy the living race, or waving grove ;  
To thee the bard would grant the nobler place.  
And ask thy guidance thro' the paths of peace.

whence he was banished during the commotions in that state, in which he bore the highest offices. Clovio's great work is a book of drawings, to be seen at this day in the Florentine gallery, the subjects of which are all taken from Dantè's poem on hell, purgatory, and heaven.

\* Beatrice, the mistress of Dantè in his youth, who died many years before him, and of whom he speaks with great affection. She is represented in the poem as the guardian angel who leads him through heaven, as Virgil and Statius do their heroes through hell and purgatory.

Or

Or boldly rising with superior skill,  
 The work with heroes or with poets fill ;  
 Then might I claim, deserv'd, the laurel crown,  
 My verse not quite neglected or unknown ;  
 Then should the world thy glowing pencil see,  
 Extend the friendship of its art to me.

T O A L A D Y,

WITH A PRESENT OF POPE'S WORKS.

BY THE SAME.

THE lover oft, to please some faithless dame,  
 With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,  
 Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,  
 While she the giver and the gift disdains.  
 These strains, no idle suit to thee commend,  
 On whom gay loves with chaste desires attend ;  
 Nor fancy'd excellence, nor am'rous care,  
 Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair ;  
 Enough, if the fair volume find access ;  
 Thee, the great poet's lay shall best express ;  
 Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,  
 Which strikes with modest awe, the meaner bard.  
 Sure, had he living view'd thy tender youth,  
 The blush of honour, and the grace of truth,  
 Ne'er



Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had glow'd,  
 But from thy form, the lov'd idea flow'd ;  
 His wanton satire, ne'er the sex had scorn'd,  
 For thee, by virtue and the muse adorn'd.

# STANZAS, IN THE MANNER OF WALLER,

OCCASIONED BY A RECEIPT TO MAKE INK,  
 GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

**I**N earliest times, ere man had learn'd  
 His sense in writing to impart,  
 With inward anguish oft he burn'd,  
 His friend, unconscious of the smart.

Alone he pin'd in thickest shade,  
 Near murm'ring waters sooth'd his grief,  
 Of senseless rocks companions made,  
 And from their echoes sought relief.

Cadmus, 'tis said, did first reveal  
 How letters should the mind express,  
 And taught to grave, with pointed steel,  
 On waxen tablets its distress.

Soon

Soon was the feeble waxen trace  
 Supply'd by ink's unfading spot,  
 Which to remotest climes conveys,  
 In clearest marks, the secret thought.

Blest be his chymichand that gave  
 The world to know so great a good !  
 Hard ! that his name it should not save,  
 Who first pour'd forth the fable flood.

'Tis this consigns to endless praise  
 The hero's valour, statesman's art,  
 Historic truth, and fabling lays,  
 The maiden's eyes, the lover's heart.

If still oblivion's Lethe live  
 Immortal in poetic lore,  
 What honours shall the stream receive,  
 Sacred to Mem'ry's better power !

Who now from Helicon's fam'd well  
 The drops celestial would request,  
 When by ink's magic he can spell  
 The image of his faithful breast ?

This kindly spares the modest tongue  
 To speak aloud the pleasing pain ;  
 Aided by this, in tuneful song,  
 Fond vows the virgin paper stain.

Tho'

Tho' stain'd, yet innocent of fame,  
 No blush th' indignant reader warms,  
 If well express'd the poet's flame,  
 Inspir'd by fair Maria's charms.

To the above, which are the best eulogiums on their author, we beg leave to add the following, by a friend who lived to see his expectations fully answered.

S O N N E T.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE, ESQ.

BY THE LATE THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

CHARLES, whom thy country's voice applauding  
 calls

To Philip's honourably vacant seat, \*  
 With modest pride the glorious summons meet,  
 And rise to fame within St. Stephen's walls.

Nor mean the honour which thy youth befalls,  
 Thus early claim'd from thy lov'd learn'd retreat,  
 To guard those sacred rights which elevate  
 Britain's free sons above her neighbour thralls.

\* Mr. C. Yorke being chosen member of parliament for Rygate, in the room of his elder brother, who made his election for the county of Cambridge.

Let

Let Britain, let admiring Europe see,  
 In those bright parts, which erst, too long confin'd,  
 Shone in the circle of thy friends alone,  
 How sharp the spur of worthy ancestry,  
 When kindred virtues fire the generous mind  
 Of Somer's nephew, and of Hardwicke's son.\*

# AN INSCRIPTION.

WRITTEN IN 1749, BY THE LATE RIGHT HO-  
 NOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ON LADY  
 C—— WISHING TO BE BURIED IN HIS SHRUB-  
 BERY AT ADDERBURY IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Within this monument doth lie  
 What's left of Cælia's gallantry.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, bestow  
 One sigh in tribute ere you go;  
 But if thy breast did ever prove  
 The rapture of successful love,  
 Around her tomb the myrtle plant,  
 And berry'd shrubs, which ring-doves haunt;  
 The spreading cypress, and below  
 Bid lumps of arbor vitæ grow;

\* ——— Te animo repentem exempla tuorum,  
 Et pater Ænea et abunculus excitet Hector.

VIRG.

Th'

Th' uxorious plant that leans to find  
 Some female neighbour of its kind,  
 With beech to tell the plighted flame,  
 And favine to conceal the shame ;  
 That ev'ry tree and every flower  
 May join to form the am'rous bow'r,  
 Wherein at close of summer's heat,  
 The lovers of the green shall meet,  
 While Cælia's shade propitious hears  
 Their sanguine vows, their jealous fears ;  
 Well pleas'd to consecrate her grove  
 To Venus, and the rites of love.

### EARL DELAWAR'S FAREWEL

TO THE MAIDS OF HONOUR ON HIS BEING PROMOTED TO HIS LATE FATHER'S TROOP, AND RESIGNING THE PLACE OF VICE CHAMBERLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

YE maids who Britain's court bedeck,  
 Miss Wrottesly, Tyrøn, Beauclerk, Keck,  
 Miss Meadows, and Boscawen !  
 A dismal tale I have to tell ;  
 This is to bid you all farewell :  
 Farewel ! for I am going.

I leave you, girls ; indeed 'tis true,  
 Altho' to be esteem'd by you  
 Has ever been my pride :

'Tis

'Tis often done at court, you know ;  
 I leave my dearest friends, and go  
 Over to t'other side.

No longer shall we laugh and chat  
 In th' outer room, on this and that,  
 Until the queen shall call :  
 Our gracious king has call'd me now ;  
 Nay, holds a stick up too, I vow,  
 And so God bless you all !

They tell me that one word a day  
 From him is worth the whole you say,  
 Fair ladies, in a year :  
 A word from him I highly prize ;  
 But who can leave your beauteous eyes  
 Without one tender tear ?

No longer shall I now be seen  
 Handing along our matchless queen,  
 So generous, good, and kind ;  
 While one by one each smiling lass,  
 First drops a curtsy, as we pass,  
 Then trips along behind.

Adieu, my much-lov'd golden key !  
 No longer to be worn by me,  
 Adorn'd with ribband blue ;

Which

Which late I heard look'd ill and pale—  
 I thought it but an idle tale,  
 But now believe 'twas true.

Farewel, my good Lord Harcourt, too !  
 What can, alas ! your Lordship do  
 Alone among the maids ?  
 You soon must some assistance ask ;  
 You'll have a very arduous task,  
 Unless you call for aid.

Great is the charge you have in care ;  
 Indeed, my pretty maidens fair,  
 His situation's nice :  
 As Chamberlain, we shall expect  
 That he, sole guardian, shall protect  
 Six maids, without a vice.

## ON THE BISHOPS AND JUDGES.

BY P. DUKE OF WHARTON.

WHEN Y—ke to heaven shall lift one solemn eye,  
 And love his wife above adultery ;  
 When godliness to gain shall be preferr'd  
 By more than two of the right rev'rend herd ;  
 When P—rk—r shall pronounce upright decrees,  
 And H—ng—rf—rd refuse his double fees ;  
 When Pr—tt with justice shall dispense the laws,  
 And King once partially decide a cause ;

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L

When

When Tracy's gen'rous soul shall swell with pride,  
 And Eyr—s his haughtiness shall lay aside ;  
 When honest Price shall trim and tuck under,  
 And P—w—s sum a cause without a blunder ;  
 When P—ge one uncorrupted finger shews,  
 And F—rt—scue deserves another nose ;  
 Then shall I cease my charmer to adore,  
 And think of love and politics no more.

## A N E P I S T L E

FROM JOHN SHEPHERD TO THE EARL OF  
 MACCLESFIELD.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN curiosity led you so far  
 As to send for me, my dear Lord, to the bar,  
 To shew what a couple of rascals we were ;  
Which nobody can deny.

You'll excuse me the freedom of writing to thee,  
 For the world then agreed they never did see  
 A pair so well match'd as your Lordship and me ;  
Which nobody can deny.

At the present disgrace, my Lord, never repine,  
 Since fame rings of nothing but thy tricks and mine,  
 And our names shall alike in history shine ;  
Which nobody can deny.  
Tho'



Tho' we two have made such a noise upon earth,  
 Thy fate would now be but a subject of mirth,  
 Should your death be like mine, as we're equal in both;  
 Which nobody can deny.

Were thy virtues and mine to be weigh'd in a scale,  
 I fear, honest Thomas, that thine would prevail;  
 For you break thro' all laws, while I only break jail;  
 Which nobody can deny.

Yet something I hope to my merit is due,  
 Since there ne'er was so barefac'd a blund'rer as you,  
 And yet I am the more dext'rous rogue of the two;  
 Which nobody can deny.

We, who thief for our living, if taken, must die;  
 Those who plunder poor orphans, pray answer me  
 why,  
 They deserve not a rope more than Blewkin and I?  
 Which nobody can deny.

Tho' the masters are rascals, that you should swing  
 for it  
 Is a damnable hardship: your Lordship, in short,  
 Hath been only the Jonathan Wild of the court;  
 Which nobody can deny.

L 2

Altho'

Altho' at the helm you and Jonathan sit,  
 Whilst your myrmidons plunder, and what they can  
 get,

To save their own necks must be laid at your feet;  
 Which nobody can deny.

Yet Jonathan's politics must be allow'd  
 To be better than thine ; for he often hath shew'd,  
 He'd still save himself, yet hang whom he would;  
 Which nobody can deny.

But as thou and thy gang must come in for a rope,  
 The honour of being the first that's trust up,  
 Is the only favour your Lordship can hope ;  
 Which nobody can deny.

## THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

BY THE SAME.

IN fable all things hold discourse,  
 Then words (no doubt) must talk of course:  
 Once on a time, near Channel-row,  
 Two hostile adverbs, AY and NO,  
 Were hast'ning to the field of fight,  
 Where front to front, stood opposite ;  
 Before each general join'd the van,  
 AY (the more courteous knight) began :

Stop

Stop, peevish particle! beware,  
 I'm told, you are not such a bear,  
 But sometimes yield when offer'd fair,  
 Suffer you folks a while to prattle,  
 'Tis we that must decide the battle;  
 When'er we war on yonder stage;  
 With various fate and equal rage,  
 The nation trembles at each blow  
 That no gives ay, and ay gives no;  
 But, in th' expensive long contention,  
 We gain nor office, grant, or pension;  
 Why, then, should kinsfolks quarrel thus,  
 (For two of you make one of us)  
 To some wise statesman let us go,  
 Where each his proper use may know,  
 He may admit two such commanders,  
 And let those wait who serv'd in Flanders;  
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,  
 A Tr——ry Lord, not master Y——g;  
 Obsequious at his high command,  
 Ay shall march forth to tax the land;  
 Impeachments, no can best resist,  
 And ay support the c—l l—t;  
 Ay, quick as Cæsar, win the day,  
 And no, like Fabius, by delay,  
 Sometimes in mutual fly disguise,  
 Let AYES seem NOES, and NOES seem AYES;  
 AYES be in courts, denials meant,  
 And NOES in b—ps, give consent.      **Thw**

Thus AY propos'd, and, for reply,  
 No, for the first time, answer'd AY ;  
 They parted with a thousand kisses,  
 And fight, e'er since, for pay, like Swisses.

## ON ROBBING THE EXCHEQUER.

BY THE SAME.

FROM sun-set to day-break, whilst folks are asleep,  
 New watch are appointed th' Exchequer to keep,  
 New bolts and new bars fasten every door,  
 And the chests are made three times as strong as before ;  
 Yet the thieves in the day-time the treasures may seize,  
 For the same are entrusted with care of the keys ;  
 From the night till the morning, 'tis true all is right,  
 But who will secure it from morning till night.

## A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

QUOTH Wild unto Walpole, make me undertaker,  
 I'll soon find the rogues that robb'd the Exchequer ;  
 I shan't look among those that are us'd to purloining,  
 But shall, the first, search in the chapel adjoining.  
 Quoth Robin that's right, for the cash you will find,  
 Tho' I'm sure 'twas not they, for there's some left  
 behind ;

But, if it were they, you could not well complain,  
 For what they have emptied, they'll soon fill again.

ANOTHER.

## A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

DEAR Lloid, they say, you're Walpole's ferret,  
 To hunt him out poor Molly Skerrett, \*  
 And thus are grown by views sinister,  
 A pimp to such a scrub minister;  
 Stick to your usual voting trade,  
 Nor Chetwind's rights presume t' invade,  
 To purchase Molly to his bed;  
 The booby lover fum'd, and said,  
 Spain and the galleons he'd sacrifice,  
 To buy kind glances from her eyes;  
 Nay, swore he'd make a plot to pay her,  
 At least as good as that for Layer,  
 And bid his old tool, Delafaye,  
 Keep Lynch and Mason in full pay,  
 Paxton † should teach them what to say.  
 For hatching plots, and coining treason,  
 Paxton's esteem'd, with mighty reason;  
 Molly, 'tis said, by you inclin'd,  
 Receiv'd his offers, and resign'd;  
 But Walpole, long by vice decay'd,  
 Unable was to please the maid;

\* Afterwards second wife of the Earl of Orford.

† Solicitor to the Treasury.

}

But none his fury can describe,  
 Unlike his wretched voting tribe,  
 To find one member scorn a bribe.  
 And happy were it for this land,  
 If corrupt members ne'er could stand ;  
 In vain were all his lying tricks,  
 His usual arts in politics ;  
 They fail'd in one as well as t'other,  
 In spite of Townshend and his brother.  
 What will become of this, poor Lloid,  
 When once thy master's pow'r's destroy'd,  
 When he refunds his unjust gains,  
 By bills of penalties and pains ;  
 When Vaughan shall swear he did mistake him,  
 And even bishops shall forsake him ;  
 Charters shall bully prove to bang him,  
 Churchill turn evidence to hang him,  
 Molly proclaim him fumbling imp,  
 And you how ill he paid his pimp.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BOWES.

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

**H**AIL, happy bride ! for thou art truly blest'd ;  
 Three months of rapture crown'd with endless rest ;  
 Merit like yours was heav'n's peculiar care,  
 You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere :  
 To you the sweets of love were only shown,  
 The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown.

You

You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,  
 The tender lover for th' imperious lord ;  
 Not felt the pains that jealous fondness brings,  
 Nor wept that coldness from possession springs ;  
 Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate,  
 You trusted—yet experienc'd no deceit.  
 Soft were your hours, and, wing'd with pleasure, flew  
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you ;  
 And if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,  
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

## T H E   A N S W E R:

BY THE DUKE OF WHARFON.

**H**AIL, Poetess! for thou art truly blest,  
 Of wit, of beauty, and of love possést ;  
 Your muse does seem to bless poor Bowes's fate,  
 But far 'tis from you to desire her state ;  
 In ev'ry line your wanton soul appears,  
 Your verse, tho' smooth, scarce fit for modest ears ;  
 No pangs of jealous fondness dost thou shew,  
 And bitter dregs of love thou ne'er didst know :  
 The coldness, that your husband oft has mourn'd,  
 Did vanish quite, when warm'd on Turkish ground ;  
 For Fame does say, if Fame don't lying prove,  
 You paid obedience to the Sultan's love.  
 Who, fair one, then, was your imperious Lord ?  
 Not Montague, but Mahomet the word :

L 5

Great

Great as your wit, just so is Wortley's love,  
 Your next attempt will be on thund'ring Jove;  
 The little angels you on Bowes bestow,  
 But gods themselves are only fit for you.

## ON THE BANISHMENT OF CICERO.

FIRST PRINTED WHEN ATTERBURY, BISHOP  
 OF ROCHESTER, WAS BANISHED IN 1724.

BY THE SAME.

### I.

AS o'er the swelling ocean's tide  
 An exile Tully rode,  
 The bulwark of the Roman state,  
 In act, in thought, a god;  
 The sacred genius of majestic Rome  
 Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom:

### II.

Farewel! renown'd in arts, farewell!  
 Thus conquer'd by thy foe,  
 Of honours, and of friends depriv'd,  
 In exile must thou go:  
 Yet go content; thy look, thy will sedate,  
 Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

### III. Thy



## III.

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,  
 Thy virtue thy offence,  
 With god-like zeal thou didst espouse  
 Thy country's just defence ;  
 Nor fordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,  
 Nor fears, nor guilty numbers could controul.

## IV.

What tho' the noblest patriots stood  
 Firm to thy sacred cause,  
 What tho' thou could'st display the force  
 Of rhet'ric and of laws ;  
 No eloquence, no reason could repel  
 Th' united strength of Clodius and of hell.

## V.

Thy mighty ruin to effect  
 What plots have been devis'd !  
 What arts ! what perjuries been us'd !  
 What laws and rites despis'd !  
 How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,  
 And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd !

## VI.

And yet they act their dark deceit,  
 Veil'd with a nice disguise,  
 And from a specious shew of right,  
 From treachery and lies ;

With arbitrary power the people awe,  
And coin unjust oppression into law.

## VII.

Let Clodius now in grandeur reign,  
Let him exert his pow'r,  
A short liv'd monster in the land,  
The monarch of an hour;  
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,  
And act against their senses at his nod.

## VIII.

Pierc'd by an untimely hand  
To earth shall he descend,  
Tho' now with gaudy honours cloath'd,  
Inglorious in his end.  
Blest be the man who does his pow'r defy,  
And dares, or truly speak, or bravely die.

## ON MR. POPE'S CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

BY ANNE, LATE-VISCOUNTESS IRWIN, AUNT TO  
THE PRESENT EARL OF CARLISLE.

BY custom doom'd to folly, sloth, and ease,  
No wonder Pope such female triflers sees;  
But, would the satyrists confess the truth,  
Nothing so like as male and female youth;  
Nothing so like as man and woman old,  
Their joys, their loves, their hates, if truly told,  
Tho'

Tho' diff'rent acts seem diff'rent sexes growth,  
 'Tis the same principle impels them both.  
 View daring man, stung with ambition's fire,  
 The conqu'ring hero, or the youthful squire,  
 By diff'rent deeds aspire to deathless fame,  
 One murders man, the other murders game.  
 View a fair nymph, bless'd with superior charms,  
 Whose tempting form the coldest bosom warms ;  
 No eastern monarch more despotic reigns,  
 'Phan this fair tyrant of the Cyprian plains.  
 Whether a crown or bauble we desire ;  
 Whether to learning, or to dress aspire ;  
 Whether we wait with joy the trumpet's call,  
 Or wish to shine the fairest at a ball ;  
 In either sex the appetite's the same,  
 For love of pow'r is still the love of fame.

Women must in a narrow orbit move,  
 But power, alike, both males and females love.  
 What makes the diff'rence then you may enquire,  
 Between the hero, and the rural squire ?  
 Between the maid bred up with courtly care,  
 Or she who earns by toil, her daily fare ?  
 Their pow'r is stinted, but not so their will,  
 Ambitious thoughts the humblest cottage fill ;  
 Far as they can, they push their little fame,  
 And try to leave behind a deathless name.  
 In education all the diff'rence lies ;  
 Women, if taught, wou'd be as learn'd and wise

As

As haughty man, improv'd by arts and rules ;  
 Where God makes one, Neglect makes many fools ;  
 And though Nugatrixes are daily found,  
 Flutt'ring Nugators equally abound,  
 Such heads are toy-shops, fill'd with trifling ware,  
 And can each folly with each female share :  
 A female mind like a rude fallow lies,  
 No seed is sown, but weeds spontaneous rise.  
 As well we might expect in winter, spring,  
 As land untill'd a fruitful crop should bring ;  
 As well we might expect Peruvian ore  
 We should possess, yet dig not for the store.  
 Culture improves all fruits, all sorts we find,  
 Wit, judgment, sense, fruits of the human mind.

Ask the rich merchant, conversant in trade,  
 How Nature op'rates in the growing blade ?  
 Ask the philosopher the price of stocks ?  
 Ask the gay courtier how to manage flocks ?  
 Enquire the dogmas of the learned schools,  
 From Aristotle down to Newton's rules,  
 Of a rough soldier, bred to boist'rous war,  
 Or one still rougher, a true British tar ?  
 They'll all reply, unpractis'd in such laws,  
 The effect they know, tho' ign'rant of the cause.  
 The sailor may, perchance, have equal parts,  
 With him bred up to science and to arts ;  
 And he who at the head or stern is seen,  
 Philosopher or hero might have been.

The

The whole in application is compris'd,  
 Reason's not reason, if not exercis'd.  
 Use, not possession, real good affords,  
 No miser's rich, that dares not touch his hoards ?  
 Can female youth, left to weak woman's care,  
 Misled by Custom, Folly's fruitful heir ;  
 Told that their charms a monarch may enslave,  
 That beauty, like the gods, can kill, or save ;  
 Taught the arcanas, the mysterious arts,  
 By ambush dress, to catch unwary hearts :  
 If wealthy born, taught to lisp French, and dance,  
 Their morals left, Lucretius-like, to chance :  
 Strangers to reason and reflection made,  
 Left to their passions, and by them betray'd ;  
 Untaught the nobler end of glorious truth,  
 Bred to deceive, even from their earliest youth !  
 Unus'd to books, nor virtue taught to prize,  
 Whose mind, a savage waste, unpeopl'd lies ;  
 Which to supply, trifles fill up the void,  
 And idly busy, to no end employ'd.  
 Can these, from such a school, more virtue show ?  
 Or tempting vice treat like a common foe ?  
 Can they resist, when soothing pleasure woes ?  
 Preserve their virtue, when their fame they lose ?  
 Can they on other themes converse or write,  
 Than what they hear all day, or dream all night ?  
 Not so the Roman female fame was spread,  
 Not so was Clelia, or Lucretia bred :

Not

Not so such heroines true glory fought,  
 Not so was Portia, or Cornelia taught !  
 Portia, the glory of the female race !  
 Portia, more lovely by her mind than face !  
 Early inform'd, by Truth's unerring beam,  
 What to reject, what justly to esteem ;  
 Taught by philosophy all moral good,  
 How to repel in youth th' impetuous blood !  
 How her most fav'rite passions to subdue,  
 And Fame, thro' Virtue's avenues, pursue ;  
 She tries herself, and finds, ev'n dolorous pain,  
 Can't the great secret from her breast obtain ;  
 To Cato born, to noble Brutus join'd,  
 She shines invincible in form and mind !

No more such gen'rous sentiments we trace,  
 In the gay moderns of the female race !  
 No more, alas ! heroic virtue's shown,  
 Since knowledge ceas'd, philosophy's unknown.  
 No more can we expect our modern wives,  
 Heroes should breed, who lead such useless lives.  
 Would you, who know th' arcana of the soul,  
 The secret springs which move and guide the whole ;  
 Would you, who can instruct as well as please,  
 Bestow some moments of your darling ease,  
 To rescue woman from this Gothic state,  
 New passions raise, their minds a-new create ;  
 Then for the Spartan virtues we might hope,  
 For who stands unconvinc'd by gen'rous Pope ?

Then

Then would the British fair perpetual bloom,  
And vie in fame with antient Greece and Rome !

## TO A YOUNG LADY CURLING HER HAIR.

FROM THE LATIN OF DR. LOUTH.

BY THE LATE W. DUNCOMBE, ESQ.

NO longer seek the needless aid  
Of studious art, dear, lovely maid !  
Vainly from side to side forbear  
To shift thy glass, and braid each straggling hair,  
As the gay flowers, which nature yields  
So various on the vernal fields,  
Delight the fancy more than those  
The garden gives to view in equal rows ;  
As the pure stream, whose mazy train  
The prattling pebbles check in vain,  
Gives native pleasure, while it leads  
Its random waters swiftly through the meads ;  
As birds on boughs, in early spring,  
Their wood notes wild, near rivers sing,  
Grateful their warbling strains repeat,  
And sooth the ear irregularly sweet :  
So simple dress, and native grace,  
Will best become thy lovely face ;  
For naked Cupid still suspects,  
In artful ornaments, conceal'd defects.

Then

Then cease, with crisping tongs, to tear,  
 And torture thus thy flowing hair :  
 O ! cease, with tasteless toil, to shed  
 A cloud of scented dust around thy head.  
 Not Berenice's locks could boast  
 A grace like thine ! Among the host  
 Of stars, tho' now transform'd, they guide  
 The doubtful sailor thro' the nightly tide ;  
 Nor Venus, when a form like thine  
 She chose, to veil her charms divine,  
 And gave her tresses unconfin'd,  
 To wave and wanton in the balmy wind.

## O N F U S C A.

SUSPECTED OF PAINTING. ATTEMPTED IN THE  
 MANNER OF LORD DORSET.

### I.

WHEN stately Fusca stalks along,  
 Of gravest graduates the song  
 The toast of ev'ry scholar ;  
 Like them her eye's enlighten'd rays,  
 Her graceful shape, and face I praise,  
 But wonder at its colour.

### II.

No rose or lily there I see,  
 (Fit themes for gentle simile)  
 Which puts me in a taking :

For



For never yet so strange an hue,  
Vile mixture of red, brown and blue,  
Could be of nature's making.

III.

So blushes ruddy brickduft Moll,  
So glares the cheeks of painted Doll,  
By milliners bedizen'd ;  
So Indians stain'd with guts and gall,  
So shine the giants grim and tall,  
In city-hall imprison'd.

IV.

So have I in the Garden \* seen,  
Some faucy sulphur-scented quean,  
Her nose with brandy fuddle ;  
So have I seen a country squab,  
At shearing-time, his weathers dawb  
With rancid-oil and ruddle.  
Oxford, 1768.

ON HEALTH.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

THO' life itself's not worth a thought,  
Yet, whilst I live, could health be bought ;  
Whate'er brib'd senators receive,  
Or back again in taxes give ;

\* Covent-Garden.

Whatever

Whatever force or fraud obtains,  
 What Prussia from Silesia gains,  
 Or Hanover from England drains;  
 Whate'er the Austrian wars have cost,  
 Or Hung'ry's queen disburs'd or lost;  
 What France has paid to shape her crown,  
 Or we, like fools, to keep it on;  
 All that the Indies have supply'd  
 To beggar'd Spain, to feed the pride  
 Of that Italian fury-dame,  
 Who keeps all Europe in a flame,  
 For her two brats, those princely things,  
 Whom God made fools, and she'd make kings.  
 In short, to sum up all, whate'er  
 Or pride, or avarice makes its care,  
 Did I possess it, I'd resign,  
 To make this richer treasure mine.

T O M R. P O Y N T Z,

WITH DR. SECKER'S SERMON ON EDUCATION,  
 PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OX-  
 FORD, JULY 8, 1733.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE Secker's rules in this discourse I saw,  
 How quick each maxim turns my thoughts on you!  
 Who in each art of education skill'd,  
 Severe in precept, yet in manner mild,  
 Canst form the man, and yet not shock the child!  
 You,

You, by persuasion to instruction join'd,  
 Know without force to cultivate the mind ;  
 And to rough tasks communicating ease,  
 E'en to the taught can make the teacher please ;  
 Whilst to a court adapting ev'ry rule,  
 Without enervating the strictest school,  
 At once you strengthen and adorn the heart,  
 With Spartan virtue, and Athenian art :  
 Nor vain thy toils, nor fruitless are thy cares,  
 For see thy royal charge in rip'ning years,  
 The second hope of our Augustan age,  
 Like lov'd Marcellus, every heart engage ;  
 But to his years heav'n grant a longer date,  
 Nor with Marcellus' virtue give his fate !  
 Long may he live the glory of our isle,  
 And each Minerva on his fortune smile :  
 Let this in senate her assistance yield,  
 Let that direct and guard them in the field ;  
 In peace and war still useful to the state,  
 In council prudent , and in action great :  
 Then ev'ry rule throughout this theory shewn,  
 Shall by thy practice in this youth be known ;  
 And the world find, by one example taught,  
 How well on Poyntz's conduct Secker wrote.

EXT E M-

## E X T E M P O R E E P I G R A M.

ON THE LATE EARL OF BURLINGTON, AND HIS  
HOUSE AT CHISWICK.

BY THE SAME.

Possess'd of one great hall for state,  
Without one room to sleep or eat ;  
How well you build, let flatt'ry tell,  
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

## V E R S E S

ON SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BY THE SAME.

RARE architect ! in whose exotic school,  
Our English connoisseurs may learn to rule,  
To spoil their houses, and to play the fool,  
To all mankind, (could we on paper live)  
What charming dwellings might thy genius give !  
And tho' when executed, still we find  
Thy plans have nothing to its use assign'd ;  
Tho' to space, light, convenience you declare  
Irreconcilable, perpetual war  
With halls, where groping moles should only feed,  
And libraries, where lynx's eyes can't read ;  
With

With doors, to common purposes such foes,  
 Some never open, others never close ;  
 Windows inverting what they were of old,  
 Not form'd to let in light, or keep out cold ;  
 Chimneys in cupboards, full of means possess'd  
 To fire the house, tho' not to warm the guest ;  
 Stairs, which no mortal can go up and down,  
 And leaden skulls each emblem dome to crown ;  
 Tho' such in every shape, in every part,  
 We find thy unaccommodating art,  
 Yet who shall say, thy works are not divine ?  
 When all must own, there is no house of thine,  
 In which (among the many have been try'd)  
 The devil wou'd, or mortal can reside.

## STREPHON AND COLIN,

### A DIALOGUE.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES EARL OF  
 MIDDLESEX, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF DORSET.

STREPHON.

**H**AVE you not seen the morning sun  
 Peep over yonder hill ?  
 Then you have seen my Chloe's charms,  
 At best but painted ill.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Have you not seen a butterfly,  
 With colours bright and gay ?  
 Then you have seen a thing less fine  
 Than Molly cloath'd in grey.

STREPHON.

The rose, you'll say, of all the field,  
 Can boast the liveliest hue ;  
 But, to compare with Chloe's cheeks,  
 It wants the lily too.  
 As I sat by her on the plain,  
 And talk'd the hour's away,  
 She breath'd so sweet, I thought myself  
 In fields of new-mown hay.

COLIN.

Not the sweet breath that's breath'd from cows,  
 With Molly's can compare ;  
 And when she sings, the list'ning folks  
 Stand silent round to hear.  
 She said, as we were walking once  
 Along the shady grove,  
 There's none but Colin, Molly loves,  
 And will for ever love.

STREPHON.

Believe not, friend, a woman's word,  
 Or you are much to blame ;  
 For t'other night, behind the elms,  
 She swore to me the same.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Yet I'll believe your Chloe's word,  
 As on my breast she laid,  
 " This Strephon is so dull a clown,  
 " He'll think me still a maid."

## ANACREONTIC:

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HARRY BELLENDINE.

BY LORD MIDDLESEX.

YE sons of Bacchus, come and join  
 In solemn dirge, while tapers shine  
 Around the grape-embossed shrine  
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux wine,  
 Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,  
 In just libations o'er the shrine  
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,  
 While you push round the sparkling wine,  
 And let your table be the shrine  
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.

**A DESCRIPTION OF ACHILLES' ATTACKING THE  
TROJAN ARMY.**

TRANSLATED IN BLANK VERSE, AND ALMOST  
LITERALLY, FROM THE 20TH BOOK OF HOMER'S  
ILIAD, VERSE 381. *Ἐν δ' Ἀχιλλῆος τρώεσσι θόρε, &c.*

**ACHILLES**, all his soul with courage clad,  
Impetuous rush'd on Troy's embattl'd host  
With horrid shouts : and first his fatal hand  
Iphitriou slew, Otrynteus' warlike son,  
Who to the aid of Troy a numerous band  
Of warriors led ; him in the fertile soil  
Of Hyda, pleasant valley ! at the foot  
Of snow-clad Imolus a fair Naid bore  
To great Otrynteus ; now Achilles' spear  
Met him advancing 'gainst the adverse host,  
And smote his forehead in the midst, which straight  
On each side parting flew. He sinks to earth  
Unnerv'd ; his armour in the fall resounds ;  
Achilles, glorying, thus bespeaks the slain :  
“ Lie there, Otrynteus' son ; there is thy grave, ~  
“ Most formidable chief ; though far from thence  
“ Thy birth-place, near the fam'd Gygean lake,  
“ Where all thy fair paternal lands extend,  
“ Near the rich banks wash'd by the fishy streams  
“ Of Hyllus and by Hermus' boisterous wave.”  
So spake he, glorying o'er his fallen foe,

Whose



Whose eyes now death in ever-during night  
 Had seal'd, and o'er his miserable corse,  
 At the first onset of th' encount'ring hosts,  
 The Grecian chariots drove : then by his side  
 Demoleon, mighty bulwark of the war,  
 Antenor's son, he flew ! quite through his helm,  
 He smote him on the temple ; for the helm,  
 Though cheek'd with plates of brass, could not with-  
 stand

Th' impetuous spear, which, thro' it passing, broke  
 The yielding bone, and mingled with the brain ;  
 And all the warrior's rage at once subdued.  
 Next 'gainst Hippodamas his javelin flew,  
 And pierc'd his back as bending o'er his car  
 He urg'd his steeds to flight ; he dying, heaves  
 Such lamentable groans, as when a bull,  
 In honour of the Heliconian king,  
 Is dragg'd to th' altar by a blooming band  
 Of robust youths : (for with this sacrifice  
 Th' earth shaker is well pleas'd ; ) so groan'd the  
 youth,

While ebbing life forsook his manly limbs.  
 Then with his spear the furious hero rush'd  
 On Polydore, the godlike Priam's son ;  
 Whom oft his aged fire, with fond commands,  
 Forbad i'th' fight t'engage, because in him  
 His youngest hope he saw, and lov'd him most :  
 This youth the rest in swiftness far excell'd,

M 2

And

And now, rash boy ! his swiftness to display,  
 I'th' foremost ranks across the plain he ran,  
 Till life forsook him ; for the fatal spear  
 Of swift Achilles smote him, as he pass'd,  
 I'th' middle of the back, where his strong belt  
 With golden clasps was buckled ; and his mail,  
 From each side meeting, made a double fold ;  
 All these it pass'd, and thro' his navel drove  
 Its brazen point ; groaning, he sinks to earth,  
 Prone on his strengthless knees ; a sudden cloud  
 O'ercasts his swimming eyes ; and as he lay  
 Rolling in death's last pang, his hands held in  
 His entrails, gushing thro' the spacious wound.

## NEREUS'S PROPHECY.

HOM. ODE. l. 12

TRANSLATED, A. D. 1750.

AS o'er the seas the Trojan swain,  
 In Phrygian ships fam'd Helen bore  
 Perfidious, from the Spartan shore ;  
 Old Nereus, monarch of the main,  
 Rising from the hoary deep,  
 Bade the rolling waves subside,  
 And laid the fluttering winds asleep,  
 While thus the Trojan's fate he prophecy'd :—  
 “ In

- " In an ill omen'd hour,  
 " Thou led'st away the beauteous dame,  
 " Whom the whole united pow'r  
 " Of injur'd Greece shall soon reclaim,  
 " United to destroy thy loves  
 " Adulterous ; and the ancient realm  
 " Of partial Priam, that approves  
 " Thy crime, in ruin overwhelm.  
 " Alas ! what toils must warlike steeds,  
 " And matchless heroes now endure !  
 " What cruel woes, what direful deeds,  
 " To Phrygia will thy lust procure !  
 " Already Pallas, arm'd with rage,  
 " Spreads thro' Greece her dread alarms ;  
 " Already clad in heavenly arms,  
 " Prepares the fatal war to wage.  
 " In vain (tho' now with pride elate,  
 " The aid of Venus be thy boast)  
 " Thou hop'st to shun thy destin'd fate,  
 " And 'scape the wrath of Grecia's host.  
 " Tho' now to deck thy comely hair,  
 " Ignoble youth, be all thy care ;  
 " Or pleasing to a woman's ear.  
 " From Lydian viols to require  
 " Soft sounds of love, and fond desire ;  
 " The Cretan shaft, the deathful dart,  
 " Eager to pierce the treach'rous heart.  
 " The din of arms, and battle's noise,  
 " Unfriendly to the lover's joys,

- “ In vain shall fly—in vain shall shun
- “ The vengeance of Oileus son
- “ Swift in pursuit. A dreadful day
- “ Will come, when all those tresses gay,
- “ That youth and beauty which you trust,
- “ Shall lie dishonour'd in the dust.
- “ Mark with fatal steps advance
- “ Ulysses, and the hoary age
- “ Of Pylias, venerable sage :
- “ See Sthenelus with brandish'd lance
- “ Skilful alike to guide the car
- “ Thro' all the paths of various war,
- “ And with a bolder hostile rage,
- “ In standing combats to engage.
- “ Lo ! with impatient wrath e'en now,
- “ Teucer bends his fatal bow ;
- “ And Creta's monarch from afar,
- “ With Merion, hastens to the war :
- “ And fierce Tydides, to his fire
- “ Superior, burning with desire,
- “ To sink thee to the shades of night,
- “ Rushes furious to the fight :
- “ Whom, (as the hind, that from a wood,
- “ A hungry wolf approaching spies,
- “ Forgets to crop the flow'ry food,
- “ And panting o'er the meadows flies ;)
- “ Thou soon shalt shun with tim'rous haste ;
- “ And Ilion by thy flight disgrac'd,
- “ With

- " With shame shall ope her Scæan gate,  
 " And for a moment stay thy fate.  
 " Thy Helen, witness to thy flight,  
 " Shall learn to scorn her boasted knight  
  
 " Yet for a while the direful hate  
 " Of stern Achilles shall prolong  
 " The days of destin'd Ilion—Fate  
 At length avenges Sparta's wrong :  
 " The Grecian flames the Trojan tow'rs furround,  
 " And heav'n-built Ilion smoaks upon the ground."

## A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN BISHOP WARBURTON AND DEAN  
TUCKER.

**TUCKER.** MY wife, father William, is ugly, is old,  
Asthmatic, chest-founder'd, and lame.

**WARB.** My wife, son Josiah, you need not be told,  
Is as bad in the other extreme.

**TUCK.** I have put mine away. (WAR.) The deed I  
applaud,  
But applauding can only admire ;  
For you are bound only by man and by God,  
But my obligations are Prior. \*

\* Prior Park, formerly the seat of Mr. Allen, whose niece  
Bishop Warburton married.

M 4

ELEGY

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

BY JOHN DAMER, ESQ.

FROM the light strains of idly pleasing joy,  
 Ye muses, tune the soft melodious string  
 To solemn notes of melancholy woe,  
 Fanneffa is no more —

Ah ! what avails it on the smiling banks,  
 Where the smooth waves of gentle Liffy flow  
 In sportive measures, or to dance or sing ;  
 Well might such pastimes, underneath her eye,  
 Besit the hearts of elegance and ease,

By her inform'd with ev'ry pow'r to please.  
 For say (ye best can tell), who e'er beheld  
 That form, where shone superior ev'ry charm  
 Of softest beauty, by her mind excel'd,  
 Nor found elate his conscious heart grow warm  
 With purest love of Innocence and Truth ?  
 Refin'd by chaste and elegant desire,  
 Begin, my muse, and touch the mournful lyre.

'Twas at the sacred shrine, where peaceful lay  
 The poor remains of dear Fanneffa's form,  
 Amanda, nymph with gentlest manners grac'd,  
 Came at the close of pensive eve, to weep  
 Her bitter sorrows o'er the silent tomb ;  
 For long in mutual bonds of perfect love,  
 Of friendship pure, and undissembl'd truth,

They

They happy liv'd ; and, like too sister streams  
 That dimpling run along th' enamel'd mead,  
 Till haply mixing in a fond embrace,  
 They roll commix'd their gentle tides in one.  
 Such were this happy pair ; one heart, one soul,  
 The same desire and wish inform'd them both.  
 Silent a while she stood, and dumb with grief ;  
 At length she wip'd the tear from either cheek,  
 And sighing sad, thus rais'd her voice to speak :—  
 “ Too fatal morn ! when sad Amanda lost !  
 “ More than the pride of empty worlds can boast !  
 “ That morn, \* which us'd with songs of festive mirth  
 “ Proclaim the day, which gave Faunessa birth,  
 “ Must now its melancholy lights bestow,  
 “ Sacred to grief and sorrow's deepest woe.  
  
 “ Can I forget, when on the bed of death,  
 “ When nature struggl'd in thy latest breath,  
 “ The fond indulgence of thy gentle breast,  
 “ Thy fondest love and tenderness express ?—  
 “ Ah ! no ; too well my memory retains  
 “ Thy fondest love, and my severest pains.  
  
 “ Yet tho' thus torn untimely from my sight,  
 “ Thou blest inhabitant of purest light !  
 “ Ne'er shall thy image from my bosom part,  
 “ Thy bright example cease to fire my heart—

\* She died on her birth-day.

M 5

“ That

- " That bright example still before mine eye,  
 " Shall teach, like thee to live, like thee to die.  
 " Accept, dear honour'd shade ! this mournful lay,  
 " Which love, which gratitude, and friendship pay !  
 " Perhaps, tho' now to realms of bliss remov'd,  
 " Thou still may hear Amanda, once belov'd.  
 " Soon this sad corse beside thy breathless clay,  
 " ('Tis all my wish) some friendly hand shall lay,  
 " My spirit seek thee in the realms above,  
 " Confirm'd in friendship and immortal love."

Next came, with silent steps, and sorrowing sad,  
 Damon, a youth, who erst the happiest swain  
 That jocund pip'd beneath the Sylvan shade,  
 Or led his sportive flocks along the plain.  
 Long had his heart maintain'd the gen'rous flame  
 Of purest love for dear Fannessa, lost ;  
 And Hope (false cherub) smil'd, ill-fated youth !  
 Delusive on the fondness of his breast—  
 As he approach'd, a sudden horror chill'd  
 His mantling blood, cold damps bedew'd his brow,  
 And sighs suppress'd the efforts of his tongue,  
 Till tears, the lab'ring wretch's best relief,  
 Eas'd his swoln heart, and thus he pour'd his grief :

- " Relentless Fate ! could nought appal thy rage,  
 " Or stay thy hand, rapacious for the grave !  
 " Say, could not Virtue, Tenderness engage,  
 " Or Innocence demand thy pow'r to save ?

" In



- “ In vain, too proud thy triumph thou may’st boast,  
 “ Since neither Virtue, Innocence, or Truth,
- “ Could bribe the region of thy vengeful ghost,  
 “ Insensible to beauty, or to youth.
  
- “ Why wert thou born, alas ! untimely shade,  
 “ With ev’ry charm and elegance divine,
- “ And yet so short those heav’nly charms display’d,  
 “ And just mature, at once forbade to shine.
  
- “ Ah ! where are now the golden dreams of joy,  
 “ Which Hope too fondly cherish’d in my breast ?
- “ Ah ! more than dreams ; for say, could aught destroy  
 “ My surest happiness, of thee possesst ?
  
- “ Depriv’d of thee, what now remains behind,  
 “ But bitter grief and slow consuming pain ?
- “ O ! that the same sad moment had resign’d  
 “ That life, which now, reluctant, I sustain.
  
- “ Ah ! why incautious on a distant shore  
 “ Could I secure in indolence remain,
- “ While the fell poison unrelenting tore,  
 “ With rage resistless, every tender vein.
  
- “ Still constant had I watch’d thy sickly bed,  
 “ Explor’d with tender care thy feeble eye,
- “ With arm reclin’d beneath thy drooping head,  
 “ Had strove to keep one angel from the sky.

- “ But vain, alas ! had been my constant care
- “ To stay thy passage to the realms of light,
- “ Heav’n claim’d his favourite, and heav’n is e’er
- “ Supreme in justice, merciful, and right.
- “ Celestial shade ! incessant will I pay
- “ The pious tribute on thy mournful bier,
- “ For thee will consecrate the living lay,
- “ For thee pour out the melancholy tear.
- “ Still shall my heart retain the sacred fire
- “ Of purest passion and ingenuous love,
- “ Till heav’n, indulgent to my fond desire,
- “ Unites us in the realms of bliss above.”

Here ceas’d the swain ; while sighs abortive rush’d  
 Tumultuous on his soul, and big distress  
 Withheld expression from his labouring heart.  
 And now had night her sable mantle spread,  
 When homeward to his cot the swain withdrew,  
 With morning, at the shrine his sorrows to renew.

VERSES

## V E R S E S

BY MR. L——, ON HIS BEING JILTED BY A LADY  
A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE INTENDED WED-  
DING DAY.

H—— is unlike those shy lasses  
Whose hearts are ne'er confess'd  
To make their lovers blest'd,  
Till marriage vows are o'er;  
My H——'s love their love surpasses,  
She will not wait for wedding day,  
But hastily declares her "Nay,"  
To make me blest'd before.

## A N O T H E R

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

' I Shirk'd a punk to get a wife,  
' But when I thought me fix'd for life,  
' Miss jilted me completely;  
" We're sorry for you, friend"—' Not so—  
' 'Twas wondrous luck, I'd have you know,  
' To 'scape them both so neatly.'

P A R A-

## P A R A P H R A S E

OF AN ORDER SAID TO HAVE BEEN SENT FROM ST. JAMES'S, AFTER THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT, NOV. 1783, TO MY LORDS THE BISHOPS, TO OMIT THE PRAYER AGAINST AMERICA.

BY MR. L—D—S.

OUR Royal Will now publish'd to the nation,  
 'Tis time We give th' Almighty information  
 Of Our late councils ; therefore, let him know  
 The point's so doubtful now, who's friend, who foe, }  
 He may suspend his wrath a month or so,  
 Till We (by powers vested in the Crown) send  
 Herein our farther resolution."

TOWNSHEND.

THE

## THE SCOTCH HUT;

A POEM:

ADDRESSED TO EUPHORBUS; OR, THE EARL OF  
THE GROVE.\*

TO THE EARL OF C\*\*\*\*\*.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship has desired, that nobody will disfigure with his pen the walls of the Scotch Hut; which, it must be acknowledged, have already suffered sufficiently in another way, by the decorations bestowed on them. At the instant of entering this curious edifice, I perceived the propriety of your Lordship's injunction, from the disposition which arose in me to offend against it. I withstood, however, the temptation, and committed to paper the following lines, which might more fitly, perhaps, have been written on the boards that gave occasion to them. In that case they might have added something to the amusement of travellers, like myself, whom chance or pleasure might conduct to that sublime and polished temple of political flattery; if they furnish matter of more general entertainment in their present form, the

\* A seat near Watford, Hertfordshire, formerly belonging to Sir Charles Buck, afterwards to Lord Deloraine, and at present to the Earl of Clarendon.

readers

readers will owe thanks to your Lordship, rather than to me.

It cannot be necessary to make an apology for addressing you in the title-page under the appellation of Euphorbus. Your Lordship is a scholar, and knows, that terms, which convey mean and vulgar ideas in our own tongue, being translated, sometimes assume respect and dignity in a dead language. For my own part, I confess, that, I should have blushed to call you in plain English a swineherd ; but when I characterise the office in Greek, and style you Euphorbus, who can condemn me ? It was anciently, we are told, in great credit, and filled by persons of high rank : Eumæus, the master of the hogs of Ulysses, is reported to have been of princely extraction ; and a great and magnificent Duke, lately appointed to sustain a similar office in our own country, would hardly contest the point of precedence with him (were he now living) but on the ground of the higher nobility of the animals, whom his Grace has the honour to superintend. Do not be displeas'd, my Lord, at the mention of an ancient courtier, and faithful keeper of swine. He was a hospitable, good old man, and was possessed of many qualities which deserve respect ; however, he may be considered, in some particulars, as inferior to the Earl of C. For Eumæus fed the hogs of Ulysses ; your Lordship feeds your own ;  
and

and in that capacity you acknowledge no master. The old swineherd of Ithaca is said to have been descended from one Ctesius, a prince, whose actions, if they were ever famous, have been long forgotten : but you, my Lord, are allied to, and derive your honours from, a race that hath enriched the blood of Stuart ; a name that cannot die. I detain, I fear, your Lordship too long. I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR;

March 1, 1779.

## THE SCOTCH HUT.\*

BY St. Andrew, ever dear,  
To George's and to Scotland's ear ;  
By the faith of holy kirk ;  
By the bonnet, and the dirk ;

\* A shed built by the Earl of C—— at his seat in Hertfordshire. It is a low, wooden building, of an oblong form, covered with thatch, and open at one side ; and it is called the Scotch Hut. Within, on the top, it bears the insignia of Scotland ; dirk and broadsword, pistol and target, bonnet and bagpipes. Beneath these are folded curtains of plaid : plaid is also painted, and glares on the side of this structure (for it has out one), and at each end. This monument of his Lordship's taste and courtly manners, stands on a quiet green spot, by a pleasant wood.

By

By the target, battle-proof,  
 Pictur'd on this frightful roof;  
 By pistol, broad-sword, and the dagger,  
 Which made the Laird of Mountains swagger,  
 When he, in love with Borderers' cattle,  
 Descended to the hungry battle;  
 By each cheek of mighty bone;  
 By the bagpipe's pleasing drone;  
 By the plaid that daubs your wall;  
 By our folly, by our fall;  
 I swear—your Lordship is to blame  
 Thus to sport with England's shame;  
 And with cruelty refin'd,  
 Bring each emblem to her mind  
 Of the fiend, on couch of thorn,  
 To pride of tatter'd baseness born:  
 The starveling fiend with Hydra head,  
 In Scotia's rocky caverns bred;  
 Of stony heart, and ruthless hand,  
 That stalks in ruin o'er the land.

Tho' yet, my Lord, you love to plan  
 A temple, or a grove for Pan;  
 Or tell in Latin, o'er a stye, \*  
 (Proof of paternal piety)

\* Over an arch-way leading to his Lordship's hoggery, is a Latin inscription, commemorative of the day on which his eldest son attained the age of twenty-one years. It begins, "Virtuti paterna pietas statuit."

What



What time the virtues of a son  
 Fulfilled the age of twenty-one ;  
 Or ruins raise, as trimly neat,  
 As Sion's adametic gate ;  
 (A gate we touch not, lest we hurt,  
 Like gate of paste-work in desert.)  
 Tho' yet, secure from hostile harm,  
 You feed your hogs, or tend the farm ;  
 Or home-bred gains of fair amount,  
 At ease on Seat of Druid count ;  
 On seat of golden prospect, made  
 For druids that abhor the shade.\*  
 Trust me, you soon the pest shall feel,  
 That rankles in the general weal ;  
 The Scottish pest, that o'er each plain,  
 Where smil'd our plenty, spreads its bane ;  
 Shall curse the hour, when first you sold  
 The vote, that sacred vote (for gold)  
 Your country gave to guard the cause  
 Of liberty and righteous laws ;  
 Shall think, how England in her day  
 Of peace, like summer-boys, who play  
 With down of thistle's floating hair,  
 Blew her prosperity in air ;

\* On the rise of a hill, in an exposed situation, are several seats formed of trees, cut almost to the ground, which are named the Seats of the Druids.

Regardless

Regardless of the woes that weep,  
 And preach, from Sorrow's opening deep :  
 Deaf to the warning powers, that cry,  
 Who killeth, soon herself shall die, \*  
 Then, when you hear (no heart to bless)  
 Th' unpitied voice of her distress ;  
 And see (no helping hand to save)  
 Her glories in their Scottish grave,  
 Shall oft invoke, beneath the gloom,  
 That shrouds old Pan in shady tomb, †  
 The sleep, that ne'er must open eye,  
 Till the arch-angel trump on high  
 Shall breathe a blast from heav'n, with dread  
 That shall awake and raise the dead.

Mean while, my Lord, if aught you love  
 Yourself, your house's fame, remove  
 Far from the tread of every foot,  
 This scurvy, lousy, tawdry hut,

\* This admonition may deserve a place by that celebrated adage  
 of the great justiciary, applied by him to the Americans, with so ge-  
 neral an astonishment of all men, " If we don't kill them, they will  
 " kill us," and may be no less worthy of our attention.

† A small circular building, open at the top, and raised by his  
 Lordship in a wood, has the name of Pan's Burial-place. It is at  
 a little distance from his grove and temple.

That

That looks more desolate and bare,  
 Than hall of famine and despair ;  
 Where silence seems again to sleep,  
 As once within the lifeless deep  
 She slept ; ere blithe creation heard  
 And rose at the almighty word :  
 It is a place despis'd of all,  
 Where snails of spirit scorn to crawl ;  
 Where spiders, English spiders, grieve  
 The felon web of death to weave.  
 By these be taught (on nature's plan,  
 Reptiles may lessen weaker man)  
 And strike from earth this vile disgrace  
 To you, to all of English race.  
 Woe on the man, who spreads his sail  
 Full-swelling to each courtly gale !  
 Curse on the wretch, in evil hour,  
 Who truckles to each knave of power !  
 Shame on your head, that this retreat  
 (Where all the sylvan graces meet  
 On verdant lawn, in woody dell ;  
 Where humble Truth might love to dwell  
 With pure Content, and at his side  
 Simplicity, his charming bride)  
 Should be polluted with a stain  
 Of adulation's guilt profane ;  
 And shew how fervilely devout  
 You worship at the shrine of Bute !

—Yet

—Yet, yet, ere foreign foe invade,  
O, purify this peaceful shade !

**T H E O P T I M I S T ;**  
**O R, S A T I R E I N G O O D - H U M O U R,**

BY THE SAME.

**W**H Y should the man, whose butter'd bread  
By cleanly hands each morn is spread ;  
Who sees much more than he is able  
To stuff, at dinner on his table ;  
Whose supper is a constant treat,  
That gluttony might wish to eat ;  
Who nightly some fair Houry chooses,  
Nor finds the party that refuses ?  
Why should such a man in furious rhymes,  
Attack the follies of the times ?  
In these, as well as those before 'em,  
Are faults—but pray who suffer for 'em ?  
Not rich satirists, who brandish  
Their silver pen o'er silver standish ;  
Who need not to the muse appeal,  
To grant her warrant for a meal ;  
Let those exclaim against the goad,  
Who smart beneath oppression's load ;  
Let those 'gainst luxury inveigh,  
Who scarcely get a meal a day ;

But.

But why should I pursue the theme ?  
 I swim triumphant down the stream,  
 And turning a deaf ear to reason,  
 Enjoy the follies of the season ;  
 Methinks, myself, 'twere full as good in,  
 To hold my tongue, and eat my pudding:  
 Yet write I must—this teeming brain  
 No longer can itself contain,  
 Nor shall I rest my troubled head,  
 Till it be safely brought to bed.  
 Besides, who wou'd not write ? What nature  
 Exists so indisposed to satire,  
 As not to waste a little rage,  
 On this abominable age ?  
 When learning, honesty, and merit,  
 Love of our country, public spirit,  
 Virtue, sobriety, frugality,  
 Religion, chastity, morality,  
 The precious value of our time,  
 And divers other words that rhyme,  
 Are banish'd from the earth—what then ?  
 Will writing bring 'em back again ?

Haply these gentry once appear'd,  
 Ere master Jovey had a beard ;  
 When Juno was a little virgin,  
 Nor felt that certain something urging ;  
 Ere Vulcan of his rib was jealous,  
 Who for the spear forsook the bellows ;

Ere

Ere Iris with a cloud bedeck'd her,  
 To serve the heav'nly synods nectar :  
 In short, ere churches had a steeple,  
 Or this same world was fill'd with people ;  
 For when good folk were taught to pray,  
 That all their faults might pass away,  
 They thought it was a matter civil,  
 First to commit a little evil.  
 Thus sin came ; and from this beginning,  
 So great has been th' increase of sinning,  
 That the whole cargo long ago  
 Shipp'd off, and are forgotten now.  
 Let none with fictions heat their fancies,  
 Less probable than French romances ;  
 That now indeed all things are evil,  
 Done by mandamus of the devil ;  
 But that there was a time of old,  
 When men were form'd of different mould ;  
 When all was good, and all was fair,  
 When peccadillos light as air,  
 Such as adult'ry, murder, rapine,  
 Wou'd set th' astonish'd world a gaping.  
 Indeed these times, were they requir'd  
 To find in story, they'd be tir'd ;  
 Search all the records of the clan  
 That liv'd 'twix Beertheba and Dan ;  
 Let Græcia's sense, and Ægypt's knowledge,  
 Chaldea's astrologic college,

And

And China's annals of old times,  
 Point out the periods and the climes,  
 When Theft, Ingratitude, Fraud, Treason,  
 Revenge and Lust were out of season.  
 Ev'n master Jove, arrived at grown-age,  
 Kick'd off the virtues of his nonage ;  
 And men have follow'd the example  
 Of his, their parent's, goodly sample ;  
 Ages before these times have trod  
 Hell's highway to a beaten road ;  
 And sinn'd, as usual, without ceasing,  
 Neither abeting nor encreasing ;  
 Unless the current of the times  
 Set more to follies than to crimes :

Here, did I metaphysics love,  
 'Twou'd not be difficult to prove  
 A little evil necessary,  
 Among the causes secondary.  
 And Optimists, this once confess'd,  
 Will urge that all is for the best ;  
 And shew, that in a partial light,  
 Things seeming wrong, may yet be right.

When fair Almeria strives to paint  
 A sign, where heav'n had form'd a faint ;  
 And where we fear'd to meet a Venus,  
 Kindly obtrudes a mask between us ;

VOL. I.

N

When

When Caroline a bloom discloses,  
 Which nature never gave to roses,  
 Yet shuns its beauties to impart,  
 And emulates her sister's art ;  
 Say, is not this a deed design'd,  
 In pure compassion to mankind ?

When all her former beauties grace  
 The fair remains of Grosvenor's face,  
 And artificial charms inspire  
 The wonted glance of soft desire ;  
 Say, when she ogles all she sees,  
 Why reprehend her wish to please ?

If gayest Say and Sele advance,  
 The foremost in the sprightly dance ;  
 If she a load of finery bear,  
 That prudent girls might blush to wear ;  
 Shall Scandal exercise her tongue ?  
 Who strength and spirits have, are young.

When Georgey, with unmeaning air  
 Gallops the streets, as people stare ;  
 And while his dangling arms hang idle,  
 Leaves to the beast the care o'th' bridle,  
 Does not each day's experience shew,  
 He trusts the wiser of the two ?

When



When he, committed to whose trust is  
 This trading city's shop of justice,  
 In pity to their nightly labours,  
 O'erlook'd the conduct of his neighbours;  
 But kenn'd from far, with eagle's eye,  
 That Hayes kept evil company:  
 'Twas not, that these had duly paid  
 The tribute of their little trade,  
 While Charlotte, trusting in her purse,  
 Refus'd the needful to disburse;  
 O! be such groundless scandal blotted  
 From the fair paper it has spotted!  
 No:—he discern'd that Charlotte's fair  
 Languish'd for ease, had trade to spare;  
 And therefore he to Bridewell sent 'em;  
 With four days sabbath to content 'em;  
 While t'other more unlucky nest,  
 Wish'd for encrease of trade, not rest.

When Charles, whose youth was seen to shower  
 Its blossoms, like an April flower,  
 Exuberant before its time,  
 Yet glorying in its fullest prime;  
 Whose riper years were form'd to raise  
 At once our wonder and our praise;  
 With soul enlarg'd, enlighten'd mind,  
 Prompt eloquence, wit unconfin'd,  
 Forsaking glory's opening source,  
 Dwelt on the dice-box, and the course;

N 2

And

And form'd his country to adorn,  
 Became the object of its scorn ;  
 He saw, upon repeated trial,  
 (Match if you can his self-denial)  
 That housewife Nature's frugal plan  
 Meant not a perfect state for man ;  
 He saw, and scorn'd to give offence  
 By well-deserv'd pre-eminence ;  
 Debas'd the lustre of his fame,  
 And sunk into a vulgar name,

When the aspiring city lady,  
 Fine as a pewter'd queen on May-day,  
 Shews to malevolent beholders,  
 The cost of princes on her shoulders ;  
 What then ? By her profusion fed,  
 A thousand hands earn daily bread ;  
 And who by other's folly lives,  
 May justly suffer for his wife's.

When Boswell—in that sacred name  
 Can satire find a theme to blame ?  
 Her perfect form, her gen'rous mind,  
 With mildest purity combin'd,  
 Might well disarm its keenest rage,  
 And blanch the blackness of the age ;  
 When she receives the coxcomb's leer,  
 Nor starts tho' Molyneux be near ;

She

She shews, against her inclination,  
That prudence must comply with fashion.

When all the nobles of the land,  
Collected in a midnight band,  
With well-digested observations,  
Talk of long odds, instead of nations ;  
And wisely stealing from the cares  
Of dry, political affairs,  
With fix'd attention seek for fame in  
That present noble bus'ness, gaming.  
O, make not of their toils a jest !  
The path they've chosen is the best.  
The real welfare of a nation  
Arises from quick circulation ;  
And surely 'tis the quickest trade,  
Where thousands in an hour are paid.

When college pedants, ere it ope,  
Check the gay bloom of sprightly hope ;  
When Wetherel, Scott, and twenty others,  
Like as one puppy to its brothers,  
(Methinks, could I put blind in metre,  
'Twould make my puppies much completer)  
Nip with cold laws, and maxims crude,  
The seeds of virtue in the bud :  
Villains, a satirist might cry,  
Ye strive to cherish infamy,

N 3

And

And teach the youth, to feeling callous,  
 To merit, tho' not reach the gallows ;  
 Not so say I——their wisdom shines  
 Alike in this and all designs ;  
 From tried experience, well they know  
 Th' advantage of a cringing bow ;  
 While this in chair historic fattens,  
 That in snug stall supinely battens ;  
 And Solomon said long ago,  
 Bend pliant twigs as they should grow :  
 Then wherefore not improve the plan,  
 And ere the beard proclaim the man,  
 Complete a liberal education,  
 By rooting out each liberal passion ?

But that I fear'd to give a handle  
 To every tongue that deals in scandal,  
 And raise intolerable clatter,  
 I should discuss a weightier matter,  
 Shew that the blackest of all crimes,  
 Turns on the temper of the times :  
 And prove that, better understood,  
 They formerly conduc'd to good.  
 Who thinks himself oblig'd to vapour,  
 Because he lights his neighbour's taper ?  
 Indeed he gives his neighbour light,  
 But his own fire remains as bright ;  
 So most men have a certain treasure,  
 Which knows no boundaries or measure ;

**Apply**

Apply it to perpetual use,  
 'Tis always like the widow's cruise ;  
 Nay, farther yet, its sole enjoyment  
 Lies in the action of employment,  
 (For 'tis a being sensitive,  
 That kind of property term'd live)  
 And yet we strive with bolts, with guard,  
 This treasure from all hands to ward ;  
 Make it the business of our lives,  
 To keep our neighbours from our wives ;  
 And should the fair ones chance to stumble,  
 (Women, like men, are prone to tumble)  
 Think we've a right to rend the sky,  
 Eternal wisdom to defy,  
 To fill the earth, the seas, the air,  
 With execrations of despair,  
 Vow vengeance on the wretch misdoing,  
 As well as him who caus'd her ruin ;  
 Whereas we ought to thank our neighbour,  
 For aiding in our nightly labour.

And this from wiser observation  
 Full many a less polish'd nation  
 (Where cuckoldom a better trade is,  
 And more indulgence giv'n to ladies)  
 Has done. Friend Prior names the strand,  
 On which when fasting sailors land,  
 'The natives bring their women to 'em,  
 And thank them for the good they do 'em ;

Well knowing, not to mince the matter,  
 Woman to be of rav'nous nature,  
 But these are people known to no man——  
 Weigh then the manners of the Roman ;  
 Cato, whom Latin bards and Greek  
 Have prais'd, till language is too weak,  
 In mere compassion to his friend,  
 Begg'd leave his wife to recommend,  
 Knowing Hortensius much to need her,  
 As being an especial breeder ;  
 Who having sooth'd his amorous pain,  
 Return'd the fair one back again.

Augustus, of that name the elder,  
 Took his friend's wife with Hans in Kelder ;  
 And well content with what he'd gotten,  
 Regarded not who set the pot on.

Sulpicius too, in lines befitting  
 The doleful cause, to Tully written,  
 Observes that hapless Tullia tried  
 Three vig'rous husbands ere she died.\*

Then why should we refuse our vittle,  
 If some warm nymph think one too little ?  
 In these degenerate days, sure no man  
 Deems himself stouter than a Roman.

\* Vide Olivet's Cicero, tom. vii. p. 109.

Why

Why should we execrate her name,  
 And blast the fair-one's opening fame ;  
 Leave her, tho' gen'rous, tender, wife,  
 A mark for ideots to despise ;  
 For one most natural offence,  
 Be deaf to heart-felt penitence ;  
 And think an age of sorrow will not  
 Atone an injury we feel not ?  
 Ill-fated Bunbury ! thy name  
 Shall be thy country's lasting shame !  
 Shalt thou, for one false step alone  
 (Thy provocations known to none)  
 Shalt thou, enlighten'd, generous, kind,  
 The model of a female mind ;  
 Shalt thou, enrich'd with ev'ry grace,  
 Fit scion of thy royal race ;  
 Shalt thou, and none defend thee, bear  
 The unimpassion'd madam's sneer,  
 Who free from one offence alone,  
 Sticks not at any crime but one ?  
 And shall a life to sorrows given,  
 And ev'ry virtue under heav'n,  
 Which self-renouncing fathers teach,  
 Which hermits tried, but cou'd not reach ;  
 Shall not this life at length assuage  
 Th' envenom'd rancour of the age,  
 And give, yet purer from the stain,  
 Its Bunbury to fame again ?

N 5

My

My worthy friends (I speak to those  
 Who feel a something on their brows)  
 If rage your generous souls inflame,  
 Be not deluded by a name,  
 Nor lose yourselves in foolish passion,  
 Because warm livers are in fashion.  
 Why shou'd you make a fuss about it ?  
 You're as well with it, as without it.  
 Ne'er was that thing, which crime we call,  
 Whose consequences are so small.  
 From your abundance, hurts it you,  
 If others glean a little too ?  
 'Tis time, in justice, to take huff,  
 When medlers have not left enough.

Here my design might travel farther,  
 And prove that there's no harm in murder,  
 But 'tis too much for young beginners,  
 And haply might encourage sinners ;  
 Moreover, when I talk'd of hemp, or  
 Gallows, perchance 'twould spoil my temper,  
 And these lines, without bite or tumour,  
 Are penn'd by Satire in Good-Humour.

THE



## THE ABODE OF GENIUS.

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE REVEREND MR. JENNER.

BY ELIZABETH, LADY CRAVEN, IN THE YEAR 1771.

SIR John Rupee from India sails,  
 Richer than any king of Wales.\*  
 Enormous diamonds, pearls untold,  
 With many a pound of powder'd gold,  
 Enrich his store; here, painted glass;  
 There, muslins lay; a weighty mass!  
 Besides, of many curious things,  
 Fit only for the use of kings.  
 With heavy ballots, great and small,  
 But he, the heaviest of them all,  
 Look'd up, and smil'd, with self-applause,  
 " 'Tis well the Nabobs have no laws;  
 " Soon shall these shining trifles bear  
 " A whisper to my sov'reign's ear,  
 " That John Rupee would be a peer.  
 " These too shall bring me cooks from France,  
 " These too shall teach me how to dance,

}

\* The late Sir W. W. Wynn was reckoned by the Welch the richest man living. A simple Welchman said, when Cot Almitry was set, his king of Wales would be chose Cot Almitry.

N 6

" These

" These too"—must yield in this same hour,  
 Cries Death, to my superior power.  
 For while the Knight laid out his wealth  
 In projects to destroy his health,  
 Death soon, in habit apoplectic,  
 Took care the Knight should not be left sick,  
 And thus his grand designs were foil'd—  
 By Death were spoilers ever spoil'd!  
 An heir, the only one he had,  
 In circumstances rather bad,  
 Was selling, at a country fair,  
 Tape, candles, snuff, and such-like ware;  
 When the glad tidings reach'd his ears,  
 Tim colours, hems, and 'round him stares,  
 Cried, " Bet—our Bet, what must we do  
 " With all these things, for I don't know?"  
 " Why, law," she answered, " there's the vicar,  
 " Wull tell us for a drap of lequor."  
 " No, no," says Tim, " I understand  
 " That had I Genius at command"—  
 " Why, fetch him then, you sorry elf;"  
 " That's right," says Tim, " I'll go myself."  
 The story runs, that France and Spain  
 Sent Tim, sans Genius, home again.  
 And there a friend, one lucky day,  
 Advis'd him quite another way:  
 " Go north," he cries, " the air is keen  
 " And clear, where Genius may be seen."

Now

Now Tim and Bet, in hack post-chaise,  
 Set out for Scotland in two days;  
 Resolv'd to travel day and night,  
 To find this Genius, clever spright;  
 Who was to set all matters right.  
 Without one broken wheel or bone,  
 From Kent to Coventry, jog on  
 The clumsy pair; but Fortune's smile,  
 Which can far wiser heads beguile,  
 There quickly chang'd it to a frown,  
 As they, their horses at the Crown.  
 'Twas Sunday; and the boys ne'er fail,  
 To keep the Sabbath strick—with ale.  
 Ah! luckless man, in Warwickshire,  
 Whose lot is to be driven by Beer.\*  
 (Says Prudence, whisp'ring in my ear,  
 And dost thou not, gay trifler, fear  
 Thy muse so weak, so young, should now,  
 Be stuck, or smother'd in a slough?  
 Pshaw; prithee friend, I cry, begone,  
 And let me with my tale have done.)  
 The roads were bad, the ways were deep,  
 Both Bet and Tim were fast asleep,  
 Night long had taken place of day,  
 The driver long had lost his way,  
 When some most awkward bank or ditch,  
 'Twas dark, and so they knew not which,

\* A postillion's name in Coventry.

O'erturn'd

O'erturn'd the sleepers in the dirt,  
 The chaise was broke, but they not hurt,  
 Soon scrambl'd out, but where to go  
 They could not think, they did not know;  
 Bet cried, because she could not see;  
 Tim soon crept half way up a tree,  
 From whence a glimm'ring light he spied;  
 Sure, that's a house, our Bet, he cried;  
 Then arm in arm they walk together,  
 To seek a shelter from the weather;  
 Some fifty yards they go—and find  
 A small brick house, a wood behind,  
 A field before, a garden gate,  
 Secur'd with care, for now 'twas late:  
 They call—a female voice replies—who's there?  
 With stick and lantern then draws near,  
 And lets the trembling travellers in:  
 My master, Sir, is not within,  
 Says Mrs. Mary, for 'twas she,  
 A house-keeper of fifty-three.  
 Quickly their downfall they recite,  
 “ Oh dear ! you must sleep here to night,”  
 Adds Mrs. Mary ; walk in here ;  
 Then leaves them, and with friendly care,  
 Returns with ham, cold chicken, cheese,  
 And any wine that you shall please.  
 Now round the room with scorn Tim gaz'd,  
 High on a desk was music rais'd.

Here

Here books in busy chaos laid,  
 And there some poems lately made;  
 With these, an inkhorn and a fiddle,  
 An half writ eclogue, and a riddle.  
 No stucco, glass, nor gilding seen,  
 But all was plain, and neat, and clean.  
 Tim swore at all delays, but eat,  
 While Bet sat grumbling o'er her meat:  
 "'Twas hard they were no farther got;  
 " To be detain'd too in a cot,  
 " Where Genius never shew'd his face,  
 " 'Twas sure a mortal cruel case!  
 " Why may be, Tim, we may not get  
 " To Mr. Genius' three days yet;  
 " I wonder where this Genius is,  
 " Will he be yours, or you be his?"  
 When lo! a voice, sweet, shrill, and clear,  
 Cries—"who wants Genius? I am here:"  
 They stare, amaz'd—where—where—why here,  
 Laid snug in Jenner's elbow chair.

THE FALSE ALARM; A TALE.  
 ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 LADY CRAVEN.  
 BY MR. JENNER.

CUPID on Venus' breast one day,  
 Lay fighting as his heart would break;  
 The goddess kifs'd his tears away:  
 " What ails my lovely Cupid, speak?

" Alas,

“ Alas, mama ! we’re both undone !

“ Both, both undone !” the urchin cry’d ;

“ Nay, frown not on your weeping son,

“ I have most reason now to chide.

“ ’Tis you alone, my dear mama,

“ Have been the cause of all this strife ;

“ Why would you vex my grandpapa,

“ And get the apple from his wife ?

“ You know she’ll always have her way,

“ Prouder than any earthly prince ;

“ Never has she forgot that day,

“ Nor ever curtsy’d to you since.

“ As for her husband, you well know,

“ She leads him an ungodlike life.

“ Like many an honest man below,

“ He must not contradict his wife.

“ Well, what’s the matter ?” Venus cries,

And smiles upon her darling son ;

“ Come, tell me, child, and wipe your eyes,

“ What have this doughty couple done ?

“ Come, what’s the cause of all this rout ?”

“ O ! dear mama ! we may go play,

“ For as you live, we’re both turn’d out,

“ Or have resign’d, as mortals say.

“ Another

- " Another Venus come to town,"  
 " Another Venus !" " Yes, indeed ;  
 " With a sweet Cupid of her own :  
 " I had it all from Ganymede.  
  
 " He heard my grandpapa declare,  
 " The age was now grown so refin'd,  
 " 'Twas not enough the face was fair,  
 " Some men would now regard the mind.  
  
 " That we but little knew our trades,  
 " And miss'd of many a votary ;  
 " Whilst Pallas and the nine old maids  
 " Could catch as many hearts as we.  
  
 " Granted, indeed, as 'twas but fit,  
 " You well could form the face and air ;  
 " But, lack-a-day ! for sense and wit,  
 " You had not much yourself to spare.  
  
 " He forms a Venus of his own,  
 " And that she might with ease surpass us,  
 " Sends her, before the thing was known,  
 " To boarding-school on Mount Parnassus.  
  
 " Phœbus has long ow'd me a spite ;  
 " You know we had a foolish quarrel,  
 " Because Miss Daphne, in her fright,  
 " Would needs, forsooth, become a laurel.

" So

“ So, in revenge for this old grudge,  
 “ He and his tuneful sing song crew,  
 “ I’m told by those who well can judge,  
 “ Soon taught her ev’ry thing they knew.

“ Thus arm’d with beauty, wit, and sense,  
 “ Jove thinks she can have nought to fear,  
 “ How should weak mortals make defence,  
 “ Assaulted both by eye and ear?

“ I saw them walking in Hyde-park;  
 “ And if the truth I needs must tell,  
 “ The lady and her little spark  
 “ Both did their business mighty well.”

Venus, tho’ piqu’d at the affront,  
 Could presently the secret read;  
 “ Pooh, child, says she,” my life upon’t,  
 “ This is some trick of Ganymede.

“ I thought by this you knew his trade,  
 “ Have you forgot how in a trice,  
 “ When you and he at hazard play’d,  
 “ He won your all with loaded dice?

“ And can you now believe his tales,  
 “ Or think, so much as I and you know,  
 “ Jove would not sooner eat his nails,  
 “ Than break with us, to humour Juno?

“ Indeed,



" Indeed, my child, you're fairly bit ;  
 " This fibbing, faucy, little pug,  
 " Has learnt the filly piece of wit,  
 " That mortal puppies call hum-bug.

" But I shall teach the little elf,  
 " To keep his tongue within his teeth ;"  
 " Nay, now, mama, judge for yourself,"  
 Cries Cupid, almost out of breath,

" For there they come, I see them now ;  
 " See with what grace she moves along !  
 " I cannot, I protest and vow,  
 " Think yet what Gany's told me wrong."

The goddesses smil'd—" Are those," said she,  
 " The two by whom we're both undone ?  
 " Lord, child ! when will you learn to see ?  
 " That's Craven and her little son.

" Our empire much on her depends,  
 " She's the best friend we have on earth ;  
 " Pallas and I, tho' seldom friends,  
 " Agreed to share her at her birth.

" And tho' that Gany talks such stuff,  
 " There's no believing what he says ;  
 " Yet troth the urchin's right enough  
 " In all he told you of her praise."

Cupid

Cupid look'd queer, and thought it odd,  
 Not that the fact could be disputed,  
 But, like a man, the little god,  
 Did not much like to be confuted.

" Well, well," cries he, " you may be bit,  
 " I'm not so blind, but I can spy,  
 " She's all your beauty, all your wit,  
 " And he more winning tricks than I."

[The following are said to be written by Mr. WILKES, and were sent to us after the former ascribed to that gentleman in our Third Volume were printed.]

# TO MISS WILKES, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

AUGUST 16, 1777.

THE noblest gift you could receive,  
 The noblest gift this day I'd give ;  
 A father's heart I would bestow,  
 But that you stole it long ago.

ON ELIZA'S RETIRING TO HAM.

BY THE SAME.

AH! fatal groves, sad Echo cries,  
 You're fair Eliza's choice,  
 The dying swains accuse her eyes,  
 The nightingales her voice.

A WELL

A WELL KNOWN THEATRICAL CHARACTER, LATE-  
LY DECEASED.

BY THE SAME.

LITTLE his body, but much less his soul,  
All things by halves, but nothing in the whole ;  
He comes prepar'd by nature and by art,  
With half a head, but not quite half a heart :  
Half cowardice, half courage to dispense,  
Half modesty, half pride, half wit, half sense.

EPITAPH ON LADY VANE'S LAP-DOG VENY, AT  
THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF HER ME-  
MOIRS IN PEREGRINE PICKLE, UNDER THE  
NAME OF LADY FRAIL.

BY THE SAME.

AT thieves I bark'd, at lovers wagg'd my tail,  
And thus I pleas'd both lord and lady Frail.

LOVE AND WINE, A CATCH.

BY THE SAME.

THY altar, gen'rous god of wine,  
A votary leaves for Silvia's shrine ;  
But should my Silvia faithless prove,  
For thee I'll quit the god of love ;  
Thy nectar shall my cares dispel,  
Thy wit on all her faults shall dwell ;  
Love's myrtle torn, fresh ivy wreathes I'll twine  
To deck the brows of the gay god of wine.

ON

## ON THE MINIATURE OF MISS WILKES.

BY THE SAME.

THE beautiful and soft outline  
 Goffet correctly may design,  
 And with unerring pencil trace  
 Maria's faultless form and face;  
 But to no mortal it is given,  
 Prometheus like, to steal from heav'n,  
 The piercing light'ning of the skies,  
 Or match the lustre of her eyes.

## AN EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED PRIME MINISTER.

BY THE SAME.

INFAMIAE sacrum.

Hic situs est,

Robertus Walpole, comes Orfordiæ,

Qui summo cum consilio, &amp; nefandâ improbitate,

Patriam in maximo habens odio, & ab eâ  
 jure exosus,

Deâ corruptelâ fîsus,

(Numen quod unicum coluit)

Servitutem firmissimam, &amp; mores pessimos,

Omnigenâ expulsâ pietate,

Pro virili instituere conatus est.

Talem vixisse, &amp; senem mori, ne mireris, lector;

Socios

Socios maximos habuit,  
 Fratrem Horatium, Ducem Novocas trensem,  
 Et omnes reipublicæ hostes,  
 Privatos etiam et publicos.  
 Nefas est addere,  
 Cæsarem etiam & Senatum.

THE THANE OF BUTE,  
 INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE GARTER AT WIND-  
 SOR IN SEPTEMBER 1762, THE MONTH AFTER  
 LORD ALBEMARLE TOOK THE HAVANNAH.

A NEW SONG.

BY THE SAME.

I.

YOU may sing of Will Pitt, or my lord Albemarle,  
 You may toast your *old friend*, or your favourite girl;  
 But my theme all your praises will equally suit,  
 And who should it be but John earl of Bute.  
 Derry down.

II.

With manners unform'd, and with language un-  
 couth,  
 The rude north he deserted, to polish the south;  
 His lov'd bagpipes he left, and began on his flute,  
 And a P— soon yielded to John earl of Bute.  
 Derry down.

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N

III. Not

III.

Not melodious his note, nor his voice sweet or clear,  
And rather offended her fine delicate ear;  
But his *full proper stops* pleased, tho' he stood mute,  
And the *dear melting thrills* of this John earl of Bute.

Derry down.

IV.

Idle talk he left off for plain matter of fact,  
And at Cliefden's lov'd plays oft reach'd the fifth act;  
Though he spoke ne'er a word, like wise Glynn he'd  
confute,  
And *inward conviction* follow'd John earl of Bute.

Derry down.

V.

To be knight of great Edward's blue ribband and  
star,  
Oft beyond the fair's garter this bold Scot push'd far,  
A lance so upright went well couch'd to the root,  
And won England's fam'd trophies for John earl of  
Bute.

Derry down.

VI.

The King gives but one, like his countryman  
Chartres,  
All England to hang him wou'd part with both gar-  
ters;  
And good Lord! how the people would laugh and  
wou'd hoot,  
Cou'd they once set a swinging this John earl of Bute.

Derry down.

THE

## THE WREATH OF FASHION;

OR, THE

ART OF SENTIMENTAL POETRY.

————— *Demetri, teq. Tigelli,*  
*Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*      HOR.

BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

THE following lines were occasioned by the Author's having lately studied, with infinite attention, several fashionable productions in the Sentimental style; in most of which, a misapplication, not a defect, of talents seems to have betrayed their Authors into some degree of false taste. For example—A noble Author who has given most decisive proofs of talent and judgment, by his Ode on the death of Mr. Gray, and his Translation of Danté; has lately thought fit to publish two Odes on the death of—his Lordship's Spaniel.

But the reigning fashion in modern poesy is Sentimental Panegyric on Married Beauties. This appears in a thousand various Shapes; from Bouts Rhimeés on the wou'd-be Sappho of Bath, up to Doggerel Epistles to the lovely Amoret.

In

In attempting to ridicule this modish folly, it is scarcely necessary to apologize to the several Personages of the Sentimental train, for introducing their names. When a Poet announces himself, and publicly wears his Laurels, he is lawful game for the Critics; whether his works come from the Press, or according to Sir Benjamin Backbite's system, "*circulate in Manuscript*." Besides, to canvass the slighter imperfections, either of style or of conduct, seems to be the limit of poetical censure. It is only the desperate Satyrist, whose envenomed pen strikes at the character and honour of Individuals, that perverts and disgraces Poetry.—Such aspersions, if well founded, are too gross for the tribunal of the Muses; and if (as is generally the case) they are utterly false, they recoil not only on the Author, but on the very art itself, which can so easily be perverted to so bad a purpose.—But who can be hurt by a Critique on his Charades and Rebusses?—An imputation of false Taste may not be very pleasant, but it never can seriously offend Men of sense and good breeding: Both which qualities, as the Author agrees with all the world in acknowledging his Personages to possess in the highest degree, so he requests that not only they, but the few others who may happen to read his Poem, will acquit him of any intention to give the slightest offence.

THE



## THE WREATH OF FASHION.

**W**HEN first the Muse recorded Beauty's praise  
 In glowing numbers, and enraptur'd lays,  
 Sweet was the Poet's song; undeck'd by art;  
 For Love was Nature, and his theme the Heart.  
 At Beauty's shrine how brightly Genius glow'd!  
 There, her wild wreaths luxuriant fancy strew'd;  
 Whose flowrets, wak'd by Love's enliv'ning ray,  
 Scatter'd with native sweets the artless lay.  
 Such were the strains th' enamour'd *Ovid* sung;  
 Such the fond lays that flow'd from *Prior's* tongue:  
 Nor of its best reward was verse beguil'd,  
 When *Julia* own'd its pow'r, and *Chloe* smil'd.

Far other lays denote the modern Bard—  
 Nor love his theme—nor Beauty his reward:  
 His temp'rate verse a gentler homage pays,  
 And sighs serenely for unfeeling praise.

This purer taste, this philosophic art,  
 (If thou, O Sentiment! thy aid impart)  
 The Muse shall sing—attend ye glitt'ring train—  
 Of sighing Beaux, nor scorn the votive strain;  
 Tho' harsh the verse, tho' rude the unpolish'd lay,  
 Soft is the tender science they display.

First, for true grounds of Sentimental lore,  
 The scenes of modern Comedy explore ;  
 Dramatic Homilies ! devout and sage,  
 Stor'd with wise maxims, " both for youth and  
 " age."

Maxims, that scorning their old homely drefs,  
 Shift from plain proverbs to spruce sentences,  
 But chief let *Cumberland* thy Muse direct ;  
 High Priest of all the Tragic-comic sect !  
 Mid darts and flames his Lover *cooly* waits ;  
 Calm as a Hero, cas'd in *Hartley's plates* ;  
 'Till damp'd, and chill'd, by sentimental sighs,  
 Each stifled passion in a vapour dies.

Hence form thy taste, hence fiew thy temp'rate  
 lays  
 With moral raptures, and sententious praise.

Thus skill'd, with critic care, thy subject choose ;  
 A kindred theme, congenial to thy Muse.  
 No giddy Nymph, of youth and beauty vain,  
 But some fair Stoic, link'd in Hymen's chain ;  
 Serene and cold ; by wise Indiff'rence led  
 To a rich Title, and a—sep'rate bed.  
 Now, sick of vanity, with grandeur cloy'd,  
 She leans on Sentiment, to sooth the void :  
 Deep in Rousseau, her purer thoughts approve  
 The Metaphysics of Platonic Love.

Thine

Thine be the task, with quaint, fantastic phrase,  
To variegate her unimpassion'd praise.

Poetic Compliments from Sonnets cull—  
Harmonious quibbles, logically dull !  
True to their age of Paradox, they chime  
Problems in verse, and sophistry in rhyme—  
Yet, thro' these lymbecks Cowley's patient Muse  
From mimic sighs distill'd Castalian dew ;  
So Spencer toil'd, to sooth the Royal Maid ;  
So hapless Petrarch wept his Laura's shade.

But hence, tame Precept !—let example lead  
The modish Poet to his glorious meed :  
Haste, to the radiant shrine of Fashion, haste !  
There, form thy genius, there, correct thy taste.

And lo ! the glitt'ring Altar stands confest !  
Loose o'er the Goddess floats her motley vest :  
As Flora, gay,—as Iris, wildly bright,  
Its varying lustre strikes the dazzled sight.  
Here, Vanity, with flow'rs and feathers crown'd,  
Sports with the Seasons thro' their airy round.  
Here, spurious Art and mimic Science pour  
Whims of a day, and theories of an hour.  
The Goddess smiles ; for, lo ! even Poets trace  
Her local charms, her temporary grace—

Above the rest, how fondly she regards  
Her fav'rite train, the Sentimental Bards!

On a spruce pedestal of *Wedgwood ware*,  
Where motley forms, and tawdry emblems glare,  
Behold she consecrates to cold applause,  
A Petrefaction, work'd into a *Vase*:  
The Vase of Sentiment!—to this impart  
Thy kindred coldness, and congenial art.  
Here, (as in humbler scenes, from Cards and Gout,  
The Muse-rid *Millar* gleans her learned Roub)  
With votive song, and tributary verse,  
Fashion's gay train her gentle rites rehearse.  
What soft poetic incense breathes around!  
What soothing hymns from Adulation sound!

When Fashion calls, can *Carlisle* be away?  
For her ev'n *Carlisle* breathes a random lay;  
Not with the praise of youthful Friendship fir'd;  
Not with the glow of Dantè's Muse inspir'd: \*  
A softer lay, a gentler tribute's paid;  
The last sad requiem to a—Spaniel's shade!—  
Here too *Fitzpatrick* waits some lucky hit;  
For, still the slave of Chance, he throws at wit.  
While *Townsend* his pathetic bow displays,  
And Princely *Booby* silent homage pays.

\* See Page 17.

False to each fav'ring Muse, the elect of Phœbus  
 Here string Charades, or fabricate a Rebus.  
 With *chips* of wit, and mutilated lays,  
 Here *Palmerston* fincers his *Bouts Rhimèes*.  
*Mulgrave!* whose Muse nor winds nor waves con-  
 troul,  
 Here bravely pens Acrostics—on *the Pole*.  
 Warms with poetic fire the Northern air,  
 And soothes with tuneful raptures—the great Bear &  
 So when the rebel-winds on Neptune fell,  
 They sunk to rest, at sound of Triton's shell.

“ If *Placemen* thus poetic honours prize,  
 “ Shall I be mute?” (the laureat *Whitehead* cries.)  
 “ What if some rival Bard my empire share!  
 “ Yet, yet, I tremble at the name of *Clare*.  
 “ *Pindar* to *Clare* had yielded—so did I—  
 “ Alas, can Poetry with *Poplin* vie!

• Whoever has read his Lordship's verses, presented to her Majesty, with a gift of *Iris Poplin*, and that too on a *New Year's Day*, will not wonder at the jealousy and apprehension the Laureat expresses of so formidable a rival.—The recollection of the Poplin leads to a digression, in the Pindaric stile of all Laureats, on the fatal consequences that might follow from establishing Lord Clare's method of tacking a present to every Poem—but the Laureat recovers his spirits, by thinking of the last production of his own Muse—the *Goat's Beard*—span from ten lines of Phœdrus, to Four Hundred of Whitehead,——

" Ah me ! if Poets *barter* for applause,  
 " How *Jerningham* will thrive on flimsy *gause* !  
 " What tatter'd tinsel *Luttrel* will display !  
 " *Carmarthen* sattin—*Carlisle* paduasoy !  
 " *Garrick* will follow his old remnant trade ;  
 " He'll buy my place with *Jubilee* brocade.  
 " While *Anfley*, the reversion to obtain,  
 " Vamps his *Bath drugget*, till he spoils the grain.  
 " Perish the thought ! hence visionary fear !  
 " Phæbus, or Phædrus, shall old *Whitehead* cheer.  
 " Fashion ! behold their gift—be this preferr'd !"  
 —He said—and proudly brandish'd the *Goat's beard*.—

In just degree, the Goddess hails their toils,  
 Bows for a distich, for a stanza smiles,  
 Familiar nods an Epigram attend,  
 An Ode will almost rank you as a Friend :  
 A softer name fond Elegy bestows,  
 But nearest to her Heart a Sonnet flows.

Behold, one dunce, by her profound decree,  
 Supreme Dictator of the Coterie :  
 Prim, plausible, oracular, and sage,  
 The native *Texier* of the wond'ring age !  
 The solemn coxcomb never talks—his frown  
 Is instant obloquy, his smile renown :  
 Words would degrade this literary God :  
 He gives his fiat with a silent nod.

Another's

Another's fame more gentle honours tell;  
 Familiar Critic of each bright *Ruelle*!  
 Soon as the orient beam of Beauty's ray  
 Discloses, just at noon, the dawn of day;  
 And *Devon* wakes!—"and *Piccadilly's* gay;"  
 Perch'd at her Grace's toilet, *Minim* sits,  
 The little Scholiast of the Female Wits.  
 Tir'd of conjecture, and perplex'd with doubt,  
 To him they fly—to make a riddle out;  
 To pierce a paragraph's mysterious veil;  
 And eke out Scandal's hesitating tale.  
 With conscious pride the flippant Witling shares  
 His motley task of miscellaneous cares;  
 Expounds *Charades*, thro' close detraction pryes,  
 Construes *initials*, and the *blanks* supplies.  
 And oft, with varied art, his thoughts digress  
 On deeper themes—the documents of dress:  
 With nice discernment, to each stile of face  
 Adapt a ribbon, or suggest a lace;  
 O'er *Granby's* cap bid loftier feathers float,  
 And add new bows to *Devon's* petticoat.—

Others, resolv'd more ample fame to boast,  
 Plant their own Laurels in the *Morning Post*.  
 Soft *Evening* dews refresh the tender green:  
 Pass but a Month, it swells each *Magazine*;  
 'Till the luxuriant bows so wildly shoot,  
 The *Annual Register* transplants the root—

But these are spurious honours, not the true,  
Who shall obtain *The Wreath of Fashion*—who?

The *wily Charles* long flourish'd o'er the rest ;  
Expert to argue, or to flatter best :  
For, born a Disputant, a Sophist bred,  
His Nurse he silenc'd, and his Tutor led :  
But hail'd, with filial duty's pious sense,  
His Sire's best gift—delusive Eloquence.  
'That art to cherish, with a lavish pride  
His kindred Genius ev'ry pow'r supplied :  
Persuasion's breath—to swell the Statesman's sail :  
Or, if his fancy veer, retard the gale,  
Soft words—to mollify the Miser's breast,  
And lull relenting Usury to rest.  
Bright beams of wit—to still the raging Jew ;  
His black'ning mists dissolve to golden dew,  
Teach him to dun no more, and lend anew !

Here, *Charles* his native eloquence refin'd ;  
Pleas'd at the Toilet, in the Senate shin'd :  
And North approv'd—and *Amor* look'd kind.  
Till, rashly wand'ring in Ambition's chase,  
He lost at once his laurels and—his place.

At Fashion's shrine, behold a gentler Bard  
Gaze on the mystic *Vase* with fond regard—

But



But see, Thalia checks the doubtful thought.

“ Can’st thou (she cries) with sense, with genius

“ fraught,

“ Can’st thou to Fashion’s tyranny submit,

“ Secure in native, independent wit ?

“ Or yield to Sentiment’s insipid rule,

“ By Taste, be Fancy, chac’d thro’ *Scandal’s School* ?

“ Ah, no !—be *Sheridan’s* the comic page ;

“ Or let me fly with *Garrick* from the Stage.”

Haste then, my Friend, (for let me boast that  
name)

Haste to the op’ning path of genuine Fame :

Or, if thy Muse a gentler theme pursue,

Ah, ’tis to Love, and thy Eliza, due !

For sure the sweetest lay she well may claim,

Whose soul breathes harmony o’er all her frame ;

While wedded Love, with ray serenely clear,

Beams from her eye, as from its proper sphere.

—But thou, for whom the Muse first tun’d the lyre,

Vot’ry of Sentiment, do thou aspire,

With studious toil, to win that bright reward,

*The Wreath of Fashion* for her chosen Bard.

Not rudely wove with Nature’s short-liv’d store,

(The simple meed her humble Poet wore)

But spruce and trim, as suits thy kindred pow’rs,

With mimic buds, and artificial flow’rs.

Blest Wreath! whose flowrets dread no vulgar  
doom

Of fading hues, or transitory bloom ;  
Above the fleeting pride of Flora's day,  
Thy vivid foliage never can decay !  
There, violets, pinks, and lilies of the vale,  
Despise the sultry beam, or chilly gale ;  
There, fix'd as *Archer's* rouge, the mimic rose,  
With persevering blush, for ever glows ;  
There, myrtles bloom, that shame the Cyprian  
fields ;  
There, bays, immortal as Parnassus yields.—

Triumphant art ! Let vanquish'd Nature mourn  
Her lost simplicity, o'er *Shenstone's* urn :  
With sympathetic sorrows, on *his* tomb  
Let the pale primrose shed its wild perfume ;  
The cowslip droop its head ; and all around  
The with'ring violet strew the hallow'd ground—  
For, mute the swain, and cold the hand, that wove  
Their simple sweets to wreaths of artless love—  
Simplicity with *Shenstone* died !—

THE

## THE PROJECT. A POEM.

DEDICATED TO DEAN TUCKER.

*Verum, ubi, tempestas, et cœli mobilis humor  
Mutavère vias, et Jupiter uvividus Austris  
Densat erant quæ rarâ modo, et quæ densa, relaxat,  
Pertuntur species animorum.* —————

VIRGIL. \*

BY THE SAME.

## D E D I C A T I O N.

REVEREND SIR,

I SHOULD not take the liberty to recommend a mere Poem to your attention, were it not, in some degree, sanctified by the subject of which it treats; and more particularly entitled to your regard from the great purpose it is designed to promote—For *The Project* relates to Politics; that weighty science, which, according to your candid confession, is at least of equal importance with Religion—And the object it aims at, is the same in regard to all our political disputes, as yours avowedly is upon the one great contest of the present times—To cut off the distempered bough, was your Project; mine strikes at the very root of all opposition.

O 6.

It

It was in consequence of an attentive perusal of your *Treatise*, that I set myself to search for this grand Arcanum.—After ranging in vain through Grotius, Burlamaqui, and Puffendorf, I read thirteen books of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, without making the desired discovery.—But at length the fourteenth book rewarded all my toils.—I need not refresh your memory with the particulars of his system upon the relation between climate and national character.—It would, however, be great presumption to arrogate to myself the merit of a discovery, which I owe entirely to that profound Philosopher; it being from him that I have learnt to account for all variations of temper, by the operation of atmosphere upon the *fibres*, and thence on the *action*, and *re-action* of the heart.

By him I have been taught, that the different proportions of *heat* or *cold* produce similar degrees of cowardice or courage—so that it solely depends upon the *latitude*, whether a nation is relaxed into Turkish slavery, or braced and hardened into English freedom.—Upon this foundation My Project is raised—which I submit to your wisdom and candour—but, as most Projectors are of a sanguine temper, and, as I own, I entertain no doubt of the full success of my Project, I cannot conclude, without protesting against that *Nolo Episcopari* which accompanied

accompanied *your*—Nothing can be more opposite to my sentiments than your total abjuration of all possible reward for your political labours—On the contrary, I hereby most solemnly engage to receive with much readiness, all honourable recompences which these my researches may lead the King, Lords, and Commons, in the depth of their wisdom to bestow on me.

In all other political tenets, believe me,

*Reverend Sir,*

*Your most devoted Disciple,*

The A U T H O R.

## T H E P R O J E C T.

SINCE sage philosophers aver,  
That *climate* forms the *character* ;  
And prove each nation, tame, or bold,  
Just as its air is hot or cold ;  
What schemes might crafty statesmen lay,  
If such a system they'd obey ?

Suppose the Turks, who now agree  
It wou'd *fatigue* them to be free,  
Should build an ice house, to debate  
More *cooly* on affairs of state,

Might

Might not some Muffulmen be brought,  
 To brace their minds, not shrink at thought ?  
 How, as their blood began to cool,  
 Would nature scorn despotic rule ?  
 The filken sons of slavish ease,  
 Wou'd glow for freedom, while they freeze ;  
 And, in proportion to the coldness,  
 Discover latent fire and boldness.

For thus 'tis Montesquieu explains  
 The power of air upon the veins ;  
 The short'ning fibres brac'd by cold,  
 The blood flies back, the heart grows bold ;  
 Relax'd by heat, their force declines,  
 The spirits droop, the Being pines :  
 'Till, quite o'erpow'r'd, the sick'ning soul,  
 Yields to the atmosphere's controul.  
 Thus aî each impulse can impart,  
 To that *thermometer*, the heart.

Thanks, mighty Jove, thy sovereign care,  
 Environs us with Northern air !  
 Our atmosphere to honour leads,  
 Inspires the breast to hardy deeds ;  
 The heart beats quick ;—the spirits rise ;  
 All which our *latitude* supplies.  
 Yet, (for extremes ev'n virtue mar,)  
 We sometimes carry ours too far :  
 When winter winds too chilly pierce ;  
 We grow impatient, wild and fierce ;

While

While every softer virtue flies,  
 To gentler climes, and milder skies;  
 To moderate this bold extreme;  
 Is oft the philosophic theme;  
 Sense, wit, and policy combine;  
 But still too learnedly refine.  
 The system's plain if well pursued;  
 We must correct our *latitude*.

How many *Questions* have been lost,  
 By the house meeting in a *frost*?  
 The opposition flock together,  
 Like strings of wild geese, in hard weather;  
 Keen, as the blast that chills their blood,  
 They nip each ministerial bud:  
 The tender bloom of *ways and means*,  
 That *North* with wit and wisdom screens,  
 Too oft their adverse influence feels,  
 Shrinks from the storm, and half congeals;  
 That, ev'n in all his blushing grace,  
*Bamber* scarce thaws them, with—his *face*.

Whence then, in spite of sense and reason,  
 Do statesmen choose *this* adverse season?  
 Why not the parliament adjourn,  
 'Till summer's *genial suns* return?  
 But ah, what honest squire would stay  
 To make his *speech*, instead of *hay*?  
 The *Beaux* wou'd scarcely think of law,  
 To give up *Scarborough* or *Spa*! :

And

And say ye *sportsmen*, wou'd a member  
Attend *St. Stephen's* in September?

Winter, stern pow'r! must still create  
The kindred storms of mad debate ;  
Still, by the climate's magic pow'r,  
Must gloomy statesmen droop and lour,  
Unless some *Project* we can frame  
To sooth its rage, its rigour tame.

A simple plan the muse explains ;  
Nor asks a patent for her pains.

In either house, below the chairs,  
Where *Bathurst* rules, and *Norris* glares,  
There stands a table, where they place  
The votes, the journals, and the mace :  
“ Hence with that bauble !” Cromwell cried ;  
And wisely too ; 'tis useless pride ;  
Hence with it all ! it fills a place  
A nobler ornament shall grace.  
Here with capacious bulk, profound  
As *Falstaff's* paunch, as *Plymouth's* round,  
A vast *Buzaglo*, day by day,  
Shall chase the anxious blasts away,  
And spread an artificial glow,  
Tho' Palace-yard is wrapt in snow.—  
Around the flame, with vestal pride,  
A *Fire-Committee* shall preside,  
Ballotted by the same directions  
As *Grenville's* lottery for elections :

With



With *Nominees*, to feed the fire,  
 And make it spread, and blaze the higher ;  
 And *Chairmen* more sedately sage,  
 To quench its too excessive rage.

The fuel for such deep designs,  
 Nor springs from groves, nor lurks in mines ;  
 Combustibles for state affairs  
 The press more speedily prepares ;  
 The teeming press shall hither scatter  
 Rheams of inflammatory matter ;  
 Here, " thoughts that glow and words that burn "  
 To their own element shall turn ;  
 But, shifted from their author's aims,  
 Shall spread more salutary flames.

*Almon*, by contract shall provide  
 The libels *vamp'd* for either side,  
 And stipulate throughout the season  
 To furnish proper stock of treason.  
 How bright will the *Buzaglo* glow,  
 While heaps of *Junius* blaze below ?  
 What ardours will *Plain Truth* dispense  
 Fir'd with a page of *Common Sense* ?  
 Yet in a moment 'twill be slack'd,  
 By thrusting in *Dean Tucker's* tract ;  
 Again 'twill kindle in a trice,  
 Refresh'd with scraps of *Dr. Price* ;  
 Now smoulder slow with clumsy smok,  
 While *Johnson's* fogs each passage choke ;

Now

Now hiss, and sputter, and besmear  
The house with brimstone of *Shebbeare*.

O flattering hope, whose gilded ray,  
Too oft bids raptur'd fancy stray !  
Thy shadowy forms the muse deceive,  
Or time shall bid her *Proje&* live.  
Already, by thy fond presage,  
Her blest *Buzaglo* melts the age ;  
Relenting Party feels its sway ;  
And Faction's vapours die away.

Behold the busy hour approaches,  
When chariots, vis-a-vis, and coaches,  
Rattle with senators each street in,  
Impatient for the first day's meeting :  
Mark well what looks ! what anxious hopes !  
Some con their metaphors and tropes ;  
Some, more secure, for fear of flaw,  
Hide them beneath their *chapeaux bras* ;  
Whence, if the tracherous memory halts,  
The glancing eye repairs its faults.

But, lo ! the royal cavalcade !  
The trumpet sounds ; the signal's made ;  
The Tower-guns tell the *speech* begun ;  
They fire again ;—the *speech* is done.  
Now let the full *Buzaglo* glow !  
Spread wide the flame above, below ;  
Now, *Montesquieu*, thy wisdom shines ;  
Thy system's true, 'tis heat refines :—

Itq

Its genial influence all adore ;  
And opposition is no more.—

From bench to bench, in spite of gout,  
The soften'd *Chatbam* moves about :

“ My good *Lord Sandwich*, how d'ye do ?

“ I like the speech ; 'twas penn'd by you.

“ America has gone too far ;

“ We must support so just a war :

“ Its better than to put a curb on

“ The Spaniard, or the House of Bourbon.

“ Good day, my Lord ! I could say more ;

“ But I must talk to *dear Lord Gower*.”

Chac'd is the cloud from *Shelburne's* brows ;

How graciously to *Bute* he bows !

See *Camden* fitting as a friend by

*Mansfield* ! see *Richmond* close to *Denbigh* ;

Ev'n hardy *Devonshire* relents ;

He smiles and votes with the *Contents* ;

While *Abingdon*, at *Markham's* nod,

Kisses the *magisterial* rod.

Their leaders gone, it follows duly,

The plastic minds of *Corke* and *Beaulieu*,

With half a score of silent votes,

Obeys the times, and change their notes.

And ah, if *Fitzroy's* whim requires,

Ev'n *Hinchliff's* eloquence expires !

What wonder then their Lordships press,

Without division, the *Address* ?

Now

Now haste my muse, at Fancy's summons,  
To try thy Project on the *Commons*.

A secret sympathy espouses  
The upper and the lower houses ;  
Thus half thy work's already done ;  
Where *Chatbam* hobbles, *Granby* 'll run.  
If *Rockingham* became a *Turk*,  
How *Mahomet* wou'd shine on *Burke* ?  
He'd send him his enlight'ning pigeon :  
For party zeal is *Burke's* religion.

But some there are of firmer frame ;  
For them must the *Bacon's* flame :  
*Grenville's* with stubborn sense endued ;  
*Saville* but lives for public good.  
Yet if ambition, or the weather  
Some gloomy discontent should gather,  
The temper'd air shall chase offence ;  
And blend good humour with good sense.  
Behold at length ev'n *Barré* soften !  
" I rise to oppose," He murmur'd often :  
But finding that, he knows not how,  
Reluctant praise his words allow,  
The hardy veteran sits him down ;  
Yet gives the *Treasury Bench* a frown.  
Now mark the *Statesmen* of the *City* !  
Hark, *Wilkes* grows civil ! *Hayley* witty !  
*Sawbridge*, so chang'd the scene appears,  
Consents to keep his seat seven years ;

**Ev'n**

Ev'n *Bull*, the savage *Bull*, looks tame !  
And melts before the conq'ring flame.

Not so the *Luttrells* ; in despair  
The clamorous band besiege the chair.  
" I burn, I burn," old *Irnham* cries :  
The *Colonel* thinks the *Project* wise ;  
But *Jack* and *Jemmy* jointly pledge  
Themselves, 'tis breach of privilege ;  
And *Temple*, *Greece* and *Rome* can hawk in,  
Against this barb'rous stop to talking—  
In vain ; the House enjoy the effect  
And the *Buzaglo* all protect.  
But *Fox*, more warily, to gain  
His dear delight to speak again,  
Most humbly moves, since they approve  
This potent wonder-working stove,  
Lest some unseen mischance ensue,  
They'd have a *Ventilator* too.  
Tho' plausible his *Project* fails ;  
Thine, happy Muse, alone prevails.  
The vanquish'd *Charles* to *Almack's* fled,  
The *Speech* is prais'd : the *Address* is read :  
The *Question* carried nemine con :  
The *House* is up : the business done.

EPISTLE

## E P I S T L E

FROM THE HONOURABLE CHARLES FOX, PAR-  
TRIDGH-SHOOTING, TO THE HONOURABLE JOHN  
TOWNSHEND, CRUISING.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HILE you, dear Townshend, o'er the billows  
ride,

Mulgrave in front, and Hanger by your side,  
Me it delights the woods and wilds to court,  
For rustic feats and unambitious sport.—

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,  
When the last, ling'ring, clubs to bed retire,  
I rise!—how should I then thy feelings shock,  
Unshav'd, unpowder'd, in my shooting frock !  
What frock? thou criest—I'll tell thee—the old  
brown ;

Trimm'd to a jacket, with the skirts cut down—  
Thou laugh'st ; I know, thou dost ; but check that  
sneer ;

What tho' no fashion'd sportsman I appear,  
Yet hence thy Charles's voice gains shriller force ;  
Ah! Jack, if Dunning shot, he'd not be hoarse.

Nor

Nor deem ev'n here the cares of state forgot,  
 I wad with gazettes ev'ry second shot :  
 Almon's bold sheets the intervals supply ;  
 And still, methinks, his charges farthest fly.

Oft too, while all around my pointers stray,  
 With patriot names I cheer them on their way :  
 No servile ministerial runners they !  
 Not Ranger then, but Washington, I cry ;  
 Hey on ! Paul Jones, re-echoes to the sky :  
 Toho ! old Franklin—Silas Deane, take heed !—  
 Cheer'd with the sound, o'er hills and dales they  
     speed :

Till one, to whose quick sense and practis'd skill  
 His active followers yield a hasty will,  
 Touch'd by the scent the passing gales convey,  
 With startled vigilance presumes the prey :  
 The rest a disciplin'd subservience keep ;  
 Dash where he runs, and as he crouches, creep ;  
 At length the hostile league one point avow :  
 Now places, places ! order, order, now !  
 “ Bunb'ry ! let me (I cry) for party's sake,  
 “ Teach thee where best to aim, what ground to  
     take.”

And see, a young bird rises, weak and slow ;  
 “ At him, Sir Charles !”—He fires, and lays him  
     low—

Scar'd

Scar'd at the sound, up the full covey springs;  
*Richard* at random fires, and only *wings*;  
 Not so thy Charles; intent with half-clos'd fight,  
 Cautious I watch their veteran leader's flight:  
 At him I aim, the covey's head and guide;  
 Fire; but ah! too plainly on one side:  
 Again I try, like *rising to explain*,  
 A double barrel's force, but try in vain;  
 Against myself the heated tube recoils,  
 Nor gains one feather to requite my toils.—

But if too soon the startled covey rise,  
 And move a *previous question* in the skies,  
 My faithful groom quick marks them as they spring,  
 And counts their noses, undeceiv'd as Byng:  
 Whether in close array, and nemine con,  
 To their old beaten ground the covey's gone;  
 Or, scattering wild, in petty parties fall,  
 Some to *pair off*, and some to wait a *call*.

Thus from each kindred image, fancy draws  
 The latent emblem of a nobler cause:  
 If chance, a stray, lone, bird my course invites,  
 I think of Meredith, and proselytes;  
 Mean, mangled, game not for itself I prize;  
 Vengeance and Palliser to memory rise.—  
 Some senatorial type ev'n Pointers yield;  
 One loves too narrow, one too wide a field;

This



This creeps below, that springs above his work,  
 As Hartley flow, or uncontroll'd as Burke.  
 With rav'nous ardour some devour the prey ;  
 O, gentle Sawbridge, lash such fiends away !  
 Others, with puzzling zeal, small objects mark ;  
 Judicious Luttrell, bid them *ware a lark !*—

But come, dear Jack, all martial as thou art,  
 With spruce cockade, heroically smart,  
 Come, and once more together let us greet  
 The long lost pleasures of St. James's Street.  
 Enough o'er stubbles have I deign'd to tread ;  
 Too long wer't thou at anchor, at Spithead !

Come, happy friend ! to hail thy wish'd return,  
 Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn ;  
 From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,  
 And keener ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.  
 Methinks, I see thee now resume thy stand,  
 Pride of Fop-alley, tho' a little tann'd :  
 What tender joy the gazing Nymphs disclose !  
 How pine with envy the neglected Beaux !  
 While many a feeble frown and struggling smile  
 Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil,  
 And seem with reprehensive love to say,  
 “ Dear Mr. Townshend, wherefore didst thou  
 “ fray !

" What fatal havoc might one shot have made,  
 " If not thy life, thy leg the forfeit paid !  
 " That shot thy foretop might have made its prey,  
 " Or sing'd one dear devoted curl away ;  
 " Or lopp'd that hand, the pride of love and lace ;  
 " Or scarr'd, with bolder sacrilege, thy face."

Soon as to Brooks's thence thy footsteps bend,  
 What gratulations thy approach attend !  
 See Gibbon rap his box ; auspicious sign,  
 That classic compliment and wit combine ;  
 See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise,  
 And Friendship give what cruel Health denies.  
 Important Townshend ! what can thee withstand ?  
 The ling'ring black-ball lags in Boothby's hand ;  
 Ev'n Draper checks the sentimental sigh,  
 And Smith, without an oath, suspends the dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due.  
 That night thy Charles's board shall welcome you.  
 Sallads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste ;  
 Deep shall thou delve in Weltjie's motley paste ;  
 Derby shall lend, if not his plate, his cooks,  
 And, know, I've bought the best Champagne from  
     Brooks ;  
 From liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill,  
 Is hasty credit, and a distant bill ;

Who,

Who, nurs'd in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,  
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid !

On that auspicious night, supremely grac'd  
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal taste,  
Not in contentious heat, nor madd'ning strife,  
Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,  
We'll waste the fleeting hours ; far happier themes  
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's  
dreams.

Each *beauty* that *sublimity* can boast  
*He* best shall tell, who still unites them most.  
Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate ;  
If Sheridan for once be not too late :  
But scarce a thought to Minister's we'll spare,  
Unless on Polish Politics, with Hare :  
Good natur'd Devon ! oft shall then appear  
The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer :  
Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,  
And Burgoyne's manly sense unite to please.  
And while each guest attends our varied feats  
Of scatter'd covies and retreating fleets,  
Me shall they with some better sport to gain,  
And Thee more glory, from the next campaign.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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